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THE

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis.* Edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq. 3 vols. London, 1858.

THE career of the Marquis Cornwallis was in many respects a remarkable one. Without lofty ambition or shining talents, without being a hero, an orator, or a statesman of the first class, he filled effectively the most prominent place on four conspicuous stages at four of the most trying epochs of British history. He commanded the army which, from no fault of his, gave, by its surrender at York Town, the first clear glimpse of coming independence to the United States. He was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India from 1786 to 1794, when our Indian policy required the nicest and most judicious handling. He was Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland during the agitation of the Union, the passing of that momentous measure, and the rebellion and invasion which preceded it. As British ambassador, he negotiated the peace of Amiens in 1801. He also held the post of Master-General of the Ordnance in 1795, after having had the refusal of the seals of Secretary of State from Mr. Pitt. When the mutinous spirit of the officers of the Bengal army began to excite serious alarm, Lord Cornwallis, at the earnest request of the Premier, was on the point (Jan. 1797) of proceeding a second time to India to supersede Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), who was thought deficient in firmness; and the same high appointment was a third time pressed upon him and accepted in 1805, in the October of which year he died, from over-eagerness in the discharge of his public duties, at Ghuznee.

The Correspondence of a man who was employed in this manner, who was trusted to this extent, who inspired unabated confidence in his judgment, courage, and integrity to his dying day, can hardly fail to be replete with interest and instruction, although whether to the full extent of three bulky octavo volumes, may be questioned by that class of readers who prefer being fed with essences and, from dread of being bored, attempt to skim

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the cream of a heavy-looking publication by skipping every other page, as dogs, from fear of crocodiles, lap water from the Nile as they run. Uninviting as it may appear to some, this work contains so large a quantity of authentic information, and affords such ample materials for the correction of contemporary annals, that it may be regarded as indispensable to the student of modern history, and (to adopt the stereotyped phrase) as emphatically one of those books which no gentleman's library should be without. It will take rank with the best political memoirs or compilations that have appeared within living memory, with the marked advantage of being far better edited than most of them. There is hardly an allusion, a reference, a dubious passage, or a disputed fact, in the three volumes, which has not been pointed, explained, or decided by Mr. Ross; hardly a patronymic to which, on its first occurrence, he has not appended a brief account of the owner. We are regularly informed when, where, and how all and each of Lord Cornwallis's family, friends, acquaintance, and correspondents, of high or low degree, were born, married, and died; not unfrequently how many contested elections they stood, and how many votes they polled. The index is copious and minute, so that we may confidently refer to the work as a repertory of biographical details touching most of the political and social notabilities who flourished, and many of the illustrious obscure who did not flourish, between 1776 and 1805.

Mr. Ross is the son of General Ross, the life-long friend and for some time the aide-de-camp of Lord Cornwallis, to whom most of the confidential letters now printed are addressed. The editor of the papers is moreover married to Lady Mary, third daughter of the second Marquis. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1822 to 1837, a Lord of the Admiralty in 1830, and of the Treasury in Sir Robert Peel's administration of 1835. He is now one of the Commissioners of Audit. His opportunities have been excellent, and his own personal observations and reminiscences are sometimes amusingly interwoven with the notes. For example, in reference to the first Lord Malmesbury, we find:—

'His correspondence, published by the present Lord Malmesbury, proves that, in his anxiety to obtain information, he was not always very scrupulous as to the means. One anecdote, not given there, is, it is believed, quite authentic. When minister at ——, it was of great importance to obtain possession of the secret instructions given to one of his colleagues. All other means having failed, he carried to a successful issue an intrigue with Madame de ——, a near relation of the minister in question, and through her obtained the papers.'

A competitive examination for the diplomatic service in those days

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days should upon this principle have included Ovid's 'Art of Love' as well as Wheaton on 'International Law.' A smart repartee of Mr. Coutts is given thus:—

'Messrs. Coutts were during many years bankers to George III., George IV., and almost all the Royal Family. The Duke of York, dining in company with Mr. Coutts, gave the health of the latter, as "my banker for upwards of thirty years." "I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," said Mr. Coutts, "it is your Royal Highness who has done me the honour to keep my money for thirty years."'

The better version makes the Duke say, 'my banker, who has kept my money for thirty years;' to which the rejoinder was,—'I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, it is your Royal Highness who has kept *my* money all the time.'

Secretaries to the Treasury appear sometimes to have been as little scrupulous in their particular line as Lord Malmesbury was in his. An intimate friend of the Premier applied to Sir George Rose for some petty office for a constituent, but said a civil answer would suffice; upon which Rose instantly dashed off and handed him a letter in these words:—

'"My dear Sir,—Immediately upon receiving your most pressing application I went to the Premier, and I vow I never saw a man so distressed as he was at having just previously promised the place for which you had made such urgent application. Believe me, &c., George Rose."'

In one or two instances Mr. Ross has been seduced into a hardly allowable digression, as in telling us, *apropos* of an allusion to Lord Carhampton:—

'Lord Carhampton spent the latter years of his life at his beautiful residence, Painshill in Surrey. This is probably the only place in England where, within the memory of man, wine in considerable quantities has been made from grapes growing in an open vineyard. The Editor has tasted this wine, which was of really good quality, and of the colour of pale sherry.'

It is a long and a bold leap from Lord Cornwallis to the home-made wine of Painshill; but if we were to insist invariably on a strict, logical connection between the anecdotes of an annotator and his text, we should deprive some of the pleasantest books in the language of their principal attraction. The notes to Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's 'Johnson' would lose incalculably by the curtailment of their discursiveness; and in Sir Walter Scott's miscellaneous writings, the reminiscences into which he wanders, often far away from the main thread of his argument or narrative, are their purple patches and their gems. We are, therefore, seldom disposed to quarrel

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for his digressions with an editor whose memory is stored with curious matter; and if Mr. Ross should be accused of drawing rather too liberally on Debrett and Burke, let us at the same time avow our gratitude to him for placing immediately within reach everything we can wish to know touching all the personages to whom we are introduced in these volumes. He has also connected and prefaced the principal epochs of Lord Cornwallis's public services by historical summaries, which enable us to track his Lordship's course and appreciate his views of passing events without the smallest trouble in research or reference. We shall imitate Mr. Ross's example in this respect, and give a brief biographical notice of the Marquis.

The pedigree of the Cornwallis family is easily carried back to the fourteenth century, and there are traces of its existence amongst the landed gentry at a much earlier date. The ninth possessor of their Suffolk estates, Sir Thomas, was made a Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Household, as a reward for assisting to suppress Wyatt's insurrection in 1553. He had once been Treasurer of Calais, and was suspected of having betrayed his post. One of the lampoons of the period runs thus:—

> 'Sir Thomas Cornwallis, what got ye for Calais?
> Brome Hall, Brome Hall, as large as a palace.'

His grandson was created a baronet in 1627, and raised to the peerage for his loyalty, by the title of Baron Cornwallis, in 1661. The fifth baron was made Earl Cornwallis and Viscount Brome, June 30th, 1753. His eldest son, the subject of these pages, was born December 31st, 1738, and was sent to Eton at 'an early age,' which cannot be precisely ascertained. The most memorable incident in his Eton career was a blow in the eye, received whilst playing at hockey, which produced a slight but permanent obliquity of vision.* Sydney Smith's positive averment that the Archbishop of Canterbury knocked him down with a chessboard when they were at Westminster School together, may be open to a doubt; but there seems none whatever that the damage to the future Governor-General and Lord-Lieutenant's eye was inflicted by an embryo prelate — the Honourable Shute Barrington, afterwards Bishop of Durham, whom Mr. Ross rewards by a note.

On leaving Eton, Lord Brome entered the army as ensign in

* The injured eye is said to have contracted a perpetually-oscillating motion. It was one of Curran's favourite anecdotes, that, when Lord Cornwallis was about to leave Ireland, a Roman Catholic bishop, at the head of the clergy of his diocese, produced a general titter by beginning an address thus: 'Your Excellency has always kept a steady eye upon the interests of Ireland.'

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the 1st Foot (now Grenadier) Guards. The date of his commission is December 8, 1756. So deficient was English military education then popularly esteemed, that young men of rank and fortune, who meant to make the army their profession, were wont to qualify themselves in some foreign academy, and then serve a campaign or two in any war that happened to be stirring. Lord Cornwallis having applied to the Duke of Cumberland, the Captain-General, for permission to Lord Brome to follow this course, received an answer which Mr. Ross has printed, he says, *punctatim*:—

'My Lord Cornwallis Dunkerran, July ye 1st 1757.

I had not time before to answer your letter concerning Lord Broome I have no doubt but the King will immediately permit him to go abroad which is if properly attended to very usefull to our young country men tho' I must do Ld. Broome the justice to say he has less of our home education than most young men if you will desire the Secretary of Warr to get His Majesty's licence it will be done immediately.

I remain your very affectionate friend

William'

The Prussian officer who, on the permission being obtained, accompanied Lord Brome to the Military Academy of Turin in the capacity of preceptor, was not, to judge from one of his letters, much more advanced in syntax and orthography than the Royal Duke. But he was a man of sense and observation, and the indifferent French in which his advice was conveyed did not detract from its soundness, as when he warns Lord Cornwallis 'qu'il seroit à souhetter que Millord fut placé la campagne Prochaine ailleurs qu'aupres de Millord Gremby, par ce que c'est une bonne maison ou l'on boit trop, et plus que dans toutte autre au seû et au veû de toutte L'armee et il est a craindre qu'on ne prenne un peu trop cette bonne Habitude.' This is an incidental justification of Junius, when he compares Lord Granby to a 'drunken landlord who deals out his promises as liberally as his liquor, and will suffer no man to leave him either sorrowful or sober.' Lord Brome was notwithstanding appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Granby a few months afterwards, and was present at the various actions, including Minden, in which his chief was engaged, but came to England on being promoted to a captaincy in the 85th Foot. On receiving the command, as Lieutenant-Colonel, of the 12th, he returned to Germany, and distinguished himself with his regiment on several occasions, especially in the action near Kirch Donkern, in which the French, under the Prince de Soubise and the Maréchal de Broglie, sustained a severe defeat. Subsequently to the campaign

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paign of 1762, his active services in the field were suspended for many years; but his attachment and attention to his profession never flagged, and his promotion proceeded at the rate that might have been anticipated from his merits and his rank. He was made aide-de-camp to the King in 1765, colonel of the 33rd regiment in 1766, major-general in Sept. 1775. During his absence in Germany he had become a member of the House of Commons, having been elected for the family borough of Rye, in January, 1760, directly after coming of age. He succeeded to the earldom June 23, 1762, and took his seat in the November of that year. Being constantly absent on regimental duties, although full colonel, he did not take an active part in politics. He usually voted with Lord Shelburne (the first Marquis of Lansdowne) and Lord Temple; and on questions of American taxation he steadily opposed the Court, which, we agree with Mr. Ross, it is difficult to reconcile with the fact of his being permitted to retain the office of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, besides being made Constable of the Tower in 1770.

Lord Chatham compelled Lord Pitt to resign his commission rather than serve against our American brethren, as he long persevered in calling them. Lord Effingham (a lieutenant-general), and a few others of inferior grade, acted on the same principle. Lord Cornwallis, justly conceiving that military men had nothing to do in that capacity with the grounds or policy of the particular service on which they were ordered, manifested neither hesitation nor reluctance when appointed to the command of a division of the British force destined for the subjugation of the colonies, although family combined with public motives to render absence on such a duty more than ordinarily painful. Lady Cornwallis appears to have led a life of solitude and habitual depression whenever he was away. The bereavement, so frequently repeated and renewed, proved eventually too much for her spirits and strength. He embarked for America, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, in February, 1776, but on hearing of her incurable despondency, came back in January, 1778. He set sail again on the 21st of the following April, when Lord Carlisle, who was going out as Commissioner, wrote to George Selwyn: 'Poor Lord Cornwallis is going to experience perhaps something like what I have felt, for he has brought with him his wife and children, and we embark to-morrow, if the wind serves. My heart bleeds for them.'

After this separation, Lady Cornwallis declared to her confidential attendant that she was dying of a broken heart, and Mr. Ross says that grief so preyed upon her health as to cause her death in February, 1779. Lord Cornwallis threw up his command

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command on hearing of her danger, and arrived a few weeks before her death, which, when the first burst of sorrow was over, enabled him to devote his undivided energies to his command. It is subsequently to his third arrival at the seat of war, therefore, that his military movements may be taken as an unimpeachable test of his military capacity, and they gradually rise in interest and importance till they become the turning point of the struggle. This was still dubious when he landed at New York in August, 1780. It is plain from American authorities, particularly from the printed correspondence of Washington, that the resources of the United States were in an exhausted condition, that their commissariat was wretched, that their troops were ill clothed, ill fed, and ill paid, and that there was everywhere discernible a want of energy and a decay of the public spirit with which they started. On the other hand, mere inert resistance over so vast a field was in itself a formidable obstacle to the British commanders, whose forces were utterly inadequate to the operations in which they were engaged; and the arrival of a powerful French fleet at a critical moment did much to determine the wavering balance. We do not mean that it was any longer, if ever, practicable to subjugate the insurgent colonies, but the reservation of a nominal sovereignty, which would have saved the bonour of the British arms, was still, and for some time afterwards, upon the cards.

Earl Stanhope, speaking of the Commander-in-Chief and the second in command, says, 'Of the two, Clinton was probably the abler, Cornwallis the more enterprising chief.' Assuming this estimate to be correct, they ought to have worked well together; but unluckily, with every outward semblance of deference and consideration for each other, they never cordially agreed on any combined plan of operations. Lord Cornwallis was probably right in proposing to run some risk, in the hope of striking a decisive blow which would bring the enemy to terms; but Sir Henry Clinton may be excused if he was unwilling to part with too large a portion of his force for a distant expedition. Where he erred was in not making up his mind one way or the other, either to restrain Lord Cornwallis's ardour, or to give him a more effective and timely support. The result is well known. His Lordship's first campaign, comprising the autumn and winter months of 1786, was successful. He gained what the English Secretary of War describes as 'the very glorious and complete victory' over the rebels under General Gates at Camden, and he was commended for the highly judicious steps he took in improving it. The campaign of 1781 began inauspiciously through the impetuosity of Colonel Tarleton, a cavalry officer of more dash and gallantry

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gallantry than discretion, who, by heedlessly pursuing an advantage, converted it into a severe check at Cowpens; and though General Greene was routed with the loss of all his cannon at Guildford, it soon became evident that the plan of pushing the war into Virginia was based on imperfect information, and must fail. Until Washington came up with an overpowering force, the Americans and their allies were driven back and kept aloof. Of Lafayette, who was one of his opponents, Lord Cornwallis writes, 'The boy cannot escape me;' but the boy did escape, and, according to Lord Stanhope, it is the most creditable feat in arms recorded of him.

On the 6th September, 1781, Sir Henry Clinton writes from New York to say that the only mode of relieving Lord Cornwallis is to join him with all the forces that can be spared, about 4000 men, which were already embarked. His Lordship replies (September 16): 'If you cannot relieve me very soon, you must be prepared to hear the worst.'

A French fleet of thirty-six ships of the line lay prepared to dispute the passage, and the utmost the English could muster was twenty-five. The days had not arrived when Nelson gave chase to a French fleet of twenty-five ships of the line with sixteen, and the French were only too happy to evade the conflict. The feeling amongst the British admirals and generals is thus described by the Hon. H. Brodrick, one of Lord Cornwallis's aides-de-camp, writing (Sept. 30) to the Right Hon. T. Townshend from New York:—

'There have been frequent councils of war held here lately, and it was at one time determined to put a number of troops on board the men-of-war, and try to open the communication, which must, of course, bring on an action between the two fleets. Sir S. Hood and General Robertson, I hear, are the only officers who press that strongly; the others are very cool about it, particularly Graves. If this takes place, Sir Henry Clinton means to go with the troops.'

In the same letter Sir H. Clinton is censured for having permitted Washington to carry any part of his force southward, and the writer adds: 'After all, if Lord Cornwallis should fail, it will be owing entirely to his having trusted too much to promises of timely support from hence.'

Lord Cornwallis, left to his fate, made a gallant attempt to escape. His plan was to cross the river in boats during the night to Gloucester, force the enemy's lines, mount his men on horses taken from the French or the country-people, and make the best of his way through Maryland and the Jerseys to New York. The enterprise failed at starting, from the roughness of the weather, which prevented most of the troops from crossing,

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ing, and on the 17th he capitulated. According to Wraxall Lord George Germain was the first to communicate the surrender to Lord North. 'And how did he take it?' was the inquiry. 'As he would have taken a ball in the breast,' replied Lord George, 'for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment, "Oh God! it is all over!"' This is about as true as that Pitt received his deathblow from the news of the battle of Austerlitz.

The terms and consequences are matter of history. In the war of pamphlets and the parliamentary discussions that ensued, Lord Cornwallis sustained no loss of military reputation, or a succession of high military appointments would not have been subsequently pressed upon him. Immediately after his arrival in England, each of the leading parties was anxious to send him to India, where the British name had lost much of its prestige by the surrender of General Matthews and his army to Tippoo Saib. The Company also wished him to go. But the actual appointment was delayed by frequent changes of government, and by the intrigues and game of cross purposes which sprang from them. Lord Cornwallis's own political opinions were unfixed, until the royal disapproval of the famous India Bill of the Coalition was intimated to the Peers. Then his part was taken, and by way of proving his disinterestedness he threw up his Constableship of the Tower. After making every allowance for military susceptibility, we cannot help thinking that he exhibited a little too much eagerness for the emoluments of office in his subsequent dealings with Lord Sydney and Mr. Pitt. On March 3, 1784, he writes to Colonel Ross:—

'I know you will scold me for not being at least more familiar with ministers; but I cannot bring myself to it, and I see important fools every day taking the lead, and becoming men of consequence. I do not believe Lord T. and Mr. P. ever had any quarrel, and think that the former resigned because they would not dissolve the Parliament. I may however be mistaken in this: at present they are apparently friends.'

The same tone prevails in a letter of June 13.

On Lord Waldegrave's death, the Governorship of Plymouth was conferred on Lord George Lennox, upon which Lord Cornwallis required an explanation from Lord Sydney. Their interview is thus described by himself:—

'I told him that the promise to Lord G. L. could not be binding unless he required it; and that I had seen a letter from him to Major Gore, in which he said that he had rather have kept the Tower. "But," says I, "why tell me this idle story? The contest lay between Lord

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Lord Townshend and Lord Edgecombe; and you well know, and have already confessed to me, that neither King nor Minister ever thought of me for it." I then said that if the King or Mr. Pitt had sent for me, and told me that my waiving my pretensions, and giving them a thousand pounds a-year out of my estate, was necessary for the support of Government in this country and for the affairs of Ireland, I would cheerfully have complied; but that I could not bear without resentment the usage I had met with; that every fool I met in the street condoled with and pitied me. I then went on to Lord Percy's getting the Grenadiers, and stated his behaviour to the King contrasted with mine. I then got up, said I could talk no longer on the subject, and wished him good morning. He said, "We must not part on these terms." I answered, "We can part on no other," and went out of the room. There is an end of the second and last chapter; and I am sacrificed to gratify that contemptible fellow Lord Edgecombe, to whom the Tower cannot be worth above 400*l.* a-year, as he loses his half-pay as Admiral. God bless you, my dear Ross, I will keep up my spirits, be frugal of my money, and I shall ever value your friendship as one of my greatest comforts.'

He then addressed a long letter to Mr. Pitt, exhibiting, we think, little sense of dignity, especially when the issue is made known:—

'The apologies made to me by Lord Sydney have only added insult to the injury, and, I am sorry to say it of one whom I have sincerely loved, were of so disingenuous a nature that I do not care to think of them. I told him, and told him truly, that had the King, or had Mr. Pitt, sent for me, and told me that it was necessary for the support of their government that I should not only waive my pretensions, but give up half of the income of my estate, I would cheerfully have complied, and gloried in the sacrifice. I have now, Sir, only to say that I still admire your character—that I have still hopes that your abilities and integrity will preserve this distressed country; I will not be base enough, from a sense of personal injury, to join faction, and endeavour, right or wrong, to obstruct the measures of Government; but I must add, and with heartfelt grief I do it, that private confidence cannot easily be restored.'

Two days afterwards he has an interview with Mr. Pitt, receives the Premier's assurance that no slight was intended, and, to show his own placability, consents to take back the Constableship of the Tower, which, he complacently remarks in announcing the fact to Colonel Ross, 'in point of income and security, I suppose to be as good as Plymouth'—a most lame and impotent conclusion. Yet Lord Cornwallis was considerably above the level of the many elderly or middle-aged noblemen and gentlemen who conceive that, by condescending to occupy places of the highest distinction and pocket large salaries for

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for a series of years, they have laid their country under a lasting obligation, and exhibited as much patriotic self-devotion as Leonidas or Cincinnatus.

In the autumn of 1785 Lord Cornwallis accepted a mission extraordinary to Frederick the Great with the view of ascertaining that monarch's views and intentions regarding several of our foreign relations. In a private letter he gives a curious description of the manœuvres of the troops which, under Frederick's handling, had frequently outmanœuvred, as well as beaten in the field, an overwhelming superiority of the best troops in Europe:—

'My reception in Silesia was not flattering; there was a most marked preference for La Fayette; whether it proceeded from the King's knowing more of France, and liking better to talk about it, I know not. The cavalry is very fine; the infantry exactly like the Hessian, only taller and better set up, but much slower in their movements. Their manœuvres were such as the worst General in England would be hooted at for practising; two lines coming up within six yards of one another, and firing in one another's faces till they had no ammunition left: nothing could be more ridiculous.'

On the 23rd of February, 1785, he thus announces his acceptance of the two highest appointments in India:—

'The proposal of going to India has been pressed upon me so strongly, with the circumstance of the Governor-General's being independent of his Council, as intended in Dundas's former bill, and having the supreme command of the military, that, much against my will, and with grief of heart, I have been obliged to say yes, and to exchange a life of ease and content, to encounter all the plagues and miseries of command and public station.'

How often, on reading such passages, do we feel tempted to exclaim with Dr. Johnson, 'My dear Lord, clear your mind of cant!' Inscrutable are the operations of the mind, and boundless its powers of self-deception. Twice during his American campaigns, when he could ill be spared, did Lord Cornwallis abandon his command, and return to England for the indulgence—the natural and pardonable indulgence—of his private feelings. Yet he was as ready as ever to persuade himself and others that private feelings were with him as dust in the balance against the stern call of duty. He had just been quarrelling with an old friend, Lord Sydney, and on the point of breaking with a minister whom he personally admired, for passing him over in the distribution of places; and he would hardly have admitted that his ambition was limited to a sinecure. To judge from his letters, the longing wish of his heart was a fair field for the acquisition of military fame. He had adroitly declined the India offer

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offer till it included everything he wished, and then, having closed with it, he expatiates on the annoyance of having 'to exchange a life of ease and *content* to encounter all the plagues and miseries of command and public station'!—The plagues and miseries of living in princely state in palaces; of making one's own fortune and that of one's friends; of working out those schemes of public improvement which every ardent spirit has cherished; of extending or consolidating an empire; of rivalling the fame of a Clive, or anticipating that of a Wellesley!

There is a passage in Lord Macaulay's 'Essays' in which he favours the same train of thinking. Construing literally a professed preference of literature to politics, he cruelly assures an ex-official that he 'has little cause to envy any of those who, at most, can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures, by passing nights without sleep and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power.' Then how happens it that nineteen out of twenty who have got their discharge are so anxious to resume their fetters? Because the struggle for that laborious, that invidious thing is after all in their estimation the great game, and the possession of it the grand prize of life; because they believe ambition to be the last infirmity of noble minds; because (as one poet has said) the innate tendency of our being is to strive upwards and onwards; because, in the stirring words of another,—

> 'One glorious hour of crowded life
> Is worth an age without a name.'

'*Oh, l'heureux temps, quand j'étois si malheureuse!*' exclaimed the French coquette who was no longer teased by lovers nor agitated by jealousy. 'Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning' *after a late division*, would be the cry of many a veteran statesman, who, very much against his will, has been left at full liberty to enjoy the beauties of nature in summer or winter as he thinks best.

Whatever we may think of Lord Cornwallis's horror of high and lucrative appointments, we fully believe that no public man was ever more constantly alive to the sense of duty or more powerfully impressed by it. In this respect he resembled the Duke of Wellington; and if the required sacrifices had been as great as he professed or fancied, he would have been equal to them. It is also to be observed that he courted instead of shrinking from responsibility, by insisting on ample powers, by always hurrying to the post of honour and danger, and by boldly grappling

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grappling with the most formidable of his difficulties at once. Amongst his most marked qualities were his probity, his fearlessness, and his habit of plain speaking. His employers were sure to learn the truth from him on all subjects; and his despatches from British India, whilst conveying the most vivid impression of the inherent vices of its civil and military administration, suggest that many of the materials for the terrible explosions of which it has recently been the scene, were rapidly accumulating between seventy and eighty years ago.

Warren Hastings left Calcutta February 8, 1785, and was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Macpherson, the senior member of the Supreme Council. We learn from an editorial note that he had been profitably involved in the pecuniary transactions of the native princes; that he was one of the six members brought into parliament by the Nabob of the Carnatic; and that, being a man of large stature and mild demeanour, he went by the name of 'the Gentle Giant.' Warren Hastings warned Lord Cornwallis against him; and General Grant, writing from London (January, 1787), thus follows up the warning:—

'I think you will find that the character Hastings gave of him to you was well founded; I flatter myself that I need not add that the circumstance has never been mentioned by me to any mortal. A trait which I heard of a Highlander struck me exceedingly. Macpherson offered to take him by the hand, which the other declined, telling him in the height of his power as Governor-General that it was not to be depended upon. He flatters the Duchess of Gordon by obeying all her commands, and telling her that she may consider herself as Governor-General while he remains in office, and begging to have the honour of attending the Marquis of Huntley upon his travels when he returns to Europe, which is no bad line of paying court to our friend Dundas.'

A Governor-General of this stamp was pretty sure to do as much mischief as was permitted by the brevity of his rule; and when Lord Cornwallis landed, almost everything that Hastings had left in a transition state had deteriorated. Treaties had been concluded with native princes, which, by the express desire of the Company, were immediately broken off; and a widespread system of jobbery had been openly or tacitly sanctioned, which the new Governor-General took instant and decisive measures to suppress. The improvement of the European troops in the Company's service was one of his first objects. He thus describes them in August, 1787:—

'The recruits that came from Bengal for the 73rd regiment were, I am sorry to say, very indifferent; those that were brought by Major Skelly

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Skelly were much better, except the fifteen felons and deserters who were put on board in their fetters at Gravesend.

'Nothing can be more prejudicial to our interests and safety than to degrade the character of Europeans in a country where a handful of them are to hold millions in subjection. The contemptible trash of which the Company's European force is composed makes me shudder.'

His matured opinion (April, 1790) on this subject is thus stated :—

'In regard to the military arrangement, I am clearly of opinion that the European troops should all belong to the King, for experience has shown that the Company cannot keep up an efficient European force in India; this is a fact so notorious, that no military man who has been in this country will venture to deny it, and I do not care how strongly I am quoted as authority for it.'

The efficiency of the Anglo-Indian army in the field was speedily to be tested under his own eye. The campaign of 1790 against Tippoo Saib having proved indecisive, he resolved to assume the personal direction of the next. His reasons, as explained in a despatch to the President of the Board of Control, were, that 'we have lost time, and our adversary has gained reputation, which are two most valuable things in war :'—

'It is vain now to look back : we must only consider how to remedy the evil, and to prevent the ill effects which our delay may occasion in the minds of our allies. It immediately occurred to me that nothing would be so likely to keep up their spirits, and to convince them of our determination to act with vigour, as my taking the command of the army.'

It was at once taken for granted that General Medows, whom he superseded, must be discontented; and reports, similar to those circulated touching Lord Canning and Lord Clyde, were rife in England. Lord Sydney writes :—

'The *Rodney* arrived just as the Parliament was rising, and various reports were circulated by a set of people who seem to act here as Tippoo's vakeels, and are perhaps in his pay. The violent animosity between you and General Medows was among the most current. But your letters have given a fatal blow to that forgery. I have received one from Medows, in which he speaks of your Lordship in the strongest terms of affection and respect. We are impatient to hear the event of your campaign, and promise ourselves a happy one.'

Fortunately General Medows was a man of sense as well as of conduct and courage, and continued to co-operate cordially with him as second in command. 'The harmony of these leaders,' says Mr. Mill, 'is one of the finest features of the campaign;' but he severely criticises their tactics; and their

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their movements were undoubtedly crippled by want of foresight in providing means of transport. The night attack on the lines of Seringapatam, however, shows that Lord Cornwallis was not destitute of the spirit which led Clive to cross the river at Plassey, and Wolfe to scale the heights of Abraham. One of the first qualities of generalship is to see where an advantage, commensurate with the risk, may be obtained by a bold departure from rule and a gallant defiance of the ordinary calculation of chances. To common apprehension, the odds are always against the performance of a dashing exploit; whilst the military genius discovers at a glance that they have been miscalculated or may be reversed by a new combination. Danton's famous maxim, '*De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*' is far more applicable in war than in politics. Lord Cornwallis, seeing that he had no alternative between a discreditable retreat and a successful *coup-de-main*, chose the bolder and, we believe, the safer course, very much, it appears, to the wonder and consternation of his allies. 'To attack,' says Mr. Mill, 'with a handful of infantry, and without cannon, the whole of Tippoo's army, in a fortified camp under the walls of his capital, appeared to them an extraordinary attempt; and their surprise was increased when told that Lord Cornwallis in person commanded the division which was to penetrate the centre of the enemy's camp, and had gone to fight, as they expressed it, like a private soldier.'

The defences of Seringapatam then consisted of three lines, comprising nine redoubts and the fort, besides a hedge of thorny plants almost impenetrable by man or beast; the whole defended by 300 pieces of artillery. The attacking force, about 9000 men, was divided into three columns. The right, under General Medows, was misled by the guides; and there was a critical interval during which the centre was left without support. The firing was heavy; and Lord Cornwallis, well knowing his man, exclaimed, 'If Medows is above ground, this will bring him'—a noble expression of sympathising reliance, which recalls the exclamation of Collingwood at being first in the heat of the fire at Trafalgar, 'What would Nelson give to be here?' whilst Nelson was simultaneously crying out, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!'

Medows came up in time to do his part effectively, and the victory was complete. The British casualties in killed and wounded were 533, of which 342 fell to the share of the centre column. Tippoo's army was reduced to the extent of 23,000, but four-fifths of his loss was by desertion; and on appealing to his officers he was informed that the spirits of his remaining troops were too much broken to enable him to continue the contest.

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test. The want of means of transport, with the resulting scarcity of munitions of all sorts, rendered a termination of hostilities highly acceptable to the Governor-General, although it is not true that, compelled to make peace, he hastily conceded terms which laid the foundation of future disputes and difficulties. On the contrary, when Tippoo, who wished to retain the power of wreaking vengeance on the Rajah of Courg, threatened to break off the negotiations if a projected impediment was thrown in his way, Lord Cornwallis ordered the siege operations to be resumed, and the hostages were on their way back when the Sultan yielded, and the definitive treaty was signed. By it Tippoo was to surrender one-half of his dominions, pay down a large sum of money (3 crores, 30 lacs), and give two of his sons as hostages. Lord Cornwallis's despatch to the Board of Control, dated 'Camp before Seringapatam, March 4, 1791,' begins thus:—

'We have at length concluded our Indian war handsomely, and I think as advantageously as any reasonable person could expect. We have effectually crippled our enemy without making our friends too formidable. Indeed I am well convinced that the impression they have received of the power and superiority of our arms will greatly overbalance any confidence with which their territorial acquisitions can possibly inspire them.'

The Secret Committee acknowledged his 'brilliant successes,' and in the July following he was raised to the dignity of a Marquis, his consent being taken for granted after consulting his brother, the Bishop. Mr. Pitt, it would seem, was not of the same way of thinking as Lord Melbourne, whose reply to a noble friend desirous of a similar elevation in the peerage was a blunt expression of astonishment.

Lord Cornwallis had received the Garter soon after he left England in 1786, and wrote thus to his son:—

'You will have heard that soon after I left England I was elected Knight of the Garter, and very likely laughed at me for wishing to wear a blue riband over my fat belly. I could have excused myself in the following lines:—

"Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age."

But I can assure you, upon my honour, that I neither asked for it nor wished for it. The reasonable object of ambition to a man is to have his name transmitted to posterity for eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind. Nobody asks or cares whether Hampden, Marlborough, Pelham, or Wolfe were Knights of the Garter.'

His Lordship is singularly infelicitous in his mode of philosophising on honours, distinctions, well-paid places, and the rest of what

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what are popularly considered the good things of this world, the prizes of success, and sometimes (if not uniformly) the outward and visible signs of merit. If a title, a riband, or a star, be but the guinea stamp which may be carelessly or culpably impressed on brass, it may notwithstanding be useful in giving currency to gold. If nobody asks or cares whether Hampden, Marlborough, Pelham, or Wolfe—a strange assortment, by the way—were Knights of the Garter, this is simply because this particular Order is no longer associated in men's minds with merit—no longer contemplated as the reward of intellectual, political, or military services to the State. But everybody asks and cares whether our statesmen and heroes have received their due meed of honour; and the noblest of them (Nelson, for example) have been commonly the most sensitive on this point. Tried by the severest rules of reason, the value of decorations and distinctions depends on their accordance with the claims and character of the recipients; and most right-minded men will say of them what Lord Mansfield said of popularity,—'I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.'

The treaty with Tippoo left Lord Cornwallis at liberty to resume and complete the financial and judicial reforms which form the most durable and striking memorials of his Eastern Administration. His arrangements for the collection of the land revenue of Bengal and some adjacent provinces, commonly called the permanent settlement, have remained a subject of constant interest and discussion to this hour. Three modes of collecting this revenue were open to the government: through the Zemindars, who might be made primarily liable and empowered to levy the required assessment on the occupiers; by the village system, under which a given district was required to supply a stated sum; or under the ryot system, which brought the actual occupiers into direct contact with the collectors of the State. Lord Cornwallis chose the first, regardless of the doubts that prevailed touching the proprietary title to the soil or the original status of the Zemindars, who have been alternately treated by high Indian authorities as a sort of greater feudatories, or as mere farmers of the revenue under the native sovereigns. Lord Cornwallis resolved on considering them as the owners of the soil; thereby, it was alleged, too summarily disposing of the vested rights of other claimants. He was also accused of treating with many as Zemindars who had no well-founded pretension to the rank. In fixing the amount to be levied, it was assumed by him that moderate payments, punctually collected, were most likely to

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promote the interests of all parties. The grand question, as to which he and his chief adviser, Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), differed, was, whether the arrangement should be decennial or permanent. The Governor-General's reasons for making it permanent were drawn up in due form and forwarded, with Mr. Shore's for an opposite conclusion, for the consideration of the home authorities, who decided for permanence. Dundas's private letter, announcing their decision, is worth quoting for more reasons than one:—

'Knowing that the Directors would not be induced to take it up so as to consider it with any degree of attention, and knowing that some of the most leading ones among them held an opinion different both from your Lordship and me on the question of perpetuity, and feeling that there was much respect due to the opinion and authority of Mr. Shore, I thought it indispensably necessary both that the measure must originate with the Board of Control, and likewise that I should indeee Mr. Pitt to become my partner in the final consideration of so important and controverted a measure. *He accordingly agreed to shut himself up with me for ten days at Wimbledon, and attend to that business only.* Charles Grant staid with us a great part of the time. After a most minute and attentive consideration of the whole subject, I had the satisfaction to find Mr. Pitt entirely of the same opinion with us.'

This is only one amongst many proofs in these volumes of Mr. Pitt's extraordinary capacity for business. Speaking of a debate in which the late Lord Grey fiercely and unwarrantably assailed Pitt, General Grant (April 16th, 1787) writes:—

'He was attacked at the same time by Fox and Sheridan, and in short with all the abilities of Opposition; and Rigby, who was in the House and attended that day out of friendship to Lord Carteret, told me, "You know," says he, "that I am not partial to Pitt, and yet I must own that he is infinitely superior to anything I ever saw in that House, and I declare that Fox and Sheridan, and all of them put together, are nothing to him; he, without support or assistance, answers them all with ease to himself, and they are just chaff before the wind to him."'

Lord Cornwallis's next care was the reformation of the judicial system and the police. We cannot enter into details; but the leading features of his improvements may be briefly indicated. He found the administration of justice, civil and criminal, almost exclusively in the hands of natives, and notoriously corrupt. He found, moreover, collectors of revenue sitting as judges in revenue cases, and many of the most repulsive and least defensible doctrines of Mahommedan jurisprudence mischievously in force. He therefore constructed a set of courts, rising in regular gradation above each other, in each of which, except the lowest (made subject to appeal), there was an infusion of the European element. Thus, a European

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European presided over the Zillah Court, or second degree, and three covenanted servants of the Company sat in each of the Provincial Courts, or third. Next came the Supreme Court, consisting of the Governor-General and Members of Council, from which an ultimate appeal lay to the King, when (since 1797) the property at stake was not less than 50,000 rupees.

Lord Cornwallis has been denounced as a theorist for seeking, without sufficient knowledge of native laws or habits, to introduce English institutions and notions into the financial arrangements and the administration of justice in the East. Mr. Mill arraigns him for departing from the Benthamite model in a country where complicated forms, or multiplied stages of appeal, were sure to be turned to the worst purposes by the all-pervading litigiousness. The same able though prejudiced writer has vehemently assailed the permanent settlement; nor do its advocates assert that it has been attended with all the beneficial results which might have ensued had it been more judiciously carried out. But the intellectual grasp, the moral firmness, and the statesman-like views exhibited by a new system of law or revenue, must be estimated with reference to the place, the time, the emergency, the available instruments and materials, and the degree of progress to which financial or juridical science had attained. Long subsequently to 1793 the severity of our own criminal law remained a disgrace to civilization, and the prolix confusion of our Statute Book still calls vainly for an amending hand. Our political economists are not yet agreed as to the true principles of taxation; and the terrible events of the last two years, far from producing unanimity, have simply brought to light the most astounding and perplexing variety of opinion as to the policy to be adopted in Hindostan. What, then, can be more unfair than to judge the Indian legislator or reformer of 1793 by the brighter, though still clouded and imperfect, lights of 1858? It is surely enough for fame and national gratitude that he swept away at once the whole pre-existing structure of robbery and fraud; and if the edifice which he raised on its ruins has broken down in parts, the foundations have so far proved solid, that the wisest of his successors have not been afraid to build upon them, and the very fragments proclaim the boldness and comprehensiveness of the plan.

Lord Cornwallis ceased to be the Governor-General, and set sail for England, in October, 1793. On his recommendation, Sir John Shore was appointed his successor, and was near being the involuntary cause of his return to India in 1797. Sir John having given dissatisfaction by his mode of dealing with the Bengal mutineers, his Lordship was actually reappointed and sworn in, when

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news arrived which induced an abandonment of the intention. Soon after his return, it was in contemplation to give him the command of the allied armies in Flanders, with the local rank of Field-Marshal; the main object being to supersede the Duke of York, whose incapacity at length became so glaring as to compel his recall by the Ministry. The King was deeply hurt; and on learning this, Lord Cornwallis, like an experienced courtier, vowed that no earthly consideration would have induced him to consent to any arrangement derogatory to his Royal Highness or disagreeable to his Majesty. Some of the letters on this subject are curious, as exhibiting to what extent the public service may suffer from court influence or etiquette.

Early in June, 1798, it was deemed advisable that the supreme civil and military authority in Ireland should be vested in the same person, and Lord Cornwallis was appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief. He gives way as usual to regret at his increasing honours :—

'The life of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland comes up to my idea of perfect misery, but if I can accomplish the great object of consolidating the British Empire, I shall be sufficiently repaid.'

His mistrust and anxiety on this occasion were reasonable enough; for the condition, social and political, of Ireland in the summer of 1798 was as deplorable as it could be, short of downright anarchy. To trace her miseries and dissensions to their source would be to go back to the time when the English colonists or conquerors under Strongbow first made good their settlement on her soil, thereby causing it to be parcelled out between two races—the one with the characteristic qualities of the tyrant, the other with the characteristic qualities of the slave. The 'Englishry,' whether of Saxon or Norman descent, regarded the aboriginal Irish or Celts much in the same light in which the Anglo-Indians have been wont to regard the Hindoos; and their contests, when the oppressed rose against the oppressor, were similarly marked by unrelenting cruelty and vindictiveness. The hatred of race to race was exasperated, if that were possible, by religious differences, and the result was, that, whilst every other nation in Europe was united on some one principle of nationality, the Irish, prior to the Union, hardly ever used their occasional liberty of action for any higher or nobler purpose than to proclaim their internecine quarrels, and consequent degradation as a people, to the world. The genius of Swift, the eloquence of Grattan, might create a semblance of unity for an interval; but the old antipathies speedily overcame the new impulse, and their favourite orator and champion might have said of their patriotism what he said

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said of the short-lived constitution which sprang from it, 'I sate by its cradle, and followed its hearse.'

At Dublin, in the possession of an historic family, is an historic picture which, if Irishmen of opposite parties could co-operate like Englishmen, would have been engraved by subscription long ago, and be as well known as Frith's 'Derby Day' or Copley's 'Death of Chatham,' which it most resembles in design and manner. The subject is the Right Hon. Henry Grattan Moving the Declaration of Rights. It contains portraits of all the Irish celebrities of the period, male and female, and (by a pardonable anachronism) of some who were not strictly cotemporary; the peers, ladies, and others not members of the House of Commons, being brought in as spectators. Taken as a whole, they form a splendid galaxy. What genius, eloquence, public virtue, courage, chivalry, wit, grace, and loveliness are there! What elements of greatness, and alas, what seeds of corruption, dissension, and decay! The contemplation of it inspires a feeling near akin to that with which the Persian monarch gazed on his countless but perishable host. Before their patriotic purposes can be practically carried out, before the foundations of their liberty can be consolidated, they will be again divided into hostile camps, again assailing each other's characters or flying at each other's throats, again contending whether their boasted independence shall be sold to the British minister or be gratuitously handed over to France. The brave and loyal Charlemont, the Irish Lafayette, whose army of volunteers is morally as well as materially strengthened by Roman Catholics, will record a willing and conscientious vote against their admission to legislative rights; and the haughty Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), who vehemently applauds and stands prepared to second Grattan, will strain every nerve to destroy the fabric they are now constructing together, and do his best to hang the chief architect as a traitor.*

In one of those marvellously-sustained bounds of his rhetorical imagination, which only just escape the fatal transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, Grattan has vividly depicted the grandeur and fleeting character of the scene:—

'There was a time when the vault of liberty could hardly contain the flight of your pinion. Some of you went forth like a giant rejoicing in his strength, but now you stand like elves at the door of your own Pandemonium. The armed youth of the country, like a thousand streams,

* When Fitzgibbon's promotion was under consideration, Fox objected, and was overruled on the strength of Grattan's approval or acquiescence. Fitzgibbon was made Attorney-General, and 'from that time forth,' said Grattan, 'his country and myself were the two peculiar objects of his calumny.'

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thundered from a thousand hills, and filled the plain with the congregated waters, in whose mirror was seen for a moment the watery image of the British Constitution. The waters subside, the torrents cease, the rill ripples within its own bed, and the boys and children of the village paddle in the brook.'

We are hardly guilty of a digression in reverting to this scene; for the grand combination of 1782 gave birth to the Society of the United Irishmen, laid the train for the rebellion which was raging when Lord Cornwallis landed, and afforded the strongest argument for the union which is the Corinthian capital of his administrative fame.

All the speakers of note who took part in the debates on the question of British supremacy advocated a resort to force:—

'The attainment of Magna Charta had no precedent; it was a great original transaction, not obtained by votes in Parliament, but by barons in the field. To that great original transaction England owes her liberty, and to the great original transaction at Dungannon Ireland will be indebted for hers. The Irish volunteers had associated to support the laws and the constitution—the usurpations of England have violated both, and Ireland has therefore armed to defend the principles of the British constitution against the violations of the British Government.'

So declaimed Grattan, and he was followed in the same strain by Fitzgibbon, whose whole after life was employed in crushing those who carried the dangerous principle of resistance to what they deemed its legitimate conclusions:—

'As Ireland is committed, no man, I trust, will shrink from her support, but go through, hand and heart, in the establishment of our liberties. As I was cautious in committing, so I am now firm in asserting, the rights of my country: my declaration, therefore, is, that as the nation has determined to obtain the restoration of her liberty, it behoves every man in Ireland to stand firm.'

Did it, then, less behove every man in Ireland to stand firm when her restored liberty was ravished from her, because this emphatic assertor of her rights had become Lord Chancellor and the equally uncompromising assertor of British supremacy? Well may Lord Macaulay call Ireland the most unfortunate of nations. At the most brilliant epoch of her history, from 1780 to 1800, when her senate, her bar, and her social circle were at their zenith—when she counted Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Flood, Curran, Bushe, Plunket, Castlereagh, Fitzgibbon, and Thomas Moore amongst her living sons—when she

> 'Saw History write, with a pencil of light,
> That illumined whole pages, her Wellington's name'—

she had literally no alternative but to be governed by her so-called

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called sister through the medium of an intolerant and corrupt minority, to be the battleground of factions till she was devastated and depopulated, or to submit to what she then believed the disgraceful extinction of her individuality.

Prior to the Union, the normal mode of governing Ireland was this: a few powerful persons, to whom the state of the peerage and the representation gave a preponderance in both Houses, undertook to execute the wishes of the English ministry for the time being, and were complimented with the whole of the local power and patronage as their reward. These were called 'managers.' Every judgeship, bishopric, commissionership, or appointment, was bestowed as they directed; and to confirm or increase their influence, sinecures were shamelessly multiplied, and places of trust conferred with a ludicrous disregard of fitness or propriety. A scene in one of Lady Morgan's novels, where the Irish Cabal, having nothing else vacant, agree to give one of their female adherents a cornetcy of dragoons *en attendant*, is founded upon fact.*

A large measure of parliamentary reform would have broken up their monopoly, but no one who is acquainted with the composition and views of the democratic party can doubt that revolution and separation would have ensued; whilst the admission of the Catholics would only have made confusion worse confounded, and completed the resemblance to a Polish Diet. We think, therefore, that the Government did right in resisting any organic change in the Irish legislature; and the so-called patriots who, headed by Grattan, seceded in 1797 on the rejection of their motion for reform, have much to answer for. Secessions have never succeeded in their professed aim; and the seceders have commonly returned to their places of their own accord, without any call from their ungrateful country, very much surprised to find themselves neither missed nor wanted, and not greatly delighted at finding the front opposition bench occupied by a new and formidable rival, as it was by Tierney during the Whig Hegira in the same year. Grattan and his friends virtually announced, by their peculiar mode of abdication, that the reign of law and reason was at an end, and that the only remaining hope lay in a resort to arms.

* See 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys,' vol. ii. p. 9. 'He (the Provost of T. C. D., Hutchinson) is said, when he was at the head of the University, actually to have had one of his daughters gazetted for a majority of horse, which commission she held for several days, until an opportunity offered for her selling out to advantage.'—*Curran and his Contemporaries.* By Charles Phillips, Esq. Third edition, p. 45. It was of this Provost that Lord Townsend, when Lord-Lieutenant, said, 'If I gave Hutchinson England and Ireland for an estate, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a potato garden.'

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The people accordingly took up arms, and the most determined and desperate of the conspirators opened a communication with the French Directory, which promptly responded to the call. But their counsels were betrayed, their movements anticipated, their combinations broken, and their leaders incapable. Their commander-in-chief, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, a barrister of fortune, was physically as well as mentally disqualified for such a post. He is described as 'diminutive, weak, and meagre; his voice tremulous; his dress squalid; his mind as feeble as his body, and as undecided as his stumbling movements.' During the sanguinary affair of Ross, which lasted ten hours, he and his aide-de-camp Gray, an attorney, remained inactive spectators on a hill. The battle of Vinegar Hill fortunately completed the discomfiture of the rebels prior to the arrival of the French; or, considering what the small reinforcement sent by them effected a little later, there is no knowing what the consequences of an earlier landing might have been.

Lord Cornwallis reached Dublin on the 20th of June, 1798, and on July 1st writes: 'I think our civil war will, for the present, be nearly at an end, but we shall have no progress towards permanent peace.' In a subsequent letter (July 24), after stating that there was no law either in town or country but martial law, and that 'numberless murders are hourly committed by our people,' he adds:—

'The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tend to encourage this system of blood, and the conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c., and if a priest has been put to death the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation!'

Whilst the embers were yet smouldering, intelligence was received (August 22) that General Humbert had landed in Killala Bay. His force, which did not exceed 1100 men, was much exaggerated by rumour; and Lord Cornwallis, distrusting many of his Irish levies, and knowing that a defeat might lead to a general rising, did not move till he had concentrated his forces, and taken measures for hemming the French in on all sides. In the mean time they advanced boldly, and gallantly attacked a detachment imprudently posted by General Hutchinson. The loyalist troops were so completely and disgracefully routed that the affair has popularly gone by the name of the Races of Castlebar. According to the best authenticated account, the Galway Volunteers, with the Kilkenny and Longford Militia, ran away. Lord Ormonde exerted himself to stop his men: he first begged and beseeched: he then upbraided and swore at

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at them: he ran two of them through the body, and burst into tears. Lord Granard's attempts to detain the Longford Militia upon the ground were equally fruitless; the panic spread: and on one of the French columns appearing on the flank, the confusion became irretrievable. This disaster, however, was more owing to treason than cowardice. Two hundred soldiers of the Louth and Kilkenny regiments joined the French after the battle, and were afterwards hanged for desertion. One of them defended himself by pleading 'that it was the army, and not he, who were deserters: that, whilst he was fighting hard, they all ran away, and left him to be murdered.'

The reputation of the Irish militia for courage was amply redeemed by the city of Limerick regiment, under Colonel Vereker, who, thinking he had only the vanguard to deal with, made a gallant stand against the whole French force at Colooney. Unfortunately his generalship was not on a par with his courage. He posted his men in such a manner that they could neither fight nor retreat, except at a disadvantage. In point of fact they had to fall back through a deep river and over a high wall. When, some time afterwards, Lord Cornwallis inspected the ground, he burst into a loud and prolonged fit of laughter. The Colonel was made Lord Gort, with permission to adopt 'Colooney' as his motto, for his services on this occasion.

The French continued their advance towards the capital till they were surrounded by twenty times their number, when they surrendered, expressing the most supreme contempt for their Irish allies, and astonishment at the supposition that they had come to assist in the reestablishment of Popery.

In dealing with the insurgents Lord Cornwallis was obliged to take into consideration not merely the degree of guilt, but the impossibility of inflicting the full penalty on offenders who were reckoned by the thousand. He found himself in a position strikingly analogous to that in which Lord Canning has recently been placed; and precisely the same contradictory censures were levelled at him. In reference to complaints that had reached England of his imputed lenity, he writes to General Ross:—

'You write as if you really believed that there was any foundation for all the lies and nonsensical clamour about my lenity. On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement, to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession, and to the free-quarters, which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country.

'If this be a crime I freely acknowledge my guilt, but I can most confidently assure you, and I wish you could have an opportunity of talking

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talking to Taylor on the subject, that I have never suffered my private feelings to get the better of the great duty which I owe to the public, and that my conscience does not reproach me with a single act of improper or impolitic lenity.'

The best proof that he held an upright, even, and politic course in this respect, is that he had the steady cooperation of a man who, often charged with insensibility to popular feeling, was never accused of weakness in upholding the cause of order. In his sketch of Lord Castlereagh, Lord Brougham says:—'It is another topic of high praise that he took a generous part against the faction which, setting themselves against all liberal and tolerant government, sought to drive from their post the two most venerable rulers with whom Ireland had ever been blessed—Cornwallis and Abercromby.'

In reply to some violent remonstrances addressed to him, Lord Castlereagh coolly stated (March 6, 1799) that, exclusively of all persons tried at the Assizes, the Lord Lieutenant had decided personally upon 400 cases: that, out of 131 condemned to death, 81 had been executed: and that 418 persons had been transported or banished in pursuance of the sentences of courts-martial since his Excellency's arrival in Ireland. The policy of mercy was also cordially supported by Lord Clare, who was regarded as the main-stay of the dominant faction:—

'My sentiments,' writes Lord Cornwallis, 'have coincided with those of the British Cabinet and with those of the Chancellor, whose character has been much misrepresented in England. Almost all the other principal political characters here are absurdly violent. Lord Castlereagh is a very able *and good young man*, and is of great use to me; I doubt much, from what I have heard, whether I should not go on full as well with him as with Pelham.'

This account of Lord Castlereagh as a 'good young man' rather took us by surprise.* He soon afterwards grows into one 'whose prudence, talents, and temper I cannot sufficiently commend;' and throughout the whole of the momentous and delicate transactions in which they were jointly engaged, never once disappointed the expectations of his chief. On the imperative necessity of a legislative union they were both agreed; and they were also

* Equally curious is the letter by which Lord Cornwallis introduced the late Duke of Wellington to Sir John Shore:—

'Whitehall, June 10, 1796.

'Dear Sir,—I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is lieutenant-colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man and a good officer; and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation.

'I am, &c.,

'CORNWALLIS.'

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unanimous as to the mode of carrying it, and the stipulations to be made with the classes or sections whose assent or neutrality was desirable. These volumes will definitively settle the controversy touching the promises made, or expectations held out, to the Roman Catholics. The language invariably employed in treating with them was substantially to this effect:—'In Ireland, where you are in a numerical majority of four to one, you cannot be admitted to your proportional share of legislative power without risking the destruction of the Established Church, and possibly the recurrence of the scene presented by the Roman Catholic House of Commons in 1689.* Under existing circumstances we will not support your claims, and we could not compel their admission by the Irish parliament, if we tried. In and under the parliament of the United Kingdom, things will stand on a widely different footing: we cannot anticipate its councils nor those of the British Cabinet. The dogged opposition of the Sovereign is well known. We give no pledge. We simply say that your chances will be improved, and that our individual opinion is in your favour.'

The Chancellor's opposition rendered it impossible for the Lord-Lieutenant and Secretary to go further;† and it is clear from the whole tenor of their communications that they did not. The Roman Catholics ended by giving a lukewarm support to the measure. 'The mass of the people of Ireland,' wrote Lord Cornwallis, July 1799, 'do not care one farthing about the Union, and cordially hate both Government and Opposition. It would, I believe, be impossible to excite any popular commotion against it in any part of the kingdom, except in Dublin.' In Dublin a good deal of commotion was excited, especially by the Bar. The real difficulty, however, lay in inducing the borough proprietors and the cream of the Protestant nobility and gentry, who commanded a majority in both Houses, to consent to the annihilation of the system from which they derived most of their importance. They are thus described by Lord Cornwallis:—

'Those who are called principal persons here are men who have been raised into consequence only by having the entire disposal of the patronage of the Crown in return for their undertaking the management

* See Lord Macaulay's 'History,' vol. iii. chap. 12.

† This is proved by a letter from Lord Clare (published in the *Castlereagh Correspondence*), in which he speaks of his 'damnable' country. 'Talk not to me,' said Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General, amongst a party of old friends, 'of a Union. If a minister dared to do so, I would fling my office in his face.' 'Now, mark,' said Daly, '*that* is the very man who would support it; that *little* man who talks *so big* would vote for a Union, aye, to-morrow.'—*Phillips's Recollections of Curran.* Like the great men of the Great Rebellion, as described by Clarendon, most of the Irish great men were little men.

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of the country, because the Lords-Lieutenants were too idle or too incapable to manage it themselves. They are detested by everybody but their immediate followers, and have no influence but what is founded on the grossest corruption.'

It soon became apparent that the only means by which a majority could be obtained in an Irish parliament were the wholesale and uncompromising use of every available instrument of intimidation and persuasion. Not only were ordinary placeholders and officials told that they must go all lengths with the Government, but express directions arrived from the English Home Office to deprive Saurin, the leader of the intractable portion of the Bar, of his silk gown, if he persevered in the intemperate course he was pursuing. It had been well if nothing worse had been required of the Lord-Lieutenant. In the thick of the struggle (May 20), he writes to General Ross:—

'The political jobbing of this country gets the better of me: it has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business, and I am now involved in it beyond all bearing, and am consequently more wretched than ever. I trust that I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations, and most repugnant to my feelings. How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court! If I did not hope to get out of this country, I should most earnestly pray for immediate death. No man, I am sure, ever experienced a more wretched existence; and, after all, I doubt whether it is possible to save the country.'

And again, June 8:—

'My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without an Union the British Empire must be dissolved. When it is impossible to gratify the unreasonable demands of our politicians, I often think of two lines of Swift, speaking of the Lord-Lieutenant and the system of corruption,—

"And then at Beelzebub's great hall
Complains his budget is too small."'

That the end justifies the means, is not an argument that would or should satisfy a scrupulous moralist; and the wonder to our minds is why he undertook the duty if his moral sense so vehemently revolted at it. But here, again, we have one of those cases in which his Lordship's conduct is hardly in keeping with his professions. It may have been a relief to him to contrast theory with practice in this fashion, and by dint of mental reservation to combine the self-complacency of conscious rectitude with the external advantage of impropriety—like the lady who boasted that, by thoroughly convincing herself before she did wrong that

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that it was wrong, she kept her principles intact, though the individual action might be exceptionable. We are strongly tempted to repeat a well-known exclamation of Sir Peter Teazle's touching noble sentiments which impose no sacrifice; and we prefer the course taken by Lord Chatham, who refused to participate in practices he was unable to prevent. He did not indeed, as Grattan said, 'make a venal age unanimous without corrupting it,' but he left the patronage, the secret-service money, and the dirty work of his administration—as one flings bones to a dog—to the Duke of Newcastle, who had a natural turn for bribery and borough-mongering.

Lord Brougham assures us that Lord Castlereagh 'had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practised.' Yet in one of his letters to Mr. Wickham (dated Dublin Castle, Jan. 2, 1799, and marked 'most secret') will be found this passage:—

'Already we feel the want, and indeed the absolute necessity, of the *primum mobile*. We cannot give that activity to the press which is requisite. We have good materials amongst the young barristers, but we cannot expect them to waste their time and starve into the bargain.

'I know the difficulties, and shall respect them as much as possible in the extent of our expenditure; but, notwithstanding every difficulty, I cannot help most earnestly requesting to receive 5000*l.* in bank-notes by the first messenger.'

With all this machinery at work, the difficulties were great; and it still sounds strange that any amount of compensation which the ministry could offer should have induced the 'managers' to surrender their position, and, as it were, to cut up the goose that laid the golden eggs. But, in the first place, they had just undergone a severe fright; and, although they put a bold face on matters, and loudly boasted of their readiness to fight their own battle without aid from England, their ability to make good the boast was doubtful, and their ascendency was palpably on the wane. In the second place, the proverbial improvidence of the people, combined with their ingrained love of jobbing, made the direct and immediate temptation of a title, a place, or a sum down, irresistible to the majority. We are not talking of what Irishmen may be, or of what many of them have been—gentlemen of the highest honour, patriots of the first water, statesmen of incorruptible integrity; we refer merely to the incontrovertible fact that, owing to centuries of misgovernment and its upas-like effects, their national character towards the end of the eighteenth century had become tainted to the core, and that, amongst its most marked and least repulsive qualities, was their recklessness.

One of the most liberal and farsighted viceroys they ever had was

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was the famous Lord Chesterfield, who, to use his own words, 'came determined to proscribe no set of persons, and to be governed by none.' His impressions are stated in a letter to Mr. Prior:—'I cannot help saying that, except in your claret, which you are very anxious should be two or three years old, you think of two or three years hence less than any people under the sun.' When life and property are constantly at stake, when scarcely a generation is permitted to die out without witnessing a rebellion, a civil war, an armed convention, or an organised resistance to authority—can any one be surprised that regular industry and domestic economy are at a discount, or that the public treasury is almost universally regarded as the mart where talents and principles may be bartered without scruple? The letter which the Right Honourable Lodge Morres addressed to the Duke of Portland, July 14, 1798, is one instance of the extent to which Irish placehunters were hardened against all sensibility to shame:—

'I have always looked up to you for every virtue that could adorn the most exalted character, and have ever found them in your possession; and to be esteemed the attached and unalterable friend of your Grace is the highest satisfaction of my heart; in that light I offered my services to Lord Camden, and relinquished my party and broke them up; I showed the Opposition of Ireland when and where to stop, and I succeeded; the value of my friendship was so far estimated that I was desired to name my objects, which I did; they were a Commissionership of the Treasury and a Peerage, and they were acceded to.'

'Eat, drink, and be merry,' has been invariably the cry in every agitated or alarmed community; whether a plague-stricken city, like the Florence of the Decameron, or a kingdom rent by factions, like the *Fronde*. Making every allowance for exaggeration, it is impossible to doubt that the habits of the Irish gentry during the half century preceding the Union were fatal to self-control and self-respect. The most independent spirit is degraded in its own despite by pecuniary embarrassment; and any chance visitings of remorse at having bartered a conviction or profession for a place, would be speedily drowned in the intoxication of prolonged revelry amongst companions who were running the same race of profligacy. Whatever may be thought of Sir Jonah Barrington's general accuracy, the custom which he records and illustrates of inviting a party to drink out a hogshead of claret, was notoriously prevalent. 'Castle Rackrent,' at all events, will be received as a true picture of manners; and the following document, the jocular production of Lord Mountjoy, suggests that Shanes Castle may have supplied Miss Edgeworth with a trait or two:—

'"*Resolutions*

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' "*Resolutions formed to promote regularity at Shanes Castle, at the meeting for the representation of Cymbeline, Nov.* 20, 1785.

' " 1. That no noise be made during the forenoon, for fear of wakening the company.

' " 2. That there shall be no breakfast made after four o'clock in the afternoon, nor tea after one in the morning.

' " 3. To inform any stranger who may come in at breakfast that we are not at dinner.

' " 4. That no person be permitted to go out airing after breakfast till the moon gets up, for fear of being overturned in the dark.

' " 5. That the respective grooms may put up their horses after four hours' parading before the hall door of the Castle.

' " 6. That there shall be one complete hour between each meal.

' " 7. That all the company must assemble at dinner before the cloth is removed.

' " 8. That supper may not be called for till five minutes after the last glass of claret.

' " 9. That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of hock at or after supper.

' " 10. That all M.P.s shall assemble on post-days in the coffee-room at four o'clock to frank letters." '

Barrington states that, when the Union was under discussion, Lord Castlereagh invited twenty or thirty of his staunchest supporters, of 'fighting families,' to a dinner, at which a formal proposal was made by Sir John Blaquiere, and received with acclamation, that they should make the measure a personal question, and compel the leaders of the opposition to accept the arbitrament of the pistol or the sword. Mr. H. Grattan, in his Memoirs of his father, confirms the statement, and adds, 'It was said they had singled out their men; that Lord Castlereagh should attack George Ponsonby; Corry, Mr. Grattan; Daly, Mr. Plunket; Toler, Mr. Bushe; and Martin, Mr. Goold.'

Now in what manner, according to both Mr. H. Grattan and Barrington, did the patriots prepare to baffle, defeat, and expose this nefarious conspiracy against their own lives and the independence of their beloved country? Did they rely on the soundness of their cause, on the force of reason, on the immutable principles of truth and justice? They knew their countrymen too well. They called a countermeeting at Lord Charlemont's, and resolved to employ the same weapons as their adversaries. They were to be bribed and bullied. They resolved to bribe and bully in their turn:—

'One of the plans,' continues Mr. H. Grattan, 'adopted and acted upon by the opposition, was to bring into Parliament members to vote against the Union; it amounted in fact, to a project to outbuy the Minister, which in itself was unwise, injudicious, and almost impracticable,

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practicable, and in which they were sure to be behind the Government. A second plan was their literary war; this, as far as it went, was good, but it came too late and was too feeble a weapon at such a crisis. The third plan was to meet the Castle Club, and fight them at their own weapons. This would have proved the most effective and deadly of the three plans, but it was hazardous, and in principle it could scarcely be sanctioned; and was acted upon but in one instance (that of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Corry), and the meeting at Charlemont House rejected it.'

He states that his father inclined towards the fighting scheme; and Barrington, who thinks that either plan, if spiritedly executed, would have defeated the Minister, owns with a sigh, that 'the supporters of the Union indisputably showed more personal spirit than their opponents during the ensuing session.' Mr. H. Grattan remarks: 'it is possible if two or three courtiers had been killed, the Union might have been prevented: unquestionably Lord Clare and Lord Castlereagh deserved to die.' This speculation is thrown out as carelessly as if the writer was merely repeating Sydney Smith's comic suggestion, that railway carriages would never be left unlocked until a bishop was burnt in one of them. Nor does either of these representatives of Irish feelings and opinion seem to know that their fighting scheme is neither more nor less than a modified version of Bobadil's. 'We would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in honour refuse. Well, we would kill them! challenge twenty more! kill them! twenty more; kill them too! and so on.' The truth is, the scheme was in accordance with the manners of the period; and the Irish laws of duelling seemed framed for the express purpose of encouraging bullies and neutralising any incidental good which has been supposed to result from the practice. Any anxiety for an explanation or accommodation on the part of either seconds or principals was thought to betray a lack of courage. Challenges were given or provoked by way of mere bravado; and what would now be considered the most indefensible irregularities, were permitted on the ground.

In the duel between Lord Clare, then Attorney-General, and Curran, the parties were left to fire when they chose. 'I never,' said Curran, 'saw any one whose determination seemed more malignant than Fitzgibbon's. After I had fired, he took aim at me for at least half a minute; and on its proving ineffectual, I could not help exclaiming to him, It was not your fault, Mr. Attorney—you were deliberate enough.'

In the duel between Corry and Grattan, Corry was wounded at the first fire, yet they went on covering each with their second pistols, each wishing to reserve his fire, until it was arranged that both should fire at a signal, which they did, and missed.

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The duel between Alcock and Coldclough, which took place in the presence of several hundred freeholders and eight or ten county magistrates, was preceded by a discussion whether, one of the combatants being near sighted, neither should wear spectacles or both. 'Without my glasses!' exclaimed the near-sighted combatant; 'I could not see to shoot a man at twelve paces, if it was my own father.'

Martin tried the temper of George Robert Fitzgerald's concealed armour by discharging two holster pistols pointblank against his ribs. Notwithstanding the repeated detection and exposure of this notorious bully's cowardly and treacherous mode of fighting, he retained a footing in society till he was hanged.

The climax of unreason was reached in Curran's affair with Major Hobart, then Secretary for Ireland. Curran, having been affronted by a man named Gifford, declared 'he would rather do without fighting all his life than fight such a fellow;' but as Gifford was a revenue officer, maintained that Major Hobart should dismiss him for his impertinence, or fight in his place. The Secretary demurred, and on Curran's insisting, referred the question to Lord Carhampton, the commander-in-chief, who decided it thus: 'A secretary of state fighting for an exciseman would be rather a bad precedent, but a major in the King's service is pugnacious by profession, and must fight anybody that asks him.' They exchanged shots without harm to either. In one remarkable instance, Lord Carhampton, the Colonel Luttrell of Middlesex celebrity, did not abide by his own maxim; for he refused to fight his father, not because he was his father, but because he was not a gentleman.

Station, however grave, was not claimed or accepted as a bar. The Provost of the College, Hutchinson, fought Doyle, a Master in Chancery; and when a pupil asked his advice about a course of legal study, replied, 'Buy a case of good pistols, learn the use of them, and they will get you on faster than Fearne or Blackstone.' Toler (Lord Norbury) followed this method so successfully that he was said to have shot up into preferment. A curious specimen of his language has been preserved, along with many other curious traits of Irish manners, by Mr. Charles Phillips: 'Had I (said Toler) heard a man out of doors using such language as that by which the honourable member (George Ponsonby) has violated the decorum of Parliament, I would have seized the ruffian by the throat and dragged him to the ground.'

The only gleam of good sense in their code of honour was the common understanding that no affront was implied in a joke, as when, in a debate on the Sinecure Bill, Curran declared he was the guardian of his own honour; and Sir Boyle Roche retorted,

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torted, 'Then the Honourable Gentleman holds a very pretty sinecure, and has taken the wrong side.'

It was consequently not grossly improbable that some such scheme as that mentioned by Grattan and Barrington should have been meditated; but it was absurd to father it on Lord Castlereagh, who combined a polished calmness of demeanour with imperturbable courage. He coolly and almost contemptuously replied to an unparliamentary provocation from Grattan:—

'Every one must be sensible that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter.'

One story currently related, and generally believed amongst his ill-wishers, was, that a member of the Irish Parliament who had stood out for higher terms fell ill, and was visited in his sick-room by his Lordship, who announced that he had made up his mind to accede to them. 'It is too late, my Lord,' said the invalid; 'I have been at the point of death, and I made a vow that, if ever I got well, I would lay all that has passed between us before the House of Commons.' 'And if you do,' replied Lord Castlereagh, 'I will give you the lie direct first, and shoot you afterwards.' Most of our readers will recollect a somewhat similar anecdote traditionally recorded of Wilkes, on Luttrell's threatening to expose him from the hustings.

The Irish Parliament met on January 22, 1799, and the question of the Union, already broached in the British Parliament by Mr. Pitt, was made the subject of an animated discussion in the House of Commons. It arose on an amendment to the address moved by Mr. Ponsonby, 'That the House would be ready to enter into any measure short of surrendering their free, resident, and independent Legislature, as established in 1782.' The point on which the Opposition principally relied was the incompetency of Parliament to entertain the question. The debate continued without intermission twenty-one hours,* from Tuesday, January 22, 4 P.M., to Wednesday, January 23, 1 P.M., when the division took place, and the numbers were 105 for the amendment and 106 against, giving the Government a majority of one.

All sorts of stories were afloat as to the manner in which this majority was obtained. The Opposition organs asserted that,

* The longest debates, says Mr. Ross, ever known in the Imperial Parliament were those on the Walcheren expedition in 1810; on the committal of Sir F. Burdett to the Tower in the same year; and on the Reform Bill in 1831. In the first the fourth division took place about 8 A.M. on the following day; the second also lasted fifteen hours; and in the last Mr. Fergusson found the House still sitting between seven and eight in the morning, when he came down to take his seat for the debate of the ensuing night.

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whilst the debate was proceeding, Mr. Cooke, the Under-Secretary, was observed in close communication with Mr. Trench, afterwards Lord Ashtown,* who, having spoken strongly for the amendment, voted against it; and such things had been far from rare in that assembly. Sir Henry Cavendish was famous for the accuracy of the reports which he was in the habit of sending from the House to the Castle. One evening the Lord-Lieutenant asked Sir Hercules Langrishe whether Sir Henry had been taking notes? 'I believe,' said Sir Hercules, 'he has been taking either NOTES or ready money, but I don't know which.'

The day following, on Sir Lawrence Parsons moving to expunge a paragraph from the Address, the contest was renewed with increased asperity, the Castle party accusing the Opposition of having 'unfurled the bloody flag of rebellion,' and the Opposition denouncing Ministers for 'flinging abroad the banner of prostitution, corruption, and apostacy.' Lord Castlereagh made a speech which, in the opinion of his friends, demolished Ponsonby, and, in the opinion of Ponsonby's, was a dead failure. 'In the course of the debate,' writes Lord Cornwallis, 'Mr. Smith, son to one of the Barons of the Exchequer, delivered a very fine and complete argument, which made very great impression.' Barrington says:—

'Mr. Egan trampled down the metaphorical sophistries of Mr. William Smith. Such reasoning he called rubbish, and such reasoners were scavengers. Like a dray horse he galloped over all his opponents, plunging and kicking and overthrowing all before him. No member on that night pronounced a more sincere, clumsy, and powerful oration. Of matter he had abundance—of language he made no selection; and he was aptly compared to the Trojan horse, *sounding as if he had armed men within him.*'

The debate again lasted through the night, and it was on the morning of the 25th that the House divided. The Ministers had only 105; the Opposition, who had withdrawn to the Court of Requests, 111. Egan, the 'dray horse' of the debate—a coarse, bluff, red-faced fellow—was the last who entered. 'His exultation,' says Barrington, 'knew no bounds. As No. 110 was announced, he stopped a moment at the bar, flourished a great stick which he had in his hand over his head, and with the voice of a Stentor cried out, "And I'm a hundred and eleven!"'

In the exultation of the moment, and in evil hour for his cause,

* Another version was that Trench had stood out for a peerage, and that, shortly before the division, Lord Castlereagh handed him a scrap of paper containing merely the name of the place from which the title, as originally proposed, was to be taken. Trench wrote 'Ashtown' instead, and returned the paper. Lord Castlereagh nodded, and the bargain was complete.

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Mr. Ponsonby attempted to improve his victory by pledging the House never to give up the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, an Independent Parliament; and he was on the verge of success when one of the 111, Mr. W. C. Fortescue, objected to such a pledge, and carried with him three or four others of the band. Ponsonby found his flank turned, and withdrew his resolution amidst the sneers and taunts of the adverse phalanx. 'It was a retreat after a victory,' exclaimed Sir Henry Cavendish, and Plunkett murmured as they broke up—

'The over-daring Ponsonby
Has sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheeding, rash, and desperate enterprise.'

The House of Lords had favourably entertained the project; yet, without waiting for the Ministerial defeat on the 25th, Lord Cornwallis had come to the conclusion that the attempt must be abandoned for the present. On January 23rd he had written to the Duke of Portland to this effect. But his energies rose as the difficulties increased, and although he never ceased complaining of the disagreeable work forced upon him, he went through it manfully and with an unalterable determination to succeed. Government influence was strained to the uttermost; prompt compliance was demanded as the condition of remaining in office, and both bribes and promises were distributed with unprecedented profusion. Lord Cornwallis knew that what Walpole said of the English Jacobites, was true of the noisiest of the Irish patriots, 'All these men have their price;' and he had made up his mind to pay it rather than be baffled in a scheme on which, like the English Minister, he had set his heart and staked his reputation. In a memorandum drawn up by Lord Castlereagh, the interested Opposition is resolved into its elements: the borough proprietors; the primary and secondary interests in the county representation; the holders of seats by purchase; the barristers in Parliament, fifty in number; and individuals connected by residence or property with Dublin. His calculation was that, after saving some of these interests as much as possible by alterations in the details of the measure, rather less than a million and a half would be required to buy them off. No less a sum than 1,260,000*l.* was subsequently voted to compensate the boroughholders; and the mode of distribution gave plausibility to the charge that most of it was meant and accepted as a bribe.

Each borough was valued at 15,000*l.*, which was proportionally distributed. Thus, of the 15,000*l.* paid for Tuam, Lord Clanmorris got 14,000*l.* and the Hon. W. Yelverton 1000*l.*; of that for Knocklofty, Sir Hercules Langrishe 13,862*l.* 10*s.*, Sir George Shee

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Shee 1137*l.* 10*s.* Lord Downshire received for seven seats, and Lord Ely for six. The 45,000*l.*, payable for those boroughs in which members of the Episcopal body were interested in right of their sees, was paid to the Commissioners of First Fruits.

There is an audacity in this proceeding which startles us. Junius, indeed, argued that the patrons of places, like Gatton and Old Sarum, might be bought off; but this is a very different thing from treating the entire borough representation of a nation as private property, and descending to the valuation of shares and fractions. The transaction was sanctioned by the British Parliament, and bears testimony both to the lax notions of the times and the supremacy of Pitt. Place-holders, with various other possessors or claimants of vested interests likely to suffer from the Union, were also compensated; and Mr. H. Grattan states, on his father's authority, that of all the eventual supporters of the Union in the House of Commons, there were only seven who were not bribed in some shape. Certain it seems that, out of the barristers who stood by the Ministry, three-fourths were promoted or preferred, sooner or later. It was currently, though absurdly, reported that nearly three hundred Peerages were promised to carry the English Reform Bill. How many promises of this sort were given by different agents of the Castle to carry the Union, we cannot pretend to calculate; but we know that forty-two Irish Peerages or promotions in the Irish Peerage, besides five English, were conferred on its supporters.

By the opening of the next session, the last of the Irish Parliament, the preparations were complete; but the Ministers had resolved to feel their way before committing themselves, and the Viceroy's speech was silent on the all-absorbing subject. The Opposition were the first to break ground and challenge the conflict, by moving an amendment declaratory of the resolution of Parliament to abide by the Constitution of 1782. A debate ensued, in which the appeals to reason were almost all on one side; but it must be admitted that in this and the subsequent debates some of the finest specimens of invective and declamation that exist in any language were called forth on the other. Plunkett pre-eminently distinguished himself in this line:—

'The two Parliaments may clash! So in Great Britain may King and Parliament; but we see they never do so injuriously. There are principles of repulsion! yes; but there are principles of attraction, and from these the enlightened statesman extracts the principle by which the countries are to be harmoniously governed. As soon would I listen to the shallow observer of nature, who should say there is a centrifugal force impressed on our globe, and therefore, lest we should be hurried into

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into the void of space, we ought to rush into the centre to be consumed there. No; I say to this rash arraigner of the dispensations of the Almighty, there are impulses from whose wholesome opposition eternal wisdom has declared the law by which we revolve in our proper sphere, and at our proper distance. So I say to the political visionary—from the opposite forces which you object to I see the wholesome law of imperial connexion derived—I see the two countries preserving their due distance from each other, generating and imparting heat, and light, and life, and health, and vigour; and I will abide by the wisdom and experience of the ages which are passed, in preference to the speculations of any modern philosopher.'

The freedom of speech then allowed or taken may be inferred from such language as this:—

'The example of the Prime Minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble Lord (Castlereagh). The Minister of England has his faults; he abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform, by professing which he had obtained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he has shown himself by nature endowed with a towering and transcendant intellect, and that the vastness of his moral resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostacy and his insolence, than his comprehension and sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution, which has been formed by the wisdom of sages and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and limber twig as this.'

This 'green and limber twig' had been eight years in Parliament, and continued rising in reputation and authority till he was one of the four or five real arbiters of the destinies of Europe.

Mr. H. Grattan states as a fact within his own knowledge that Bushe, afterwards Chief Justice, thus pourtrayed his own feelings after rejecting the overtures of the Treasury: 'I threw myself in my chair, and for a moment almost doubted whether it was right in me to keep in such a state so many human beings, when I thought of the splendid offers I had refused—offers that astonished, almost bewildered me.' His talents prevented him from suffering for his integrity, and they were never displayed to greater advantage than in these debates. We can only spare room for a single extract:—

'What is it we are called upon to give up? I speak not of national pride or dignity; I declaim not upon theoretical advantages; but I tell you that you are called upon to give up that municipal parliament which has procured you within the memory of you all municipal advantages which no foreign parliament can supply. We hear of nothing but imperial

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imperial topics. Good God! is the Parliament nothing but an instrument of taxation? Is nothing understood of a House of Commons but that it is an engine for raising money out of the pockets of the subject, and throwing it into the coffers of the Crown? Take up any volume of your statutes upon that table, you will find the Municipal Acts of Parliament in the proportion of more than forty to one to the Imperial. What has, within the memory of many men alive, changed the face of your land? What has covered a country of pasture with tillage? What has intersected an impassable country with roads? What has nearly connected by inland navigation the eastern channel with the western ocean? A resident parliament. This is not theory: look at your statutes and your journals, and there is not one of those improvements which you cannot trace to some document of your own public spirit now upon that table, and to no other source or cause under heaven. Can this be supplied in Westminster? Could a Committee of this House make a road in Yorkshire? No; nothing can supply a resident parliament watching over national improvement, seizing opportunities, encouraging manufacture, commerce, science, education, and agriculture, applying instant remedy to instant mischief, mixing with the constituent body, catching the sentiment of the public mind, reflecting public opinion, acting upon its impulse and regulating its excess.'

The remarkable feature of this sitting was the entry of Grattan, who had been out of parliament since 1797. He had been elected for Wicklow while the debate was proceeding. The return was signed between twelve and one of that very morning. According to his son, the messenger arrived at his house in Dublin about five. Grattan had been very ill, and was then in bed, and turning round, he exclaimed, 'Oh! have they come? why will they not let me die in peace?' With difficulty he was got out of bed and dressed. He went into the parlour, loaded his pistols, and put them into his pocket, apprehending, it is alleged, 'that he might be attacked by the Union party and be assassinated.' He was wrapped in a blanket and put into a sedan-chair. He entered the House about seven, supported by Mr. W. B. Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur Moore, and took his seat on the second opposition bench. It was remembered that Lord Chatham entered the House of Lords for the last time leaning on his son, William, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon; and Grattan's enemies laughed at the scene as theatrical and got up. His friends recriminated that his late arrival was the result of a conspiracy to delay the return. He rose about seven and delivered, sitting, an obviously premeditated oration, marked by many of his wonted merits and defects: his mastery of his subject, his splendid imagination, his close logic, his earnestness, his love of antithesis, his redundancy of metaphor, not unfrequently mixed

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mixed and overstrained, and the constitutional intemperance of language which has descended to his biographer.

'"Well," he exclaimed, "the minister has destroyed the constitution. To destroy is easy: the edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and as the fall of both is an effort of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength; a pickaxe, and a common labourer, will do the one—a little lawyer, a little pimp, a wicked minister, the other."'

Corry replied, and replied bitterly; but their grand passage of arms was postponed till the 14th of February, when, the House being in Committee, they could speak as often as they chose. It had been sworn before a Committee of the Lords, that Grattan had been in treasonable communication with some leaders or promoters of the rebellion at his country seat. He admitted the interview, but denied the complicity. The Lords in their Report took the least favourable view of his conduct; and but for Lord Castlereagh's interposition, a Committee of the Commons would have done the same. Lord Brougham states that this, coming to Grattan's knowledge, subsequently prevented his pushing a quarrel with his generous adversary to extremities. The charge or suspicion was too good a weapon to be thrown away, and Corry employed it without mercy or compunction. He thus brought upon himself the well-known diatribe beginning: 'I will not call him villain, because it is unparliamentary and he is a privy councillor; I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.' The best version is that of Mr. Charles Phillips, which differs materially from the one in the collected edition of Grattan's speeches:—

'My guilt or innocence have little to do with the question here.—I rose with the rising fortunes of my country—I am willing to die with her expiring liberties. To the voice of the people I will bow, but never shall I submit to the calumnies of an individual hired to betray them and slander me. The indisposition of my body has left me perhaps no means but that of lying down with fallen Ireland and recording upon her tomb my dying testimony against the flagitious corruption that has murdered her independence. . . . . The right honourable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have shunned, and examples which I should have followed. I shall never follow his, and I have ever avoided it. I shall never be ambitious to purchase public scorn by private infamy—the lighter characters of the model have as little chance of weaning me from the habits of a life spent, if not exhausted, in the cause of my native land. Am I to renounce those habits now for ever, and at the beck of whom? I should rather say of what—half a minister—half a monkey—a 'prentice politician, and a master coxcomb. He has told you that what he said of

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of me here, he would say any where. I believe he would say thus of me in any place where he thought himself safe in saying it.—Nothing can limit his calumnies but his fears—in parliament he has calumniated me to-night, in the king's courts he would calumniate me to-morrow; but had he said or dared to insinuate one half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered the vile and venal slanderer with—a blow.'

A duel ensued, Corry was wounded in the left arm, and then occurred the strange manœuvre of which we have already spoken. Grattan told his son that he fired his second pistol over Corry's head, and did not know whether Corry fired his at all. The day following Grattan forced his way into his wounded adversary's room to offer his hand, and Corry turning round to his brother said: 'Edward, this is Mr. Grattan, who will shoot you if you do anything wrong.'

Mr. Henry Grattan, who professes to have witnessed these things, or to have drawn his information from the fountain-head, is an amiable and honourable man, incapable of a wilful misstatement, although the most violent of politicians, and peculiarly liable to what Bacon calls a prejudicate opinion. But taking only what is confirmed by calmer testimony, what curious compounds of head and heart, of right and wrong, of sense and nonsense, of gall and honey, of impulse and principle, of genius and absurdity, were these (with all their faults) great Irishmen; whose dimensions swell, instead of diminishing, to the mind's eye, when we contemplate them through the haze of half a century as relics and illustrations of the past.*

In reference to the affair between Corry and Grattan, Lord Cornwallis writes:—

'Corry very unwisely made another attack on Grattan, who had rather the advantage afterwards in his replies, with respect to abuse, and then wounded him (Corry) in the arm, in a meeting in the Phœnix Park. This is unlucky, and tends rather to raise Grattan, who was as low before as his enemies could wish.'

It ought not to be forgotten that Sir Boyle Roche, as usual, bore off the palm in blundering wit. On its being sharply objected that England and Ireland were too closely related to be united in the indissoluble tie, he retorted that 'there were no

* No one, after reading Mr. Charles Phillips's 'Specimens of Irish Eloquence,' will dispute the title of such speakers as Grattan, Bushe, Plunkett, and Curran (not to mention Burke and Sheridan, who belong to Ireland) to stand in the first rank of modern orators. These specimens are selected with admirable taste, and brought together from sources not generally accessible. The collection is unique of its kind, and no fair estimate can be formed of Irish eloquence without consulting it.

Levitical

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Levitical degrees between nations, and neither sin nor shame in marrying one's own sister.'

The fate of the measure remained dubious for some months after the division on the Address, on which the Government had a majority of forty-two. On January 29th Lord Castlereagh informs the Duke of Portland that the plan of counter-bribery was at work. 'If I can believe a member of parliament, 4000*l.* was offered him for the return in Mr. Curran's favour.' Curran was not returned till the following June, when Lord Cornwallis writes:—'The Ponsonbys have occasioned great disgust by bringing Curran, a most disaffected though very able lawyer, into parliament.' The sum subscribed by the Opposition was roughly computed at 100,000*l.*; but, as Lord Castlereagh suggests, 'possibly the payments did not keep pace with the signatures.' At all events, enough was done in this line to render their subsequent outcry against corruption ridiculous—enough to inflict upon them what Dr. Johnson calls the most poignant of regrets, the remorse for a crime committed in vain. Amongst the worthies who took their money, to the tune of 2000*l.* down and as much more after the service had been performed, was 'Jerusalem Waley,' who gained this *soubriquet* by a bet (which he won) that he would walk, except where a sea-passage was unavoidable, to the Holy City, play fives against the walls, and return within twelve months. Vehement efforts were also made to raise the rabble, and procure petitions against the measure amongst the militia. Some of Lord Downshire's regiment signed one, under an impression that it was to prevent the Union from being carried out of the country—an instance of credulity not grosser than that of the people in Oxfordshire in 1754, who, in allusion to the Bill for the Reform of the Calendar, mainly carried by Lord Macclesfield, called after his son when a candidate for the county, 'Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of.'

On February 4th Lord Cornwallis reports that 'the indefatigable exertions, aided by the subscriptions, of the Anti-Unionists, have raised a powerful clamour against the measure in many parts of the kingdom, and have put the capital quite in an uproar.' Such was the popular phrenzy in Dublin, that, as was generally believed, if Corry had killed Grattan, he would not have escaped alive from the excited mob who surrounded them. Barrington relates with complacency a plan for seizing Lord Clare, and, by a refinement of insult, harnessing him to the Speaker's coach,—adding, that 'he fled, with a pistol in his hand, to a doorway in Clarendon Street, where he stood terrified whilst his pursuers laughed at him.' We have been assured that

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that the self-possession he displayed made him, or caused him to be considered, the original of Miss Edgeworth's portrait of Lord Oldborough pursued by the mob in 'Patronage.'

As Lord Castlereagh was stepping from his carriage to enter the House of Commons, a dead cat whizzed past him so close as to strike back the lappel of his coat. He turned, took off his hat, bowed to the populace, and walked in amidst thunders of applause. His fine person and distinguished air were an immense advantage; and so early as May 18th in the same year Lord Cornwallis writes:—

'Lord Castlereagh has improved so much as a speaker as to become nearly master of the House of Commons; and the gratification of national pride, which the Irish feel at the prospect of his making a figure in the great political world, has much diminished the unpopularity which his cold and distant manners in private society had produced.'

We need not dwell on the ensuing stages or details. On April 2, 1800, Lord Castlereagh was able to state, for Mr. Pitt's information, that in the Peers, out of 230, not more than 27 were hostile; and that, on an analysis of the landed income of the supporters and opponents of the Union in both Houses, he found 1,058,200*l.* for, and 358,500*l.* against. On June 8th the Bill was read a third time and passed. 'The fatal sentence,' concludes Sir Jonah, 'was now pronounced. For an instant he (the Speaker) stood statue-like; then indignantly and with disgust flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished.'

Grattan had already spoken her funeral oration:—

'Yet I do not give up the country—I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead—though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:—

> "Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith, with every new breath of wind—I will remain anchored here—with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.'

Lord Brougham in more sober prose deliberately awards Lord Cornwallis the praise of 'abating the greatest public nuisance of modern times, the profligate, shameless, and corrupt Irish parliament.'

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parliament.' He himself (June 7th) thus speculates on his exploit:—

'This country could not be saved without the Union, but you must not take it for granted that it will be saved by it. Much care and management will be necessary, and if the British Government place their confidence in an Irish faction all will be ruined.'

In exact proportion to the extent or manner in which this sage suggestion has been disregarded or attended to, has Ireland ever since retrograded into agitation and adversity, or progressed and gained glimpses of prosperity and peace.

The subsequent correspondence betrays some unwillingness in the Ministry to perform the promises given in their name, or on their behalf, for places, pensions, and peerages; and when at last they consented (June 25th), Lord Cornwallis exclaims:—'There are too many in the Cabinet who meddle about the business of Ireland. Would to God I had done with them—Cabinet and all.' But he had not the smallest intention of having done with them; and, notwithstanding all his longings for repose, he died as he had lived—in State harness.

On Mr. Pitt's retiring from office in 1801, because he was not permitted to secure what he deemed the full benefits of the Union by Catholic Emancipation, Lord Cornwallis resigned the Viceroyalty. When the French invasion was threatened during the same year, he was appointed to the command of the eastern district. As already stated, he negotiated the Peace of Amiens, and afterwards became once again the Governor-General of India, where he died. The interest of the Correspondence continues unabated, but we have exhausted all the space we could devote to it.

These volumes will ensure to Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, a much higher place in history than has been conventionally assigned to him. They prove him to have been a great deal more than a brave and honest general and administrator, of respectable talents, flung by the accident of birth and royal favour into elevated situations. He had large views, a cultivated and correct understanding, a keen insight into character, much energy, much enterprise, much fertility of resource, a chivalrous attachment to king and country, and unshaken resolution in doing or enforcing what he thought right. We have already spoken of his love of truth, and of his boldness in enouncing it. These are great qualities, and they were thoroughly tested by a long and eminently useful career. *Capax imperii nisi imperasset*, was exactly reversed in his case. It was because he had governed and commanded that he was required to govern and command again.

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again. Nothing short of an exalted estimate of his capacity, founded on his former services, can account for his reappointment to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India in 1797, and again, after he had been tried on a different arena, in 1805. But there was nothing showy or flashy about him, and brilliant reputation is seldom acquired by moderate and prudent counsels, by the unassuming performance of duty, by undeviating rectitude of purpose, or by the quiet exercise of that most valuable of intellectual acquirements, or gifts, good sense.

It has been plausibly contended that a man's success in life is not unfrequently retarded by his virtues and accelerated by his defects. This is equally true of fame. Lord Cornwallis would have been more (if not better) known, if his ambition had been turbulent and noisy, or if he had been endowed with a little of that demonstrative vanity which brings the popularity-hunter eternally before the foot lights. In most of those who obtain the privilege of being pointed at by the crowd, the envied *quod monstrer digito prætereuntium*—there is a spice of the charlatan. In him there was not a particle of it; and no thronging associations are kindled, no familiar chord is struck, no phosphoric light emitted, by his name. But there is providentially a self-adjusting, compensating principle in human affairs. The clamorous applause of the many may prove less durable than the calm approval of the few; and whatever outward marks of renown have been withheld from the meritorious public servant by contemporaries, will be amply made good by the discriminating judgment of posterity.

ART. II.—*The Works of William Shakespeare.* The Text revised by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. In 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1858.

A MINUTE examination has satisfied us that this is the best text of Shakespeare which has yet been given to the world. Though our great dramatist never had an editor more careful than Mr. Dyce, there is no edition of his works, the product of original reflection and research, in which the labour bestowed upon it is put forward with so little ostentation. Not a single knot of comment breaks the thread of the poet's argument. We find, on examination, that a rare skill has been spent in the endeavour to set down Shakespeare's words with the least possible inaccuracy, but there is no suggestion of the vast amount of thought and reading by which the result has been attained. Over his own course the hero moves without impediment. He is

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is the knight, his editor the squire, who has spent many an hour in rubbing time-spots from the polished shield. But he does not therefore, on every occasion, demand attention to the leather and the brickdust. Nothing diverts attention from the poet's ideas to a discussion of his words until each play having been read to the end, we are at leisure to consider the verbal questions that arise out of it. The notes then given are few, brief, and to the point.

Shakespeare himself being thus clearly set before us, we are left free to think of his works as something else than a repertory of grammatical riddles. Not that we undervalue the minute research and criticism that have been spent during the last century and a half on his life and writings. In the midst of their contentions, Shakespeare's editors have, as a body, done fair justice to his works, and service to his fame. From Rowe downwards there is not one person of name among the number who has not furnished something towards the perfecting of that text which Mr. Dyce now seeks to give us in its purest state, and to dissociate, as much as possible, from the controversies through which it has passed. But there is another sort of homage due to Shakespeare than that which consists in the reverent endeavour to restore his text—the homage due to him from 'all scenes of Europe,' and which Ben Jonson expressed when he said, 'I do honour his memory *on this side idolatry* as much as any.' Of this also Mr. Dyce is a worthy exponent. He opposes the saying of Hazlitt, that Shakespeare, amongst the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's days, was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; but that nevertheless it was a common and a noble brood.

'A falser remark,' Mr. Dyce observes, 'I conceive, has seldom been made by critic. Shakespeare is not only immeasurably superior to the dramatists of his time, in creative power, in insight into the human heart, and in profound thought, but he is moreover utterly unlike them in almost every respect,—unlike them in his method of developing character, in his diction, in his versification; nor should it be forgotten that some of those scenes which have been most admired in the works of his contemporaries were intended to affect the audience at the expense of nature and probability, and therefore stand in marked contrast to all that we possess as unquestionably from the pen of Shakespeare.'

This sharp line of division between Shakespeare and 'his fellows' is drawn for us by the student of our literature who speaks with the fullest knowledge of the men whom he seems to disparage; for Mr. Dyce was the first editor of Peele, Greene, Middleton, and Webster, and the first competent editor of Beaumont

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mont and Fletcher, and of Marlowe, true men of their time, and foremost men in it. But Shakespeare had the spirit of all time contained within himself; and never did he make his independence of the taste and knowledge of his day more evident, than in his manner of fulfilling its demands. Kyd or Webster could not, in a play of a dozen persons, have done more for the groundlings than produce one as a ghost, kill eight in the course of the performance by sword, drowning, or poison, and leave the one character of any note among the three survivors, only biding the right time for suicide. Yet under one aspect this is a summary of 'Hamlet.' Which of Hazlitt's other giants could have written anything resembling Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' from such materials?

In England it is generally understood that Shakespeare's plays are the first in which all the persons of the drama became, in the true sense of the word, its characters. This is the fact that made him as fertile among poets after death, as Bacon has been fertile among philosophers. Before he arose, the habit of referring everything to an exact study of nature did not exist. Shakespeare and Marlowe are not more unlike than Bacon and Cardan. But it is not until we see the state of the drama both in this and other countries at the same period that we can perceive the true place and comparative greatness of Shakespeare. Indeed, the shifting influences exercised by the several nations of Europe upon each other are not less marked in their literature than in their politics. The writings of the Italian novelists, and the history of the stage in Spain and Germany, nearly concern the student of our Elizabethan drama; and the English stage in the days of the Restoration can be understood only by reference to the theatres of Spain and France.

Everywhere starting from the same point of connexion with the church, the drama made unequal progress in each country, moving always by like steps. The monks made use of the instinct of mimicry which they found blended among the people with their gayest sports. An infant begins life with mimicry: its first intellectual exercise is a dramatic effort. The priests, having a rude people to instruct, compiled of old that famous book of anecdotes and tales, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' which is a repertory of entertaining matter, classed, like the contents of a modern hymn-book, under such heads as 'Of Love,' 'Of Fidelity,' 'Of Depravity,' 'Of Inordinate Pride,' and intended to be used for the enlivenment of sermons. Every tale was followed by its interpretation, duly beginning with the church phrase, 'My beloved:' —'My beloved, the emperor is,'—'My beloved, the lady is,' or 'My beloved, the soldier is,'—and so forth. In the like spirit the leading

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leading facts of Scripture or church legend were told in Miracle-plays. The leading doctrines were put into a dramatic form, as Mysteries; due care being taken to provide fun for the crowd in such details as were furnished by the behaviour of devils, by disputes between Cain and his Man, by the interchange of abuse between Herod's soldiers and the angry mothers at the massacre of innocents, or by the avarice of Judas, who higgles with Caiaphas for the thirty pieces of silver and then gets them in base coin. No irreverence was intended; but nothing can prove more strongly how low and degraded men's conceptions of religion had become. Our earliest plays of the kind were performed in French or Latin, and the church was the theatre; but in this country the foreign tongue was soon laid aside, and town guilds, on behalf of the church, presented its series of animated Scripture pictures for instruction of the people on great festival days at the street corners, on convenient hills, and in the squares of any town. The pageants were exhibited upon carts constructed for the purpose, with floors to represent the place of the Pater Cœlestis and of angels, that of the saints, and that of man. Hell mouth was in the corner of man's stage; and here burnt a fire, up and down which demons came. 'Payd for mending hell mought ij^{d},' says an old account; 'Item payd for kepyng of fyer at hell mothe, iiij^{d};' and,—cost of a grand stage effect,—'Payd for setting the world of fyer, v^{d}.'

Scenes in heaven often included representatives of heavenly virtues, who became talkative in course of time, and mixed with actions upon earth. Thus a way was made for a second form of entertainment, the Moralities, in which allegorical persons were employed upon the stage to make a moral lesson palatable to the people. But abstract morality needed enlivenment by actual example. Appius and Virginia served this purpose as well as David and Bathsheba. Stories from profane history found their way upon the platform; and as the living human interest won more upon the people than the allegorical machinery to which it was attached, increased stress came to be laid upon the acts of men and women. Of this gradation no writer upon our English drama has pointed out the several steps so carefully as Mr. Collier, who cites as one of the last pieces written in English without mixture of history or fable, and consisting wholly of abstract personages, a drama by George Wapul, of which the single known copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It was printed only eight years before Shakespeare came to London. It is called 'The Tide tarryeth no Man,' and the principal persons introduced into it are Painted-profit, No-good-neighbourhood, Wastefulness, Christianity, Correction, Courage,

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Courage, Feigned-furtherance, Greediness, Wantonness, and Authority-in-despair.

Authors as well as managers were furnished by the Church. The work which ranks as the first comedy (Udall's 'Ralph Roister Doister'), because it is the first known effort to present actual life and character, apart from Scriptural or allegorical machinery, came from the pen of a churchman. The 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' of Still, which was once supposed to have preceded it, though it is now known to have been written several years later, was also the production of a man who died a bishop. But a new feature here enters into the story of our drama. The revival of letters brought Latin authors into note and favour, and particular regard was paid to the comedies of Plautus and the tragedies of Seneca. Their reputation was still great at the close of the century, when we find Meres writing that 'as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' 'Seneca,' says Polonius, 'cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.' The first, or ecclesiastical chapter of the history of our drama leaves our lay comedy writers with the works of Plautus open at their elbows. Udall himself loved Terence, but the world read Plautus most.

A lay lord and a lawyer were the writers of 'Gorboduc,' the oldest extant tragedy; they wrote it when they were young men, one a student, the other a lounger in the Inner Temple, and it was produced scarcely five-and-twenty years before Shakespeare became associated with the London stage. We may accept, if we please, the fact, that Norton, one of the authors of 'Gorboduc,' was a fierce zealot in religion, as furnishing a point of contact between the end of the drama as a religious and the beginning of it as a social institution. Suddenly, however, and abruptly, it was separated from the church. Paul's boys continued to act; Latin stage-directions were still written, according to old priestly fashion; but the drama had fallen among lay wits, and ceased to be obedient to the clergy.

London was then a metropolis in which the drama could not fail to thrive. It can be developed only where men live in fellowship together; where every man is near the centre of a hundred great and small intrigues; where sins are blackest, virtues most conspicuous; where little is seen of sunsets and buttercups, but life is made up of the stir and dialogue of men, of clashing human interests and the incessant change of human hopes and fears; and where leisure is left to no man to brood for days over a single incident. No national drama has been formed among any people that had not a town

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teeming with activity. No genuine dramatic poet has been bred in any land on country milk, or has found sufficient inspiration in the winds and clouds, the starlight, or the scent of new mown hay. At Stratford, and before coming to London, if the reasonable belief of the investigators of his life be just, Shakespeare wrote 'Venus and Adonis.' Had he remained at Stratford, he would have produced more such poems, and become, most probably, a grand Elizabethan Wordsworth. But he would not, we suspect, have written plays. In Shakespeare's day the busiest European capitals were those of the two rival nations, Spain and England; and the drama reached its culminating point at the same time in London and Madrid. Lope de Vega wrote some of his verse on board a ship in the great Spanish Armada, and celebrated the death of Sir Francis Drake in his 'Dragontea.' There was but a difference of a year and a half between the ages of Lope de Vega and of Shakespeare; and Calderon followed upon one poet as Beaumont, Fletcher, or Massinger upon the other. Lope de Vega sent forth an absolute Armada of plays. In one of his own later works he rates their number at sixteen hundred, of which one hundred were produced in as many days. Montalvan says that he wrote upwards of twenty-one millions of lines; but there is hardly one Elizabethan writer whose small fleet of half-a-dozen, or a dozen dramas, is not more than a fair match for the sixteen hundred pieces of the prolific Spaniard.

Not only was the depressing influence of Catholicism on Lope de Vega evident in a number of his religious plays, not less preposterous than the rudest of our ancient Mysteries, but the national character favoured a form of drama that was in its prime little more than a simple drama of intrigue. Lope paid no more heed than Shakespeare to the unities of Aristotle; but neither did he regard probabilities of life, or bring well-defined characters upon his scene. His kings and peasants are alike; his chief care is to invent a plot rich in the rapid sequence of events, commonly based on love and jealousy, among which he found no incidents more welcome to his audience than duels and disguises. This was the drama which afterwards, in the reign of Charles the Second, influenced, to its great hurt and shame, the stage of London. Had the Englishmen of Elizabeth's days loved the Spaniard as much as they hated him, they would yet never have used his playbook.

It was through the medium of pastoral eclogues that the Spaniards had drawn the business of their stage out of the church into the world. Ten of Virgil's eclogues, adapted to the flattery of patrons, six religious, and five secular pastorals, form the

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the dramatic works of Enzina, the founder of the Spanish secular drama. Lope de Rueda, who died three years after Shakespeare's birth, and when Cervantes was a young man, shows from what rude material the Spanish, like the English, drama sprang into maturity. In his latter days he tells us that—

'The whole stock of a manager was contained in a large sack, and consisted of four white shepherd's jackets, turned up with leather, gilt or stamped; four beards and false sets of hanging locks, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. The plays were colloquies like eclogues between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess, fitted up and extended with two or three interludes, whose personages were sometimes a negress, sometimes a bully, sometimes a fool, and sometimes a Biscayan. The theatre was composed of four benches, arranged in a square, with five or six boards laid across them, that were thus raised about four palms from the ground. The furniture of the theatre was an old blanket drawn aside by two cords, making what they call a tiring-room, behind which were the musicians, who sang old ballads without a guitar.'

In one sense, the Spanish drama, or the Portuguese, which is its first-born, has been always very national, for it has reflected the self-importance of the people, and their own fancied superiority over all the rest of the world. Within the last hundred years a traveller has described an entertainment called 'The Creation of the World,' presented on the stage at Lisbon. After the expulsion of Eve from the Garden of Eden, the Eternal Father came down in great wrath, called for Noah, and told him he was sorry to have created such a set of ungrateful scoundrels, and that he was resolved to drown them altogether. 'Here,' says the narrative, 'Noah interceded for them, and at last it was agreed that he should build an ark, and he was ordered to go to the king's dockyard in Lisbon, and there he would see John Gonsalvez, the master builder, for he preferred him to either the French or English builders. (This produced great applause.)' What must have been the ideas of Scripture history where such revolting profanity could be borne?

Religious feuds and persecutions banished from Paris the free energies of life on which the drama thrives. It was not until Paris, under Louis Quatorze, made some approach to the condition of Madrid or London in Elizabethan days, that the French drama came to its maturity. When Shakespeare wrote in England, Hardy was the popular French play-wright. He was author of about six hundred pieces, which he sold for ten dollars apiece to the wandering comedians. The forgotten French Lope was not less fertile than the Spaniard. They said that he could

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write two thousand lines in four-and-twenty hours. Plays and players abounded, but there was then no fixed stage in the capital, and no concourse of wits at a Parisian Mermaid. This was true also of Italy, which had produced many plays for strolling players, and which dated forty or more years earlier than England her first regular tragedy, 'Sofonisba;' but, for want of a brisk centre of wit, she still failed to achieve distinction in the drama.

Latest of all to flower was the German drama, which is accounted by its countrymen to have begun only with Lessing, and which certainly vanished with the setting of the literary stars of Weimar. Sixty years after Shakespeare's death money was spent in a German capital on the magnificent mounting of a temple for the Scripture Miracle play of Solomon; and when the play was done, an Englishman purchased the temple for two thousand five hundred pounds. Less than a century ago, Miracle plays were to be seen publicly acted at Bamberg and elsewhere, quite in the old fashion; with the dropping of a veil half white, half black, to represent light parted from darkness; with real pigs, and dogs, and pigeons introduced to represent the creation of animals. The ancient stage direction used to be, 'Introduce here as many and as strange animals as you can.' Even at this day, we believe, Miracle plays are represented by puppets in the cellars of Berlin, as they were represented in Steele's day under the piazzas of Covent Garden, when Powell promised 'his next opera of "Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed," which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new Elders.'

Nevertheless there is a special interest for us in the misty beginnings of the German stage, for we see in it some of the light shed by our Elizabethan dramatists. The German drama had the usual church origin. In the oldest of their mummeries the taste for allegory was displayed. One of them, 'Death Expelled,' represented at Easter time the fight between Summer and Winter, and closed with the conveyance through the streets, and final drowning in the river, of an idol made out of old rags, and carried in the midst of youth and song, and waving of green boughs and blossoms. There was the usual progress through mysteries and legends. In the year 1480 the nearest approach to a play was 'Frau Jutten,' written by a priest, who represented in it heaven and hell at war. For many years after this date the German drama was but a half pious, half profane ingredient in Shrovetide follies. One disadvantage was the want of a capital. The nearest approach to a great centre of life and action, which contained a public free enough to follow its own humours, was Nuremberg; and it is in Nuremberg therefore that (to say nothing

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nothing of Rosenplüt and Hans Folz) we find Hans Sachs and Jacob Ayrer. In Hans Sachs we know how

> 'Ex sutore Deus vatem magnumque poetam
> Fecit.'

His is a good memory for Germany to cherish, for he is the Udall, Sackville, and Norton of the Germans. But if in his rude plays, which simply tell a story straight through, by means of a dialogue wanting in character, he shows a wider grasp of thought than his successor Jacob Ayrer, he concerns us less because he did not look to England for his inspiration. This, in the latter half of his life, Ayrer did. He was only four years older than Shakespeare, and they both ceased to write, as nearly as we can tell, in the same year. The German dramatist began life as owner of an iron shop at Nuremberg, then studied law at Bamberg, throve, retired to Nuremberg, became imperial notary, and died at about the age of fifty. Some of his writings were collected as an 'Opus Theatricum,' containing thirty plays and a number of brief Shrovetide entertainments. The date of this folio volume is 1618, only two years subsequent to Shakespeare's death, and its editor 'recommends its contents as being represented after life, and so produced (according to the new English manner and art) that all can be personally acted and placed so that it shall seem to the spectators to be really happening.' Among the plays are three founded upon the same materials that Shakespeare used, with versions of Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy,' and some more of our old dramas that are no longer extant in this country. For, in Ayrer's time, the vigorous dramatic spirit of the English was begetting not only famous playwrights, but together with them troops of actors. In one instance it appears that the fame of our stage could cause a German prince to furnish his court with a company of English players; and some English companies made circuits of their own through German towns, acting their native plays in their native tongue, but producing so much applause by the vivacity of their clowns, the rapidity of action in their plots, their ghosts, their storms, their battles, and their murders, that the German public grew weary of its own past dulness, and craved heartily to be supplied with entertainment in the English manner. Ayrer had been working in the mines of Livy and the 'Bamberg Chronicles,' and had been writing twenty-five acts upon 'Valentine and Orson' (he divided the story into four parts, the last of which was, like his tragedy of 'Theseus,' an eight act play), but he freely shared the enthusiasm of his public for the English drama, and was prompt in placing upon his own stage the

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the 'Spanish Tragedy.' This he produced as 'The Tragedy of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, and his daughter Pelimperia, with the hanged Horatio, &c.' Germany cared for the Turks, and England for the Spaniards; the king of Spain, therefore, was translated into Amurath, sultan of Constantinople, but Portugal remained the country from which came the prince, who remained Balthazar; and while there was no change in the name of Lorenzo and Horatio, Jeronimo became Malignus, the Court Marshal. The version is a free but close translation; so close, that any omissions catch the attention at once. For example, it does not contain the fine scene between Jeronimo and the painter, which we now know to have come from a better wit than Kyd's.

In Ayrer's 'Opus Theatricum' several plays of English origin are printed in succession, and among them is 'The Fair Sidea,' which we have little hesitation in regarding as a close version of the lost play, current in Shakespeare's time, which suggested some hint of the 'Tempest.' If so, it was indeed but a small spark that lit the fire. The names have evidently been transformed by the adapter, and the play is entitled 'The Comedy of the Fair Sidea, how it befel her with Engelbrecht until their marriage. In 5 acts, by 15 persons.' To 'The Fair Sidea' attention was some time ago invited by Mr. Thoms. There was an unfulfilled intention of translating it for the Shakespeare Society, and the name of the play is, therefore, known to our Shakespearian critics. But they have not yet fairly engaged in the field of research open to them in the works of the admirers of the English drama who lived in Germany in Shakespeare's time.

The story of the plot will be new to most English readers. Leudegast has marched against the proud prince Ludolff, conquered him, and cast him out with his daughter Sidea to live as they can in a lone hut. Sidea complains, but is threatened by her father, who draws a circle with his stick, utters charms, and calls Runcifal the devil. Runcifal leaps up, spits fire, and explains that Ludolff is bad enough to be his master. The master is bent on vengeance, and is told that he shall catch the son of Leudegast his enemy. This son, by name Engelbrecht, is accordingly seized when wandering in the wood during a hunt, having first been disarmed by magic arts. He becomes the slave of Ludolff and Sidea, and both father and daughter beat him. He appears bent under a load of faggots, and is threatened by Sidea with her staff. He is so weary, that he falls at her knees and entreats her to beat him to death. Then Sidea remembers that he is of royal race, and thinks that it would be agreeable

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agreeable to her if he would offer marriage. As the case stands between them, she must speak for herself. She makes the proposal, and is ready to aid and follow him in his escape from thraldom. Runcifal the devil here interposes, and says he must tell her father. Sidea raps him over the mouth with her magic staff, and he is tongue-tied. The lovers escape, and Ludolff appears thumping Jahn the miller, John being the name for the English clown on the German stage. Jahn Molitor must find the fugitives, and he 'scratches his head and exit.' Now Sidea becomes tired during the flight; Engelbrecht promises to fetch her a coach, if she will wait; but what if her father should come during his absence? It is agreed that she had better sit up in a tree, and Engelbrecht lifts her into one which overhangs a fountain. Two women who come there for water see the reflection of Sidea's face; each takes it for her own; they dance off in great pride, break their water-jugs, and scorn their husbands. Jahn the miller arrives, finds by her shadow where Sidea hides, and goes away in glee. Dieterich the shoemaker, whose wife is now so fine in her own conceit that he must do the household work himself, goes to fetch water, observes the shadow, finds Sidea, hears her trouble, lets her down from the tree, and secures her escape. Ludolff comes and calls Runcifal, who shows by signs that he is unable to speak. His mouth is unlocked. Jahn the miller comes in piping and drumming, which sets Runcifal dancing. While telling his success, he pipes and pipes, till 'more devils run in and dance.' Sidea in the meanwhile has changed clothes with the shoemaker's wife, and is gone. Engelbrecht finds at his father's court another wife provided for him; but in the midst of the festivities Sidea appears wayworn, in her mean clothes, and the story then works to a close in universal satisfaction.

Another of Jacob Ayrer's plays is 'The Comedy of Two Brothers from Syracuse, who for a long time had not seen each other, but in shape and person were so like, that people on all sides took one for the other. Has 5 acts and 15 persons.' This follows closely the Menæchmi; but the probability is that he derived the plot of Plautus through 'The Historie of Error,' or some other English version. In point of date it might possibly have been taken from Shakespeare; but that it was not, is evident from its containing none of the important changes made by Shakespeare in the conduct of the plot. 'Much Ado about Nothing' is the other play illustrated by Ayrer's works. The German piece stands in the 'Opus Theatricum' among those derived from English sources. The doubtful source of Shakespeare's plot is conjectured to have been possibly some translation not

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not now extant of Bandello's twenty-second novel, entitled, 'Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona, in Messina, s' innamora di Fenicia Lionata; e i varii fortunevoli accidenti che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse.' Almost a literal translation is the German title of the English play—'Mirror of Woman's Modesty and Honour,' 'Comedy of the Fair Phœnicia and Count Tymbri of Golison, from Arragon,' how it befel them in their 'honourable love, till they were joined in marriage.' In the action, Venus—who, of course, is not a person in the novel—first enters indignant that she is scorned by Count Tymbri of Golison, planner of the Sicilian vespers, and a brave and hardy soldier. She will be revenged. There is a tournament at Messina, and she will match the fair Phœnicia against that rebel knight. Cupid enters, for whom Vulcan has just been forging a tremendous bolt. 'Use it as I bid you,' says Venus, 'and you, poor creature, who have been left all your days to run naked, shall be as well dressed as the other gods.' From this prologue, of which the tone is humorous, we may suppose that Shakespeare's mind strayed by its own paths to the conception of Benedict. Jahn—the clown—is shot by Cupid; King Peter of Arragon, with Reinhart, and Dietrich, and Count Tymbri, are at the tournament: the ladies look on. Lionato, Leonatus, and Gerando fight, and Count Tymbri conquers all. Gerwalt and Gerando plot treason. Lionato, the old noble, and his wife Veracundia, doat on their daughter Phœnicia, a modest childish girl of sixteen, who has achieved the conquest for which Venus marked her out. She opposes to rude courtship a child's modesty, refers all to her father and mother, and Count Tymbri is thus subdued. But Gerwalt, having Gerando for an accomplice, practises to bring the lady's honour into question, and the Count, on the wedding day, sends word that he will not have her. The rest of the story runs according to the novel, truth coming to light by the repentance and confession of Gerando.

The three plays illustrating the 'Comedy of Errors,' the 'Tempest,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' are printed consecutively in the folio, with the English plays—one a 'Comedy of Edward III., King of England,' evidently English in its structure, but, we observe, founded upon another of Bandello's novels. It is much to be deplored that the 'forty more' of Ayrer's plays that were promised as a second volume by the publisher of the first never appeared. They comprised the translation of many English plays, and would have been a treasury of reference to our critics in investigating the history of our own drama. The simple fact that Ayrer chose a piece for transformation into German

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German would be evidence of the contemporary popularity of any work.

Such then was the place occupied in European literature by the English stage when Shakespeare had suddenly raised to a marvellous perfection that which Ayrer looked upon as 'the English manner and art, whereby events seemed to the spectators as if they were really happening.' His conduct of the strangest stories made them seem probable; his persons spoke at once the truest poetry, and the most natural and living dialogue; they no longer seemed to exchange set speeches, but every man talked according to his character and station. It is said by Johnson, in commendation of Shakespeare, that his contemporaries painted individuals, but that his knowledge of human nature made of every man that he produced the type of a class. This has sometimes been asserted to be the converse of the truth; but it is quite correct. The persons painted by his contemporaries, who laboured only to make traitors talk traitorously, haughty barons proudly, and so forth, being brain-spun fictions, were like nothing in life, or could at best be only considered as exceptional specimens of humanity, who had little in common with any second being that ever existed. We might search the world for a villain so explicit in the definition of his private character as he who in the first part of Geronimo says—

> 'I hate Andrea; 'cause he aims at honour, when
> My purest thoughts work in a pitchy vale,
> Which are as different as heaven and hell.
> One peers for day, the other gapes for night.
> That yawning beldame, with her jetty skin,
> 'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride.'

The villains of Shakespeare, on the contrary, however marked by individual features, reflect faithfully in the workings of their hearts hundreds of other villains in all ages and countries. Every man, in fact, who acts naturally represents not himself only, but the order of mind to which we may refer him. Characters might be classified as certainly as plants by any one who would give to the subject labour in proportion to its difficulty. The difference between the two methods of depicting life will be apparent to any one who compares the Barabbas of Marlowe with the Shylock of Shakespeare. Barabbas was the people's chimæra of a Jew; a monster of whom we may well ask whether he is fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian? The greatest dramatist of the age next to Shakespeare, so conceived a Jew, that he belonged to no order in human nature. But Shakespeare, not

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not deluded by the universal bigotry of an age, which looked upon a Jew as a sort of personification of Satan, does not sink the man in the usurer. Yet his Shylock is a Jew in every particular. His fervour of speech, like the lightness of his daughter Jessica, is part of the warm oriental blood that in passionate Italy has not been suppressed as it is in England by the phlegmatic ways of the people among whom he dwells. His language is biblical; he upholds the doctrine of his race, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, which, in the court of justice, by one of those grand contrasts which Shakespeare loved—(such contrasts as we have in Ariel and Caliban, in Lear with eighty years of royalty upon his front and Lear exposed to the pelting of the storm)—is brought into direct issue with the spirit of Christianity. Portia pleads, against the letter of the law, a pure doctrine of mercy. Shylock rejects it. Portia seeks to persuade, but persuasion fails. Then, by the letter of the law, parted from charity and the natural instinct of justice, its upholder is condemned. But while he contrasts the doctrines, Shakespeare does not the less lay just stress on the hard dealings of the Christians; and, while he sharply describes the love of money with which Jews are cursed, he represents it not as seen by scoffers from without, but as it is felt where it is cherished.

Shakespeare's wonderful fidelity to nature seems less the result of design than of instinct. Every character was alive for him, and he spoke for it out of the very centre of its life. Helped by his teaching, later dramatists have produced many shrewd sketches of character, but they have observed men chiefly from without, and put words into their mouths showing them as what they seem in the world's eye. Wonderful revelations of an inner being flash out of the words of Shakespeare's men and women, often to pass unheeded, as they do in the world. There is an instance of this in the gleam of Shylock's better feelings, which flickers and then dies in the storm of contending passion, to which he is wrought by Tubal's tidings of his daughter and his debtor. The Christians had torn his flesh from him—'I say my daughter is my flesh and blood'—and his old hatred is worked to a passion for revenge, into the very heat of which Antonio is thrown. The bond might have been devised in malicious sport, with a purpose from which there might have been relenting even of his bitter hatred. At any rate, to have represented Shylock as insisting in cold blood upon his forfeiture, would have strained nature as Shakespeare never strained it. Therefore the light love, an Eastern Jessica became part of the story, and the Jew, brought into the court yet bleeding inwardly from the loss of his child and of his jewels, was steeled by a sharp sense of recent wrong

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wrong to the insisting upon vengeance. When Tubal is feeding his first passion with ill news, and tells of the ring Jessica gave for a monkey, every one has felt a pathos in Shylock's answer, 'Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.' Steevens here stops the text for a long note on the supposed properties of turquoises and the artificial value consequently set on them as charms. But it was for the charm of a past kiss that he remembered, and which belonged to days when avarice, the sin of age, had not grown with his years and hardened his heart, that Shylock set value on the turquoise. Partly in wrath at her offence, but partly also because his daughter belonged to him as he was in his age, not as he had been in his youth, he had just before cried, 'Would that she were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear.' But the image of Leah lay within him, bound to the thoughts of a holier and fresher time. He would not have given her ring for a wilderness of monkeys. Mindful of all that was in Shylock's nature, Shakespeare allowed the Jew to express unbounded value for the ring without being checked by the sudden image of a great treasure of gold. Sordid thoughts are cleared from around the memory of Leah; at the same time we are shown the defect in Jessica, who could exchange a ring that had belonged to her dead mother for the most frivolous amusement; a defect, again, most natural in a girl of Eastern blood, bred under an Italian sun, who was not allowed even to look out of window at the pleasures of the young. As we have said before, it was not from a reasoner's determination to be subtle, but from the innate force of instinct with which Shakespeare was so marvellously gifted, that he thus became, like Nature itself, a study for his fellow men.

Mr. Dyce has prefixed to his edition a Life of Shakespeare, which contains every known fact and avoids useless conjecture. What impression we are able to form of his personality thus becomes only the more sharply defined. Among reckless comrades, who burnt out the fire of their genius in riot and excess, the greatest of our poets lived at once a genial and prudent life. He won goodwill from the gay and the austere, and, accepting the stage as a profession, made good his ambition to earn by it a competence and retire to his own little country town to enjoy an honourable ease. His well-regulated life accords with the wisdom of his verse. He pursued his calling with a reasonable thrift, and was the first man who made a fortune by his pen. If genius must cause men to be erratic, what a social comet Shakespeare should have been! Yet he seems to have been a person

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person who, had he lived in our day, would have carefully gone through the accounts of his tradesmen and of his banker, would have preferred three per cents. to railway shares, would have dressed in the quietest manner, and of whom there is great reason to doubt whether he would have ventured to come into society with hair upon his chin. As he was, we may compare, to his credit, the trim little Elizabethan beard sculptured on his monument with what Gabriel Harvey called Greene's 'ruffianly hair.'

To 'Some Account of Shakespeare's Life' Mr. Dyce adds his will; the titles and dates of the early quarto and folio editions of his plays, and of the various editions of his poems; Heminge and Condell's Dedication and Address, with the list of actors and the commendatory verses prefixed to the folio of 1623. A summary follows of what is known about each play, as to the period when it was written or the matter upon which it was founded. The plays then succeed each other in the order of the folio of 1623, beginning therefore with the 'Tempest.'

Familiar as are the names of Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, and many more of the same corporation, there are not a few persons who begin to be confused by the long procession of successive editors, and to despair of understanding their respective claims to confidence. But we believe a brief summary of the labours of the chief of them, following the order of time, will reduce the apparent chaos to order. In his own lifetime Shakespeare was represented in print by the seventeen plays published (but not by his authority) in so many detached quartos. Seven years after his death, these plays (except 'Pericles'), with twenty more, were published by two of his brother actors in the folio of 1623. In 'the second folio' of 1632 some of the many errors which had crept into the text of the first were corrected, but the editor made far more blunders than he mended. Thirty-two years elapsed before another edition appeared. This was the still more corrupt folio of 1664, which included 'seven plays never before printed in folio,' namely, 'Pericles,' and six of which Shakespeare was not the author. Twenty-one more years went by when the fourth folio, that of 1685, was required to supply the public demand. From the first collection, therefore, of the works of Shakespeare, there were sold four editions in eighty-six years; and, as there was another interval of sixteen years before the next appeared, we may say five in a century; making in all less than four thousand, probably not more than three thousand, copies. How limited had been the circulation up to this period is evident from the statement of George Steevens, that Nahum Tate—in his dedication to the altered play

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play of 'King Lear,' which appeared in 1687—speaks of the original as of an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend.

The last of the five editions was that issued in 1709 by Nicholas Rowe, a dramatist still faintly present to us as the author of 'Jane Shore.' Poor Rowe was hardly dealt with in Queen Anne's court, where he vainly sought preferment. Most persons will remember the story of the hope raised in his soul when Lord Oxford asked him solemnly one day whether he understood Spanish. Some embassy must be on foot, the poet thought, and answered:—'No, but I can master it in a few weeks.' He accomplished the task, and went to report progress to Lord Oxford. 'Then, Sir,' said the Minister, 'I envy you the pleasure of reading "Don Quixote" in the original.' His edition of Shakespeare was in the main printed from the fourth and most inaccurate of the folios; but in compensation he sometimes restored the true reading in passages which had been given wrongly by all his predecessors. He prefixed a Life which embodied the best extant traditions as to Shakespeare then remaining. What could pass down that uncertain channel Rowe secured for us before it was entirely closed.

High as was the name of the great dramatist, the idolatry of his works had not yet set in, and editors did not think it necessary to bestow much pains in collecting and collating the different copies of his plays. Pendennis is represented in our day as reading Shakespeare to his mother, 'which she said she liked, but didn't.' At the Restoration people were not so overawed by his fame as to be afraid to express what they felt; and the sentiments of many a man of fair education may be inferred from the opinions of Pepys. He witnessed the performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' in March, 1762, and pronounced the play 'to be the worst he had ever heard.' Not long after, he went to the King's Theatre, where, he says, 'we saw "Midsummer Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' In 1766, in going to Deptford by water, he read 'Othello, Moor of Venice,' which, he continues, 'I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read "The Adventures of Five Hours," it seems a mean thing.' 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' which made 'Othello' appear 'a mean thing' by comparison, was a translation from a play of Calderon. In 1767 Pepys records that he 'saw the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which did not please him at all, in no part of it;' while 'Twelfth Night' he esteems 'the weakest play that ever he beheld on the stage.' 'The Tempest' he found 'full of so good variety, that I cannot,'

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cannot,' he says, 'be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seaman's part a little too tedious;' but then he adds 'that the play has no great wit, yet good, above ordinary plays.' With 'Hamlet' he was 'mightily pleased,' but, 'above all, with Betterton,' who personated the Prince of Denmark. When he was first present at the performance of 'Macbeth' in 1664, he calls it only 'a pretty good play.' Afterwards it rose in his favour, and in 1667 he declares it to be 'a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable.' It appears from a subsequent entry that the 'divertisement' which he considered the especial excellence of 'Macbeth,' meant 'the variety of dancing and music.'

The professed critics were sometimes not more complimentary, as may be seen in a book published in 1721, entitled 'The Laws of Poetry, as laid down by the Duke of Buckinghamshire in his Essay on Poetry, by the Earl of Roscommon in his Essay on Translated Verse, and by the Lord Lansdowne on Unnatural Flights in Poetry, Explained and Illustrated.'

'That famous soliloquy which has been so much cried up in "Hamlet" has no more to do there than a description of the grove and altar of Diana mentioned by Horace. Hamlet comes in talking to himself, and very sedately and exactly weighs the several reasons or considerations mentioned in that soliloquy,

"To be, or not to be," &c.

As soon as he has done talking to himself, he sees Ophelia, and passes to a conversation with her, entirely different to the subject he has been meditating on with that earnestness, which, as it was produced by nothing before, so has it no manner of influence on what follows after, and is therefore a perfectly detached piece, and has nothing to do in the play. The long and tedious soliloquy of the bastard Falconbridge, in the play of "King John," just after his being received as the natural son of Cœur de Lion, is not only impertinent to the play, but extremely ridiculous. To go through all the soliloquies of Shakespeare would be to make a volume on this single head. But this I can say in general, *that there is not one in all his works that can be excused by nature or reason.*'

The critic, however, who we believe was Gildon, "owned himself sensible that he should raise the anger of many readers by what he was saying, and meant further to say, upon the faults of Shakespeare. Lucilius, he adds, 'was the incorrect idol of Roman times, Shakespeare of ours. Both gained their reputation from a people unacquainted with art; and that reputation was a sort of traditionary authority, looked upon to be so sacred,

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sacred, that Horace among the Romans, in a much more polite age than that in which Lucilius writ, could not escape their censure for attacking him; nor can Mr. Rymer, or any other just critic, who shall presume, though with the highest justice and reason, to find fault with Shakespeare, escape the indignation of our modern traditionary admirers of that poet.' Rymer himself, forty years earlier, had been even more emphatic. 'In the neighing of an horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare.' His own notion of a tragical flight we may discover from his tragedy of 'Edgar,' where in the first act Elfrida declares that she will, at Ethelwold's request, discard her ornaments, and the margin directs her to pull off her patches!

Four years after the scholiast upon his grace of Buckingham had spoken the opinions which prevailed among thousands of that day, who looked upon Shakespeare as at best a rude and uncultivated genius, no less a person than Mr. Pope himself became his editor. Whatever may have been his disqualification for his task, there was no man living whose name could do so much towards securing for the dramatist the allegiance of a larger circle of admirers. Yet Shakespeare's works, even when endorsed by the name of Pope, were thought to be a doubtful venture. Only seven hundred and fifty copies were printed, and of these, it may not have been the editor's fault that part could not be sold until after a reduction of the price from six guineas to sixteen shillings. We doubt whether Theobald could have won a public, or indeed a publisher for Shakespeare, had not Pope opened the way. His edition was the first with notes, but they were few, and turned chiefly upon verbal criticism. He consulted many of the old copies, professed 'to have a religious horror of innovation,' and declared that he had not given vent to his own 'private sense or conjecture.' His alterations, nevertheless, were extensive, and his collation of the quartos and first folio imperfect. His text was full of the errors which had crept into the later folios, and having adopted the theory that many portions of the plays had been interpolated by the actors, and believing that he could distinguish the spurious passages from the genuine, 'he degraded' the presumed additions 'to the bottom of the page.' His licence of conjecture was as largely exercised upon single lines and words, and his objections and emendations often show his ignorance of the manners and language of Shakespeare's times. But we gladly call to mind the finer touches of his pen. To him, for instance, we owe the reading of

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of 'Tarquin's ravishing *strides*,' instead of *sides*, and the true version of the delicious lines

> 'O it came o'er my ears like the sweet south !
> That breathes upon a bank of violets.'

'South' for 'sound' stood only as Pope's conjectural emendation till the other day when it was seconded by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.

Pope's work appeared in 1725. In 1726 Theobald, the son of an attorney, published a book called 'Shakespeare Restored,' in which he exposed Pope's errors and deficiencies with the same litigious spirit that he would have conducted a law-suit. He became in consequence the hero of the original 'Dunciad.' In 1733 he retaliated in a complete edition of the Dramatist. His talents and his learning were both insignificant, and he was suspected of valuing literature solely as a means of gain and a vehicle for malice. As small minds are proud of small things, his vanity was ridiculous, and he seems to have regarded the conjectural rectification of a verbal error like a discovery in science. Though the great object of his hostility was Pope, he adopted his text, and while correcting it in many places from the old copies, he yet left numerous blunders undisturbed. His real service to Shakespeare consists in a few felicitous emendations.

Theobald was followed in 1744 by Sir Thomas Hanmer, thirty years member, and at last Speaker, of the House of Commons. 'What the public is here to expect,' he said in the opening sentence of his Preface, 'is a true and correct edition of Shakespeare's works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded.' His notion of what constituted 'a true and correct edition' was shown by his adopting Pope's arbitrary alterations, and introducing many more of his own. He did not even distinguish the guesses from the readings which were derived from the primitive copies. Yet, vitiated as was his text, he did a service to Shakespeare by replacing in several passages a word which was evidently wrong by another word which was as evidently right.

Warburton asserted that Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer had left their author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. His own edition of Shakespeare saw the light in 1747. He joined in the general cry of the editors against the corruptions of the ancient text. 'The great dramatist,' he said, 'had struggled into light so disguised and travestied, that no classic author, after having run ten secular stages through the blind

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blind cloisters of monks and canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a condition.' He went so far as to declare that 'the stubborn nonsense with which Shakespeare was incrusted occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common lumber of the stage.' In this there was vast exaggeration, but Warburton's object was to justify his own extensive deviations from the early editions. He professed, however, to have dealt only with the passages which, as they stood, were inextricable nonsense, and he maintained that in the changes he made he had religiously observed such severe rules of criticism that he had indulged nothing to fancy or imagination. This was the prelude to a number of alterations as fanciful as the reasons by which they are supported are sophistical. A perverse ingenuity reigns throughout. He was a self-made scholar, and men who have conquered their own way in life are often self-sufficient and overbearing. But seldom has any one pronounced his wayward decrees with the same dictatorial confidence as Warburton. In the midst of his rashness and arrogance several happy conjectures occur, and, like his predecessors, he deserves the thanks of the lovers of Shakespeare.

Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton had each done something towards elucidating the antiquated phrases and allusions of their author, and explaining the passages which were obscurely expressed. But their main industry had been bestowed upon the text. The edition of Johnson, which came out in 1765, professed to embrace both departments. He was averse to drudgery, and though his range of miscellaneous reading was wide, had made no special study of the books of the Elizabethan era. Nevertheless he accomplished more than any of those who preceded him. He reinstated many of the old readings which had been rejected since Pope had set the example of capricious change, and explained many crabbed passages with a perspicuity and a terseness which left nothing to desire. No one person had hitherto done so much for Shakespeare. Among other admirable emendations he wrote 'gilded tombs do worms enfold' instead of 'gilded timber,' and his reading is confirmed by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.

Shakespeare was now engaging the attention of many minds. In the year following that in which Johnson's 'Shakespeare' appeared, Dr. Farmer, of whom it is told in his epitaph that he was 'facetus et dulcis, festique sermonis,' published his work 'On the Learning of Shakespeare,' wherein he demonstrated both that he could have derived and did derive his classical lore from translations. Such was his enthusiasm not

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only for Shakespeare, but the stage, that it is said he refused a bishopric, because a bishop could not go to see 'Macbeth' or 'Richard the Third' at the playhouse. In his time Garrick was acting.

George Steevens, who was possessed of a handsome fortune, reprinted in 1766 twenty of the old quarto copies of the plays, and announced his plan of a complete edition, promising unbounded courtesy as an editor, though he proved afterwards to be of all editors the most uncivil. He redeemed his pledge by assisting Johnson in a new edition of his Shakespeare in 1773. He went on, enlarging his contributions in successive issues of the work, until it became more the edition of Steevens than of Johnson. He was gifted with a sharp wit, and such persevering industry that when at work on a reprint in fifteen octavo volumes, he left his lodging at Hampstead daily at one in the morning, in all seasons and all weathers during eighteen months, and walked to Reed's lodgings to correct by night the work done by the printer on the previous day. His knowledge of the old editions was extensive and exact, and he was deeply read in the literature of Shakespeare's time. He did immense service in clearing away numerous difficulties which had arisen from obsolete phrases and customs; and as he was careful to adduce his authorities, the reader had to take nothing on trust. His worst defect was, that having no ear for verse, he chose to arrange many lines to suit his own mistaken notions of harmony.

Malone, a young Irishman with literary skill and independent means, who had settled in London, laboured on Shakespeare at this time, and was trained in the school of Steevens. He also sought to illustrate his author from contemporary writings. But the master at last grew jealous of the pupil, and from friends they became rivals. Malone, a placid, wellbred, conscientious man, displayed his powers as a detector of the Ireland impostures, the Rowley fabrications, and was the first editor of the prose works of Dryden. His complete edition of Shakespeare, which had been preceded by several notes from his pen, appeared in the year 1790. His text made the nearest approximation of any of the modern reprints to the old copies. His fault was rather, perhaps, to be too timid of innovation than to be too ambitious of change. His explanations are often sensible, and the illustrative quotations from contemporary authors extremely numerous. He is not unworthy to rank with Steevens. Both had done much to make Shakespeare better known and better understood. Even the bitterness of controversy helped to exalt the fame of the dramatist. Rival editions in successive issues scattered his plays over

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over the land. No fresh combatants, however, appeared on the arena, and fifty years of energetic war about Shakespeare was followed by fifty years of peace.

His works had now passed through three stages. In the first they were printed without care. In the second conjectural criticism prevailed; and while increased regard was had to the old copies, the ingenious guesses of the editor too often took the place of sober research. In the third the ancient readings were more thoroughly ascertained and the Elizabethan literature ransacked to clear up the allusions and language of the glory of that age. The materials which the latest knot of commentators had accumulated still wanted to be digested and compressed. The notes were full of repetitions, and were overlaid with an excess of illustration. They were rendered more diffuse by controversies, and the personal feelings of the editors would not always allow them to exercise an unbiassed judgment. A student of taste, who was a stranger to their feuds, might take a comprehensive view of all which had been hitherto done, and give the pith of the whole. This was the task which appeared most needful to be performed when Mr. Knight entered the field. Unfortunately, as we think, he had an undue faith in the readings of the first folio, and was too prone to endeavour to twist into sense what was clearly erroneous. Exercising the double function of an enthusiast for Shakespeare and a publisher, he outdid, however, every past effort to place the great poet of the nation in the hands of all classes. Three times as much as was effected for the propagation of Shakespeare's writings during the whole century after his death has been accomplished in a few years by the zeal and ability of a single editor. Mr. Collier entered the lists in 1843. Like Mr. Knight, his chief care was employed in settling the text; and like Mr. Knight, he often stuck to the old readings where they were indubitably wrong. The only difference was, that whereas Mr. Knight held the folio to be the highest authority, Mr. Collier put his confidence in the quartos. Neither of them had a mind sufficiently catholic to take an impartial review of all the sources of information, and pick what was best from each. Thus matters stood when, in 1849, Mr. Collier bought of a bookseller a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's plays, containing a great number of MS. alterations. They proved to be interesting and important in an unexpected degree. Many were certainly right, many were obviously shrewd; and more were intolerably stupid. Excited—as who would not have been?—by the contemplation of his treasure, Mr. Collier, in the year 1852, published a volume setting forth some of these notes and emendations, and expressing a more unreserved trust in the whole mass of them than he

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now thinks just. From an ultra-conservative of the old printed text he suddenly became a radical reformer, and having before adopted corrupt readings in preference to faultless emendations, he was now ready to espouse a bad conjecture of his MS. Corrector in preference to the unexceptionable readings of his discarded quartos. A considerable controversy arose on the occasion, and among the combatants was Mr. Dyce, the present editor of Shakespeare, who showed that many of the Corrector's emendations are obviously wrong, and that many which seem right are demonstrably wrong. A fair number he admits, but to the collection, as a whole, he is not, we think, sufficiently indulgent. This antagonism vexes Mr. Collier, and a recent edition of his Shakespeare contains a recriminatory preface dictated by a sore spirit, and overflowing with much bitterness of insinuation and complaint. Into the personal controversy, in which Mr. Collier has lost the self command for which he was once honourably distinguished, we have no occasion to enter. The points are too petty for discussion. But the degree of authority to be assigned to the MS. Corrector is a question of real importance, and we will give from Mr. Dyce's Preface a couple of examples of emendations in the folio notes that prove the annotator in those instances to have proceeded upon conjecture alone. In the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' act iv. sc. 4, the first folio reads—

'Her eyes are grey as glass;'

upon which Theobald cites from Chaucer, 'hire eyen gray as glass.' The second folio misprints the last word grass; and the Corrector, not seeing which word is at fault, establishes sense by changing grey to green; the text therefore becomes, 'Her eyes are green as grass.' Green eyes, like an eagle's, were indeed admired of old; but grass green is not, for eyes, a lady's colour. Yet Mr. Collier abides, in his second edition, by the MS. Corrector, and declines to look back to the former folio, into which the misprint had not crept. In his supplemental notes, written after he had seen Mr. Dyce's comment on this passage, he still does not hint at the existence of the right reading in the previous folio. He quotes a verse from Gascoigne, in which is the expression grey as glass, and adds, 'grey as glass may certainly be right.' Yet there is not only the evidence of common sense, but proof of writ that certainly it is right. This is the smallest matter; we lay upon it no stress whatever: yet upon small matters like these is it worth while for any one engaged upon a study of the highest efforts of man's genius to insinuate petty charges of suppression, malice, obstinacy, self-seeking, and other mean offences?

Again

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Again Mr. Dyce cites from 'King Henry IV.,' act iv. sc. 1, the correction on the lines—

'And your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and *a point* of war.'

The last words are altered by the Corrector to report of war. Mr. Collier says this must stand in future because 'a point of war' can have no meaning. Mr. Dyce quotes Peele's 'Edward I.' from Mr. Collier's own edition of Dodsley's Plays—

'Matravers, thou
Sound proudly here *a* perfect *point of war*
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.'

Here therefore the Corrector could have had no authentic version to guide him, since his alteration is suggested solely by his ignorance of the language of Shakespeare's day. But we shall perhaps best do justice to the editions of Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier, if we follow their variations of text through one consecutive act of a play, and note as we pass whatever is suggested by the MS. Corrector. We cannot be more impartial than to take the first that comes, the opening act of the 'Tempest.'

We begin with a notable diversity. The master shouts, 'Boatswain!' the boatswain shouts, 'Here, master; what cheer?' In Mr. Collier's text the master replies, 'Good.' His master, therefore, tells the boatswain that the cheer is good, and defines the good cheer by adding, 'Speak to the mariners; fall to't yarely or we run ourselves aground.' A reading is hardly to be adopted which represents the master as calling 'good cheer' an imminent risk of being shipwrecked. Mr. Dyce, with Mr. Halliwell, to the formal seaman's response, 'Here, master; what cheer?' makes the master hurriedly say, 'Good, speak to the mariners; fall to't yarely,' &c. Good, for a familiar and hasty form of address, as in 'Good, now, I beseech you,' was common enough.

Alonzo, presently entering, accosts the boatswain in like form —'Good boatswain, have care'—'Have *a* care,' says here the MS. Corrector. 'Have care,' is pithier and better English, and is better suited to the energy and hurry of the moment. Mr. Collier adopts the *a*, but for no other reason than because he finds it in his book of annotations.

'Let's all sink with' king;' the commentator substitutes the word 'the' for the apostrophe that signifies it. This is a reading which had long been adopted, and we owe no thanks for it to the MS. Corrector.

The annotator next reads 'Welkin's heat' for 'Welkin's cheek,'

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cheek,' and Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce alike reject the alteration; Shakespeare speaks elsewhere of the welkin's face and cheeks of heaven.

The ship 'with some noble *creature* in her.' The Corrector here reads 'creatures;' so did Theobald, so do Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier.

Prospero speaks of 'provision in mine art;' and upon this the MS. Corrector suggests, as Mr. Hunter had suggested, prevision. Mr. Dyce, perceiving that provision means foresight, does not accept the change. As Mr. Collier shows, the passage in its usual form was clear enough to A. W. Schlegel, who translated provision, Vorsicht. Provisions are so called because they are foreseen supplies. There is no occasion for the proposed change, and Mr. Dyce is quite right in excluding it.

The next alteration is the prosaic change of

> 'thou wast not
> Out three years old'

to 'thou wast not quite three years old,' and it has very properly been declined by Mr. Collier himself as well as Mr. Dyce.

Prospero having told Miranda that her father was a prince of power, she asks, 'Sir, are not you my father?' he assents, adding—

> '*and* thy father
> Was Duke of Milan, *and* his only heir
> *And* princess,—no worse issued.'

The old Corrector turns the second 'and' into a 'thou,' and so makes some species of sense. Mr. Dyce turns the third 'and' into 'a,' and in a note cites four passages in which 'and' has been printed for 'a.' Of the two emendations this is not only the more natural, but the one that yields by far the best construction. 'Thou his only heir and princess' is a phrase unpoetical and clumsy. Once more, therefore, the MS. Corrector fails.

In the next passage, we find Mr. Collier himself again abandoning his guide. Prospero speaking of his brother, whom he had set in his place, says—

> 'He being thus *lorded*,
> Not only with what my revenue yielded,'
> But what my power might else exact, &c.

The Corrector, in a fit of dulness, wishes to read *loaded;* and Mr. Collier thinks 'lorded may perhaps stand without material objection.'

The

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The next MS. emendation is adopted by Mr. Collier notwithstanding that it converts the clearest sense into the very reverse. The words of the passage, put by a slight transposition into the order of plain prose, say that the false brother, being invested with ducal honours, 'believed himself to be indeed the duke—like one who by telling of his own lie had made of his memory such a sinner unto truth (as) to credit it.' The emendator wishes us to read 'sinner to untruth;' which is to assert that the brother was so false to lying as by frequent repetition to learn to believe in his own lie. A liar may be false to truth, but persistence in lying does not make him false to lies. Such absolute nonsense Mr. Collier admits as part of Shakespeare's text; by Mr. Dyce it is discarded.

The next emendation restores in the second folio a word misprinted from the first, 'most' for 'much.' Mr. Dyce follows the earlier and better text, and says nothing, of course, about the MS. Corrector, whom there is no need to consult in the matter.

The following innovation we will neither censure nor accept:—

> 'One midnight
> Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
> The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of darkness,
> .... The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
> Me and thy crying self.'

The annotator sees tautology in the expression 'ministers *for the purpose*' following so close upon the phrase upon the 'midnight fated *to the purpose*' of the treason. Therefore, as practice implies treason, and begins with p, he would read 'midnight fated to the practice.' This is precisely such correction as eleven schoolmasters in twelve would make in a boy's theme; nevertheless, we suspect there is more lost than gained by getting rid of the repetition. Deprived of the emphasis of iteration, the line that speaks of 'ministers for the purpose' loses in strength, and the passage on the whole has less force than before.

'A rotten carcase of a butt' is rightly altered into boat, and Mr. Dyce accepts the correction. Prospero might have called the bark in which he was turned adrift a rotten butt; but 'a rotten *carcase* of *a butt*, not rigg'd, nor tackle, sail, nor mast,' can only be the carcase of a boat. The carcase of a butt is simply the butt itself; the carcase of a boat is such as Prospero describes it.

In the same lines there is an indifferent change of 'have' into 'had.'

Before Miranda sleeps, there is a stage direction, inserted by the Corrector, indicating where Prospero resumes his robe, which Mr.

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Mr. Dyce accepts, and offends Mr. Collier by not acknowledging as 'the important and entirely new stage direction from the corr. fo. 1632.'

The next correction is very prosaic. Ariel says that the dispersed ships

> 'all have met again
> And are upon the Mediterranean flote
> Bound sadly home for Naples.'

The 'emendator' would read 'all have met again, and all upon the Mediterranean float,' &c. Here is not only the conversion of poetry to prose, but the manufacture of an iteration clumsier than the one he had just thought it his duty to correct. If he could not endure two 'purposes' in three lines, why does he force upon us two 'alls' in five words, especially when, the chief ship being absent, stress upon 'all' is less appropriate?

The next correction, an omission of 'thee,' Mr. Collier declines, and Mr. Dyce, without adopting, is disposed to favour. We distinctly side with Mr. Collier in retaining 'told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings.'

The succeeding alteration, which is also trivial, Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier unite in rejecting, as they do also the next, the last in the first act, where, instead of 'when thou camest first,' the Corrector would read 'when thou cam'st here first.'

Here we may well pause: for we have given instances enough to satisfy, we think, all persons that, however just may be many of the Corrector's suggestions; however authentic, perhaps, many of his stage-directions; however ingenious he may have appeared when his best ideas were presented in a compact mass, yet directly we begin to follow him step by step there is abundance to justify the contempt which Mr. Dyce appears to entertain for his abilities. Whoever goes through the entire series of his alterations must either himself want a sense of poetry or feel that the poetic element had been very sparingly granted to this unknown individual. Whence then did he derive the large number of true suggestions that we find embedded in his dulness? We do not believe them to be of more recent date than the best conjectural readings of Theobald, Hanmer, and Johnson, which they frequently corroborate. We are compelled therefore to suppose that for many of his changes the Corrector must have had some warrant beyond his own sagacity, and that the pleasures of revision tempted him, wholly incompetent as he was, to labour further on the text for his private amusement. Since, however, he does not speak with a sustained authority, his alterations can only rest on their own merits. Misled by a natural partiality for his own discovery, and more accomplished

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plished as an antiquarian than as a literary critic, Mr. Collier has adopted in his new edition of Shakespeare many changes which in our opinion are decided corruptions of the text. Even in more dubious cases there is a certain wise conservatism in literature against which a small number of trivial emendations where no clear title can be shown, will contend in vain. For 'it is true,' says Bacon, 'that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit; and those things which have long gone together, are, as it were, confederate within themselves.' Therefore the benefit of every doubt is due, we conceive, to the established reading.

Mr. Dyce has succeeded in a department where so many have failed. He unites, indeed, the necessary qualifications in a singular degree. He is an admirable classical scholar, is deeply read in Elizabethan literature, has a fine ear for metre, and a strong sense of poetic beauty. His industry is on a par with his accomplishments. Any one may settle a text of Shakespeare as good, or better, than is to be found in the majority of editions, with the same rapidity that he reads. But to settle a text which will bear the investigation of poetic students, not only requires a rare familiarity with the language and customs of Shakespeare's day, but an amount of thought which few could continue through a single play. The taste, knowledge, and reflection which are embodied in these volumes can only be appreciated by persons who have trod the same paths, and who know that almost every page raises questions which require not only hours of present meditation but years of past reading to solve. No prejudices have interfered with the free exercise of Mr. Dyce's powers. He is not the partisan of quartos or folios, of printed readings or conjectural emendations. He is the partisan of sense and of poetry. The inclination of his mind is doubtless against innovation, and we believe that he might with advantage have revised some passages with a bolder hand; but over-caution, as we have already intimated, is preferable to rashness in the instances where there is much to be said on both sides. This at least is beyond doubt, that we have never possessed so admirable a text of Shakespeare before; and we would suggest to the thousands of people who are always inquiring for something interesting to read, that they should read again the works of the monarch of literature, and read him in the edition of Mr. Dyce. 'Notes,' says Dr. Johnson, 'are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy

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fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.'

ART. III.—*Report from the Select Committee on Consular Service and Appointments, together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence.* London, 1858.

AT the Liverpool meeting of the professors of 'Social Science,' Sir James Stephens introduced to our language the happy phrase of 'statistical chloroform.' We are sometimes compelled, in the course of our duty as general purveyors of literature, to administer to our readers the analogous preparation of 'condensed Blue-book.' On the present occasion, however, it is our own fault if the article we present is either distasteful or narcotic, for the ingredients of the volume before us are certainly neither dull nor unpalatable. Its contents, indeed, mainly consist of dialogues on commercial and political geography between a Committee of the House of Commons and gentlemen from all parts of the world, who either have been or are actually engaged in the consular service, and who, after a monotonous repetition of a certain formula as to the total inadequacy of their present salaries, discourse pleasantly enough on the peculiarities and requirements of their respective positions and on their views of the nature and duties of the Consular Office.

The long and careful examination of Mr. Hammond, and other very competent gentlemen in the same department commences, and the statement of some witnesses respecting alleged abuses and proposed improvements in the present system terminates an inquiry which, from accidental circumstances, has been invested with a somewhat factitious interest and regarded with much personal anxiety from all portions of the globe. For many years the Foreign Office had been literally beset with complaints and remonstrances from the consular body, which could not be altogether set aside as unreasonable or unjust, but which it was most difficult to satisfy or to silence. The current of public opinion of late had run strongly in the direction of a stricter economy in the payment of foreign agents, and a Committee on Official Salaries had already recommended considerable reductions in that quarter. To propose, therefore, any alteration which involved a considerable addition

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addition to this expenditure would have required no small courage on the part of the executive, and it is not surprising that the proposal of an independent and active member of Parliament to inquire thoroughly into the subject should have been promptly accepted. There was now a ready response to all applications for relief: 'You must wait for the Parliamentary Committee; your case is excellent, it only requires to be stated; when fortified by the report of a Committee, we can effectually assist you; in the mean time you must suffer or resign.' The obstacles which were thrown in the way of this consummation by the preparation of documents, the summoning of witnesses, and a dissolution of Parliament, were sufficiently provoking to the expectants, and have imposed upon the Committee no easy task in their endeavour to realise hopes so long delayed, with a due consideration to public economy.

Other causes of dissatisfaction had also presented themselves. It was maintained that the British Consul was, by the constitution of the service, placed at a disadvantage in comparison with his colleagues, especially the French. The severe line of demarcation which separated him from the diplomatic branch and the absence of any regular career in his own, together with the privation of all honorary distinction after a life spent in the faithful discharge of important functions or after extraordinary exertions in a great national enterprise, not unnaturally produced in many minds a sense of undue inferiority and unmerited neglect. The Frenchman and the Austrian, with whom the British consul was on terms of apparent equality, were probably decorated with one or more orders—had an honourable and fixed rank on all occasions of public ceremonial—and might aspire, if capable of higher things and favoured by circumstance, to such positions as are now occupied by M. Brennier, M. Benedetti, and Baron Hubner. Hence the question would frequently arise as to what was the peculiarity in the consular service of this country that should render it unfit for the official gradations and diplomatic interchange which elsewhere foster a spirit of emulation and enhance the dignity of the profession.

On the part of the public, and especially of the shipping-interest, the licence of consuls to trade and their remuneration by means of fees had been much criticised and frequently condemned both as invalidating the general efficiency of the officer and as affording occasion for scandal and abuse. It was asserted that merchants could place no confidence in a rival trader, and that such an agent could not properly vindicate the rights of his fellow-countrymen against a foreign government in whose commerce he was personally interested. Cases also were adduced in which the probity and honour of some consuls were compromised, and which

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which required, for the advantage of all parties, to be challenged and sifted by a competent tribunal.

These three objects were assuredly sufficient to engage the industry and discretion of a Parliamentary Committee, and we have no fault to find with the bulk of the volume they have produced. We could wish, indeed, that the evidence had been more systematically arranged, and that the witnesses, in some instances, had been of higher authority. In so important a matter as the constitution of the whole consular service, involving a considerable addition to the burthens of the State, why was not the Committee assisted in their decision by the opinion and judgment of the living statesmen who have held the seals of the Foreign Office? Lord Palmerston was a member of the Committee; but he appears from the minutes to have been prevented from affording it the advantage of his knowledge and experience either as a witness or as an examiner. This is the more to be regretted, as it was during Lord Palmerston's administration of the Foreign Office that the partial reversal of Mr. Canning's prohibition of the consuls to engage in trade took place under the economical pressure of the moment, and it would be important to know whether his Lordship had been guided by motives of temporary expediency or of general principle. The necessity also of limiting the testimonies of present *employés* to those who happened to be in England at the time, or within such a call of the telegraph as would not subject the country to an unreasonable expense, gave to the examination a random and vagrant character that could only have been avoided by some systematic arrangement, while the change of government in the early part of the session considerably delayed the nomination of the Committee, and compelled them to choose between an incomplete and fragmentary inquiry or the postponement of all improvement to another year—the Foreign Office apparently refusing to initiate any alteration or remedy any grievances at its own risk.

A Report cannot with propriety extend beyond the scope and purport of the information derived from the witnesses: and it would be unjust to find fault with a chairman or a committee for the omission of topics which are really essential to any consecutive argument on the subject, but upon which they could only have stated conclusions drawn from other sources than the evidence before them. Thus they might be well informed as to the causes which have given various aspects to the Consular office at different periods, in different countries, and under different governments, and yet have abstained from allusions which would find their place in a French or German state-paper, but would look pedantic and theoretical when issuing from the palace of Westminster.

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Westminster. And yet it is from the word 'Consul' in the sense which it assumed in the later classical times, and which was transferred to the administration of the governments of the middle ages, that may be deduced the history of all privileges, functions, and relations which appertain to the consular office down to the present day.

It is uncertain when this high title descended to the designation of ordinary magisterial authority; but we find in Pliny a certain Lucius Fulvius mentioned as 'Consul Tusculanorum,' and a personage in Ausonius thus expresses the difference of his interest in Rome and in Bordeaux:—

'Diligo Burdigalam—Romam colo—civis in hac sum, Consul in ambabus.' *

The custom must have been frequent in Spain, for Gruter furnishes two inscriptions—the one (429. 9) referring to a consul of Barcelona, and the other (351. 5) of Ecaija (Colonia Astigitana). The 'Consulares aquarum' also represented the 'Commissioners' of modern times. As soon as the commercial intercommunication of the countries of the south of Europe became general, and considerable settlements of the natives of one state established themselves in the maritime dominions of another, it became necessary to determine who should administer the police of the seas in relation to each port and also exercise a proper jurisdiction over these colonies of traders. Governments were naturally unwilling to entrust the lives and properties of their subjects to the tender mercies of the legislation of foreign powers at a time when an alien was regarded as little better than an enemy, and the advantage of some system by which the parent country should continue to exercise a just authority over the portions of its own people accidentally located in strange lands appears to have been readily acknowledged. The person on whom this exceptional magistrature was conferred became the Consul of the community among whom he resided, exercising a sanctioned *imperium in imperio* in all the transactions of his countrymen among one another, and interfering in their relations towards the native authorities as far as law and custom permitted, or rather as far as his own government could persuade or intimidate the other into conceding. In communications with the Mohammedan world, where the religious character of the legislation essentially prevented an equitable jurisdiction over a Christian society, this interference was formally recognised in the Capitulations, but in the ordinary intercourse between European powers the mode and amount of this privilege

* Urb. 14. 39.

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does not seem to have been clearly defined. As long as the dissensions and disputes were limited to foreigners and in no way affected the public or private interests of a nation, a government might well be satisfied to be relieved from the strict application of its sovereign rights over all persons resident within its dominions; but the proceedings of the officer to whom this almost viceregal power was delegated by a foreign state would be the object of much suspicion, and he would require to be a man of discretion and of courage. The chief part of the business of the consuls naturally lay among the seafaring people, and here they were guided and assisted by an admirable and exact code, which, proceeding from the Spanish merchants, soon became common to all the border-states of the Mediterranean sea. A clean and handsome copy of the early editions of the Venetian 'Consolato del Mare' is prized by collectors for the same reasons as the 'Elzevir Cookery-book,' the abundant use of both works having tended to their destruction. But the first document, as far as we are aware, which embraces the general duties and powers of Consuls is that which emanated from the French 'Ministère de Marine' in 1681, and which is attributed to the great Colbert. These instructions began by requiring that no one should exercise the consular functions over Frenchmen without a direct commission from the Admiralty of France, thereby implying that this jurisdiction had been at some time conferred by some other authority, probably that of election by their fellow-countrymen,—for it was provided that, in case of vacancy, the eldest of the deputies of the *nation*, as the community was called, should assume the office. The consul was to be assisted by a council of all the merchants, captains, and shipmasters of the port, who were compelled to obey his summons by any fine he chose to impose. From this assembly artisans and sailors were specially excluded. The deputies of the *nation* were responsible to the consul for the discharge of their monetary and other obligations, a *compte rendu* of which he, in his turn, was bound to send every three months to the Admiralty and to the Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles. Certain notables of the *nation* were required to be present to give validity to his judgments, from which in graver cases there lay an appeal to the Parliaments of France. By desire of the deputies he could banish any Frenchman whose life or conduct was reputed scandalous, and all officers of the navy were enjoined to assist in the execution of this and other decrees.

We do not continue these details, for they will suffice to give a picture of the political constitution of a body of Frenchmen established in a foreign country, being in fact, as in name, a Colony,

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Colony, of which the Consul was the executive officer. It is interesting to remark with what scrupulous care the government of France, however despotic at home, protected not only the interests but the liberties of its subjects settled abroad. The principle of the isolation of Frenchmen, of all classes, from the action of foreign tribunals, is prominent throughout the whole of this legislation down to later times, the royal edict of 1778 forbidding not only persons engaged in commerce, but travellers by land or by sea, to take advantage of any other legal remedy against their fellow-countrymen than that afforded by the consular jurisdiction, under a fine of 1500 francs, with the additional liability of themselves incurring whatever loss or penalty might at their instance be imposed on the defendant by a foreign magistrate. This prohibition was reinforced in the general Consular Instructions issued by M. de Talleyrand in August, 1814—although in this document the minister ably urged the reasons for the dependence of the consular administration on the Foreign Office, under the political conditions of modern Europe, rather than on the departments of Justice or the Marine, with the latter of which it seems to have been closely connected up to the Revolution. Admitting that the independence of the consular authority had been necessarily modified by the increased influence and more systematic transactions of diplomacy, and that the functions of the office, not being defined by the law of nations, were liable to be limited and regulated by treaties or by the habits and legislation of the country where the consuls might happen to be placed, he nevertheless enjoined on them the duty of maintaining to the utmost their exceptional jurisdiction, and of abandoning no privilege which their predecessors had asserted.

But in November, 1833, an *Instruction spéciale sur l'exercice de la juridiction consulaire en pays de Chrétienté*, was issued by the Duc de Broglie, in which the whole matter is most wisely reviewed, the difficulties of supporting the principle in its integrity fully exhibited, and the restriction of the *juridiction contentieuse* regarded as an inevitable necessity. He altogether abandons the claim of extra-territorial intervention in criminal matters, and recognises the impossibility of sustaining a right, which, if its strict exercise had been continued, would have permitted the French Consul in London to have seized Dr. Bernard, and consigned him to a French vessel in the Thames. He equally acknowledges the unreasonableness of continuing the consul's exclusive authority over his fellow-countrymen in civil disputes, where the apparatus and competence of the tribunal must generally be limited, and where he would be frequently forced into the anomaly of requesting the local magistracy to execute

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execute sentences which a foreign court had imposed. The whole effect of these Instructions is, in fact, to reduce the powers of the consul to those of a mere arbitrator, although we are not aware of any legal repeal of the ordinance of 1681, which would give a Frenchman a remedy against any consul who chose to act upon it. It seems to be no easy task to lay the old spirit, if we are to judge by the remonstrances of the French Foreign Office as late as 1849, when the minister in strong language reproved certain consuls for breaking off relations with foreign governments without reference to the authorities at home, and for corresponding directly with other departments of the administration without his cognizance or permission.

The diminution of the importance of the Consular Service in France may be supposed to be compensated by the close connexion with the diplomatic body into which it is brought by its later organisation. We suspect, however, that this vaunted advantage on the part of the consuls is more apparent than real. Some of the more enterprising and distinguished among them may aspire to the higher posts of diplomacy; but on the other hand, the consul-generalships are formally declared to be open to the secretaries of embassies and legations, and to the higher *employés* of the Foreign Office—the first-class consulates to the *Chefs de bureau* and précis-writers, the secretaries of legations, the second secretaries of embassies, and the first dragomans,—and the second-class consulates to the principal clerks of the Foreign Office and to paid attachés—all after five years' service in their separate capacities. Considering the social rank of the two professions and the ordinary springs of government influence, we may well doubt whether there is a fair reciprocity in the diplomatic appointments to which consuls are transferred; but, be this as it may, the more intimate relation of the two services invests the French consulate with a certain dignity, and, if its officers have ceased to look on themselves as governors of colonies, they are equally far from being content with the simple character of commercial agents.

There is much difference between the system which almost all continental powers, according to their influence and capacities, have adopted, and which we have here illustrated by the leading example of France, and anything in the history of the consular establishments of Great Britain. The maintenance of an extra-territorial jurisdiction for the use of our own subjects and the assertion of a principle which, if carried out at the present day, would make Boulogne-sur-Mer an important English colony with our Consul for its governor, have never prevailed among us, except in those cases where the essential discrepancies of

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of law and religion have rendered a special arrangement the best proceeding for all parties. Without ever having claimed any superiority over other Christian nations, such as the French government in its Capitulations extorted from the Ottoman Porte on the somewhat dubious ground of the admitted primacy of the 'most Christian king' among the sovereigns of Europe, Great Britain appears from early days to have efficiently secured the protection of its merchants and settlers under Mohammedan rule. We have before us the little quarto of Paul Ricaut, 'secretary to Heneage, Earle of VVinchilsea, Embassadour Extraordinary,' printed in 1663, at Constantinople, by Abraham Gabai, who requests 'the courteous reader not to attribute the fault, either to the printer or the corrector, if he finds some fevv letters misplaced, or the letter vv not so neatly formed as vvere to be vvished; for the presse at Constantinople, being but sildome employed, is not furnished vvith the uarietie of those letters vvhich are only propper to northern lanquages'—a volume curious in itself, and not without historical interest. In this, as indeed in later transactions of the same nature, it is apparent that the English government sought after just so much independent action from the native authorities as would sustain the diplomatic dignity unimpaired, guard the lives and properties of its subjects, and guarantee to its commerce the utmost possible freedom and security. The extent of the consular jurisdiction, and the method of its exercise, remain equally undefined. Nothing like a Consular Code seems to have been thought necessary to limit or direct the decisions of the functionary. He had to trust to his common sense and to the public opinion of the community in which he found himself, without whose consent, either given or implied, he would have found it difficult to dispense justice in civil or to inflict due penalties in criminal cases. He was clearly understood to be, above all things, a commercial officer, whose business was with trade and traders, and whose other duties were secondary and accidental. If he was courteous and useful to the merchants; if he took care that the commerce of his country had fair play; if he arranged disputes between captains and crews, and stood between his countrymen and any attempt at oppression or fraud on the part of the local authorities, he completely fulfilled all the objects of his mission. He was generally a trader himself, and was thought none the worse of for taking such advantage of his opportunities, as in some instances, especially in the Levant, founded a sort of hereditary consular aristocracy. The longer he remained at his post the more important personage he generally became, and he often acquired

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a personal influence over the official dignitaries, which was the more efficient because unrecognised, and the more gratifying to its owner, because not transferable to a successor.

The mixed character of the Levant Company, which, without pretension to political action, mediated powerfully between Western and Eastern civilization, encouraged this phase of the consular office, which remained little altered after the substitution of an imperial but subordinate authority: and the recognition by this committee of the peculiar circumstances of these States, with the addition of some other portions of the world which subsist under analogous relations, as requiring consular institutions different from those of Western Europe, appears to us to be both just and expedient. The necessity of conforming our consular system to the customs and character of different nations and governments is illustrated by the sumptuous scale on which that service has been organized on the coast of China. The future British Ambassador at Pekin can hardly expect to hold a more independent and dignified position than our Consuls already occupy at the ports of Shanghai or Amoy; at the former, indeed, the Chinese authorities, in utter despair at the dishonesty of their own officials, at one time gave up to the foreign consuls the collection of import duties for the imperial revenue, and the committee, at the suggestion of that excellent officer, Mr. Alcock, whose duties seem to have ranged from the viceroy to the bailiff, recommend the immediate apparition of 'letter X' and his truncheon to protect our fellow-countrymen in the Flowery Land. Unity of action at the same time is secured by the communication of the consuls to the Superintendant of Trade at Hong Kong, and we wish that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, or some such competent authority, had been examined as to the feasibility of adopting some such plan with reference to the embassy at Constantinople. The analogy may indeed be more apparent than real in our present limited experience of China, but we are aware that strong objections have been made, and evil results attributed, to the direct communications of the consuls of the Levant with the Foreign Office. If, however, the inconvenience had been so considerable as has been stated, we suspect that our late ambassador, who was not likely to have been over-tolerant of any independence detrimental to the public interest, would have brought the matter more prominently forward and required an alteration. Complicated as are now the politics of the Eastern and of the Western world, it is conceivable that a Minister of Foreign Affairs might not be ready to entrust the entire management of consular affairs in the dominions of the Porte to any diplomatic personage, however

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however respected, or to be content with such information concerning them as he might derive from any single authority who should be the centre of their various correspondence.

With this exception then, there seems no reason why the consuls of the Levant and the conterminous districts should not be assimilated to the establishment in China. The effect of this change would be to extend the experiment of the Oriental studentships at Constantinople to all the principal Turkish ports, Greece and Northern Africa, to organise a more regular gradation of consular offices, and to give to the service something of the character of a professional career. The advantage of the close family connexion which has subsisted among the consuls of the Levant is now more than doubtful, and its continuance would only serve to encourage the sort of libellous attacks of which a gross specimen has been shown us, directed, without a shadow of truth, against our late consul at Salonica.*

A striking example of the scrupulous regard of the British Government to the letter of the capitulations has been exhibited in the establishment of the Consular Court at Constantinople, where the Judge does not act in a direct judicial capacity, but simply as a Vice-Consul. This extreme delicacy has been followed by one considerable disadvantage, viz. that the Judge is unable to make the circuit of the chief ports of the Levant, which would be a most desirable expedient to relieve the present Consuls, who have no legal education, from the responsibility of deciding the graver cases of crime, or the more complicated disputes of individuals. The expense and trouble of sending prisoners and witnesses to Constantinople, under the present system, will be very much the same as when Malta was the locality of the tribunal. Legal difficulties may also occur from the absence of the consent of the Ionian government to the authority of the judicature at Constantinople, which is, in great part, occupied with Ionian subjects.

It is contrary to the habits and character of our administration of affairs to give to any portion of the public service a more elaborate organization than is required for practical purposes; and we suspect that if any Government proposed to reform the consular system so as to make it a large, general, and lucrative profession, there would be strong suspicions of jobbery and undue official advantages. It might be said, and with justice, that the present system cannot be thought to work wholly ill, when the chance specimen of the witnesses before the committee exhibits

* Gl' Intriganti Puniti: Comedia in un Atto de rappresentarsi in Salonicco il Carnivale dell' anno 1855. Italia, 1854.

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men of so much intelligence, and so fully competent to perform their functions. A Foreign Secretary has, no doubt, been occasionally suspected of providing for an embarrassed friend or partisan, by nominating him to a consulship; but these appointments have not been followed by any such injury to the public service, or such defalcation of duty, as would justify any sweeping accusation. The greatest practical objection to them has probably turned out to be the uncomfortable and uncongenial position of the *employé* himself, who, though he does what is required of him, yet does it without the taste for and interest in his work that you might expect from a man of similar faculties to whom the occupation was more agreeable and familiar. On some late discussion of the merits of the 'competitive system,' Mr. Chadwick took occasion to make the appointment of Mr. Brummell to the consulship at Caen a crucial instance of the abuses of patronage—unaware, perhaps, that Mr. Brummell was a man of rare talents and the quickest apprehension, who would have perfectly transacted far higher business than that of an inland consulship. It requires, indeed, much good sense in a man in such a position not to show himself above the place; but there is no other reason why the public should suffer by such appointments.

The moderate recommendations of the Committee, therefore, on this point will, we think, agree with sound public opinion. They do not desire to bind the choice of the Foreign Secretary, nor to establish any novel apparatus; but they suggest the nomination of a certain number of consular students, to be trained up at our principal ports, who, if their abilities and conduct are satisfactory, shall have a prior claim to promotion, even to the highest consular posts. Other recommendations tend to the same object, viz., the maintenance of the commercial character of the consular service. The obligatory examination of the newly-appointed Consul now secures his acquaintance with foreign languages and a knowledge of the routine duties of the employment. Parliament, therefore, will come to the consideration of an addition to the expenditure of the consular establishment with a good prospect of the deserts and abilities of the recipients. On the proposition itself the Committee had best speak for themselves:—

'Your Committee cannot but perceive that the amount of the present salaries and emoluments received by British consuls abroad is the main practical question submitted to their judgment. It is therefore satisfactory to them to be able to report that their conviction on this point entirely agrees with the evidence which they have received, and which has been reiterated in the same words, and supported by the same facts, in the testimony of almost every witness, and confirmed by the opinion and acts of the Foreign Office under successive governments.

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ments. The salaries fixed many years ago, on no excessive scale, have been really diminished in value by independent circumstances to an extent which at present renders them a completely false representation of the profits of consular offices in different quarters of the globe. Mr. Hammond and Mr. Alston concur in stating that the increase of prices in all foreign countries has of late years been very great, while no equivalent relief has been given to our consuls beyond some slight assistance to meet those office expenses which previously came out of their receipts. Mr. Calvert states that the expense of living at the Dardanelles is in many articles trebled, in some quadrupled, from what it was when he entered the service. Mr. Yeames bears testimony to the total disproportion in the cost of food, fuel, and house-rent in Odessa, compared with that which existed at the time he was first sent there, and when he was in receipt of a higher stipend than when he left it thirty-five years afterwards. Mr. Holmes estimates the rise of prices in almost every part of the East at threefold in the course of the last six years. The expense of living at Rio was almost doubled during the twenty years of Mr. Hesketh's residence there. Mr. Ussher gives nearly the same evidence with regard to St. Domingo. In Germany, Mr. Ward rates the increase of the prices of all the necessaries of life as at least from 40 to 50 per cent., and regards his salary as not worth more than half what it was at the time it was fixed. At Marseilles Mr. Turnbull records the gradual augmentation of all the means of subsistence, and especially of house-rent, during his employment there, till it has become impossible for a consul to live decently on the sum allotted to him; while, at Havre, Mr. Featherstonhaugh asserts that he has maintained the respectability of his position for several years out of his private income. There is no reason to suppose that these are especial instances of the present poverty of remuneration in the consular service. There is no doubt that several of these gentlemen have accepted such offices with a clear understanding of their existing disadvantages; but for some time past hopes have been held out by the Foreign Office that some more satisfactory arrangement would result from the nomination of this Committee. It must also be taken into account that where the profits of the consulate have mainly depended upon fees, the consequence of the late alteration in the scale has been in most cases a considerable reduction in the proceeds. Justice to an important branch of the public service, therefore, imperatively demands such a revision of the salaries and emoluments of the consular service as will place them in circumstances consistent with the importance of their duties, and at least, as a body, in no worse position than they occupied thirty years ago; and the only doubt that remains on the mind of your Committee is, by what method this object can be most easily obtained.'

By the side of this it may not be uninstructive to place an extract from the French 'Budget' for 1859:—

'Experience shows us every day more and more the insufficiency of the salaries of the greater part of our diplomatic and consular agents. These

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These officials are placed in very different circumstances from the greater part of the high functionaries of our civil administration; they have no choice as to the expenses which they must incur. They have no power of resisting the course of events; and, as representatives of the government of the Emperor, they cannot, without compromising their dignity, refuse to submit to obligations however burthensome. The same causes which in France have produced a considerable increase in the prices of all articles have had similar effects in foreign countries. It has resulted that the actual salaries of our foreign agents scarcely represent in relative value two-thirds of what they were before 1848, and that the greater part of our *chefs de mission* cannot any longer satisfy the demands of their position, surrounded as they are by highly paid colleagues.'

After proposing certain augmentations of diplomatic salaries, the budget proceeds:—

'The demands for the increase in the consular estimates have been made with the same attention to economy. The supplementary grant, though distributed amongst eighteen posts, will not exceed 49,000 francs. At the same time, it is no exaggeration to affirm that the greater part of our consular agents are reduced to painful extremities, and that their means of action, in the capacity of protectors of our fellow-countrymen and mercantile marine, are diminished. The consequences which result in this grievous situation are deplorable, both as regards our national dignity and our commercial interests.'

The following augmentations of consular salary are then proposed, and have been agreed to by the *Corps Législatif*:—

'New York, Consul-General, from 35,000 fr. to 40,000 fr. Galatz, from 12,000 fr. to 15,000 fr. Shanghai, from 28,000 fr. to 38,000 fr. Tiflis, from 15,000 fr. to 18,000 fr. Ancona, Bilbao, Benin, La Canée, Carthagena, Larnaca, Leipzig, Ostend, Porto, Santander, St. Sebastian, and Stettin, are raised from 10,000 fr. to 12,000 fr.'

Now the question of the emoluments which the diplomatic servants of the Crown ought justly to receive, frequently comes before the House of Commons in a desultory manner in the discussions on the estimates, and has formed part of the systematic enquiry entered into some years ago on the general subject of official salaries. But, unlike the proceedings of this Committee, the chief topic and object of every debate or investigation on the subject have always been the possibility of reducing, and not the advantage of raising, the pay of the parties concerned. All the argument depending on the rise of prices or on a higher rate of general expense must apply to the diplomatic equally with the other body: but we should not be surprised if Parliament showed itself as willing to be generous and liberal in the one case, as it has shown itself close-fisted and suspicious in the other.

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other. The truth is, that the 'Corps Diplomatique' is not a popular institution. People are always expecting from it something which they do not get. For one traveller that returns contented with, or flattered by the attentions he has received, a hundred come back disgusted with some real or imaginary neglect. There is no fixed standard of duty on the one side or of expectations on the other. The Englishman abroad will not be satisfied with the place he occupies at home. He has never made himself unhappy because he was not invited to Buckingham Palace, but he takes it as an indignity if his ambassador does not procure him admission to the Tuileries or the Schloss at Berlin. The minister, on his part, too often gives up in despair all hope of pleasing his fellow-countrymen, and his conduct in this respect is imitated or exaggerated by his subordinates, who, in their exclusive and retiring habits, do not always exhibit the most amiable side of the English character. The consular body, on the contrary, is generally popular. Residing mostly in the bye-ways of the world and in less familiar localities, the services which a consul is enabled to render are often of an essential and sometimes of a Samaritan nature. The ordinary tourist takes a card for a ball, or a ticket for a show, as only due to him in his capacity as a British tax-payer; but the stranger to whom the consul's house has made all the difference between a pleasant home and a wretched caravanserai—to whom the consul's table has been the substitute of the best food procurable for nothing to eat—who may have owed his relief from some temporary embarrassment to the consul's liberal confidence, or even his life to the consul's care when illness has attacked or accidents befallen him—will naturally retain a more lively gratitude, and forms a corresponding estimate of the value of an office which he has found so useful. We have indeed occasionally heard an angry member of Parliament, who had happened not to be included in some circle of diplomatic hospitality, somewhat illogically resolve to do his best to restrict instead of enlarging the minister's means of entertainment; but the consul's opportunities are not so frequent as to render him liable to offend in this direction. The fellow-countryman, whom the minister regards as a bore and the attaché as an intruder, is eagerly welcomed by the consul as the messenger of fresh news and the medium of agreeable associations from a home often distant or rarely visited; and thus, if the official is not profuse of his attentions, it is tolerably certain that his poverty and not his will is the cause of the disregard. But though the House of Commons is likely, for these and other reasons, to be benevolently inclined, who is to determine what is the adequate payment to be rendered for services of this nature? On this point the French

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French Report gives us no assistance, nor indeed can we find anywhere a rule by which to measure this sufficiency. One consul, with some private fortune, or with no family to maintain, will be able to keep up a good appearance and entertain decorously, where another, depending wholly on his post or with a large household, would be straitened and encumbered. The Chairman indeed seems to have considered that any approximation to this object was impossible, and to have recommended that a certain salary, either fixed or to be taken as a maximum, should be assigned to each grade of the consular service, leaving the accidents of the profession to be borne as in the army, where every officer is subject to many chances of loss or gain in the locality in which his fortunes place him. But the Committee have persisted in the belief of the practicability of this adjustment, and have decided that each case of revision of salary should specially engage the attention of the Foreign Office. Elaborate and in themselves interesting returns of the expenses of living, house-rent, &c. have been furnished by the consuls from all parts of the globe, and upon these data the Foreign Minister will have to recommend to Parliament such increase of remuneration as he may think fit. The only strength which the administration will now have gained from the Committee lies in the general recommendation of the increase of the consular estimates, whereas, if some distinct proposition or limitation had been sanctioned by the Committee, the work of the Foreign Office would have been greatly facilitated. Who shall determine that the revision in this multiplicity of cases has been made with fairness and with discretion? The heads of the permanent staff of the Foreign Office deserve all esteem, but the Committee have imposed upon them a task which it is impossible for them to execute in a manner which shall not so provoke criticism and excite suspicion, as to go far to endanger the success of the scheme. Take, for instance, the case of a consul who has personally offended an individual member of Parliament, or any body of collective legislators. The member may be entirely in the wrong and the consul entirely innocent, yet, when the obnoxious name appears in the increased estimate, it may give a colour to the whole question, and influence, upon light and partial grounds, a decision important for the public welfare.

Again, in addition to these requirements, comes the compensation to be given to a large number of consuls in lieu of their present licence to trade; and although the tendency both of opinion and of practice has of late years lain strongly against this privilege, it is not improbable that, if the total abrogation of it is necessarily accompanied by a very large increase of expenditure,

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penditure, the demerits of the old system may not appear to the public so prominent as they do to the Committee. The feelings indeed of the witnesses on this point are all but unanimous, and the most that could be said would be, that the facts adduced to support their judgments are not absolutely conclusive. It is demonstrated that the duties of a consul at a first-rate port, or at any place in times of great excitement, are sufficient to leave him no leisure for any other occupation; but the collateral questions as to the diminution of personal importance and means of usefulness, the suspicion of undue motives and conflicting interests, and the temptations to careless and even criminal conduct, may not appear so completely determined. Such men as Mr. Turnbull at Marseilles, Mr. Calvert at the Dardanelles, and Mr. Holmes at Diarbekir, would obtain the requisite regard from the local authorities, wherever they were, and the esteem and confidence of their fellow-countrymen, let them trade as much as they might desire; while no independence of position can compensate for deficient energy, poor abilities, or tainted character. Where, then, is the line to be drawn between commercial speculation and the purchase of land? The consul landowner must be, in a certain sense, in connection with, and even in dependence upon, the laws and government of the country to which his possessions belong. Yet it would seem a hard interference to limit the dimensions of a consul's garden, or to prevent him from employing and extending such means of agricultural improvement as Mr. Larking may have introduced to the banks of the Nile, or Mr. Calvert to the plains of the Troad. But the practice of the chief continental nations and recently that of the Government of the United States have gone far to decide the main question. If the British trading consul believes himself to be under a disadvantage in comparison with his colleagues, he may, in the majority of cases, become so; but we can only say that we should be quite contented if the whole service is raised to the same level of intelligence and morality that now prevails in the best portion of it. The enhanced expenditure can only be kept within moderate bounds if a free use is made of the system, so largely adopted by the Russian Government, of entrusting the consular functions in all places where the trade is small to the best mercantile resident whom they can procure, and rewarding him not with money, but with confidence and honorary designation. Hitherto we have regarded the consular service as altogether out of the pale of those distinctions which should be 'the cheap reward' of zeal and talent wherever exercised in the country's cause. We believe that decorations discreetly given to some of our consuls in the East would have excited no jealousy in

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in the army they devotedly and skilfully served in the late war, and that nothing can be more absurdly invidious than this arbitrary discrimination between diplomatic and consular deserts.

The advocates of the paramount influence of the selfish principle will be surprised to learn that several witnesses express a belief that the amount of the fees will be considerably larger when collected on the Government account, than when, as at present, received by the consul in part payment of his own salary. Trustworthy persons attest that the exaction of small fees from indigent individuals is so disagreeable to their feelings, that they frequently remit them altogether; whereas, if the fees were levied as a tax, they would have no scruple in enforcing the demand. This process would be simpler under the continental system, where a Chancellor is attached to each consulate, who has the exclusive management of all money matters. We will not however deny that, without such an officer, the fees may be honestly collected by our consuls; we only doubt whether there will be any such increase as will at all make up for the additional outlay of the new arrangement. It is worth remark that some representatives of the shipping interest incline to a restoration of the old tonnage-fees, which were abolished as a heavy burden on our mercantile marine. This question had been carefully considered by the former committee, which reported against their re-imposition; and it would require a very strong demonstration of a change in public opinion to authorize Parliament to adopt such a proceeding, however tempting to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The real advantage of the alterations at present proposed is the relief of the present consuls from the suspicion of unfair dealing. Instances have occurred in which, in the language of the Report, the consul seemed 'to have a private interest in the mercantile disasters and difficulties of his countrymen, instead of being regarded as their protector from fraud and injustice and their natural counsellor in circumstances of danger and perplexity.' The charges, as far as they came before the Committee, were eminently unjust, but the suspicions remained and rankled. It was a mere hazard that Mr. Cowper, our consul at Pernambuco, found a tribunal before which he could clear himself of the accusation that he had done all in his power to detain a large vessel, the *Mermaid*, on her way from Melbourne to England, and put her owners to the serious expense of transshipment, that he might levy an enormous commission for taking care of the gold with which she was freighted. A one-sided judicial inquiry at Liverpool had covered with honour the foolhardy though successful captain who insisted on continuing his course, after three surveys had declared the vessel unseaworthy,

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unseaworthy, and in the teeth of the remonstrance of the majority of his passengers. The consul, on the contrary, was loaded with obloquy. Fortunately he has at last had the opportunity of showing that the gold could only have been consigned to him by the choice of the captain himself, who, in all probability, would have entrusted it to Lloyd's agent, or to any one rather than to the consul who was opposing and annoying him.

In adopting the foreign system of first and second class consulates, the Committee appears to us to have ingeniously obviated a difficulty which will occur to any one who has experience in these affairs. A gentleman holding a second-class consulship may be admirably fitted for the post by his familiarity with the language, the customs, and the resources of the place, and yet may justly desire to be promoted to a first-class consulship after a certain term of years' service. Similar embarrassment has lately occurred in the French administration in their distribution of first and second class prefectures; and the newly-adopted practice of conferring the rank and emoluments of a first-class préfet on a person holding a second-class préfecture, if his public service had been long and meritorious, instead of transferring him to a new and strange sphere of power, has, according to the last 'Budget,' been resorted to with the best effect. We hope that no official punctilio will prevent the analogous proposal of the Committee respecting our consuls from being at once accepted and acted on. One strong case in favour of some such scheme will strike any careful reader of this evidence.

Such are the main conclusions of the Committee which will be brought before Parliament in due course in the coming session. A complete solution of the question can scarcely be expected to result from a Report founded on such accidental and hap-hazard evidence as was produced. As we before stated, no first-rate statesman tendered his testimony, and the one on the Committee never attended after the first two sittings. The Chinese and Levantine portions of the service were by chance as well represented as they could have been after any procrastination; but there were several others which were feebly exhibited, and some not at all. The South American section deserved far more attention and a far more distinct report respecting its future organization than it has obtained. The consul-generalships of South America have hitherto been regarded, not exactly as diplomatic 'refugia peccatorum,' but as asylums for those who are hopeless of success on a more important and more conspicuous theatre. A weak protest is all the reproach that this abuse obtains in the Report, and the Foreign Office will hardly abandon so convenient a practice with so little pressure: and yet it surely ought not to continue. The envoy

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envoy looks on himself as shelved, and thus enters on his new duties in the worst possible state of mind, and the whole consular service think they are deprived of their just rights: if these posts are to be purely diplomatic, they should not retain their consular designation a single day. This point and others would have been well investigated if the Committee had thought fit to postpone their Report till the present year. The Foreign Office would have been just as capable of dealing with cases of palpable grievance, and which could not brook delay, as it is now; and a little additional responsibility must have been a cheap price to pay for a thorough exposition and final settlement of the subject. As it is, we anticipate some good results, attained with difficulty, but hardly 'the sound and permanent organization—the true economy which justly remunerates efficient service—and the contentment of the officers engaged, and of the country that employs them,' which the sanguine Chairman foreshadows in the concluding paragraph of the Report.

ART. IV.—*Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858.

THOUGH the work of Cardinal Wiseman is of slight importance, the subject of which it treats is of extensive interest. Every year we can trace more clearly the influence of the Papacy on the politics and religious institutions of Europe; and having passed in review the history of the two first Popes of his series, we now complete the task by a sketch of the reigns and characters of the two which remain.

In the conclave which assembled on the death of Leo XII. Cardinal Castiglioni was, in sporting phrase, 'the favourite'—the slang of the turf naturally suggests itself on the occasion, for scarcely the Derby in this country is the subject of more bets and lotteries than the succession to the Chair of St. Peter in the Roman States. At the preceding election his cause had been warmly espoused by the leading powers of the Continent, and he was known to have obtained more suffrages than any but the successful candidate. Although a stanch churchman, he stood high in public esteem as the advocate of a moderate policy, and indeed it was this character for moderation, backed by the support of Austria and the friendship of Consalvi, that on that occasion had caused his rejection by the party of the 'Zelanti.' But now a great change had taken place. At the close of each Pope's reign a reaction may generally be observed in favour of an antagonist system. Leo

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Leo had in no respect belied the reputation which raised him to the throne: as a reformer, as a disciplinarian, as the champion of ecclesiastical supremacy he had been uncompromising. But the result was blank disappointment. The Sacred College had discovered that a despotic Pope was as little to their taste as a *too* powerful minister. As a ruler he had governed without success, as a reformer he had toiled in vain; he had lived unbeloved, and he died unlamented. His hostility to Austria had been so marked, that for a considerable portion of his reign no ambassador from that court had resided at Rome. But the cabinet whose domineering spirit was then the object of jealousy was now regarded with hope and confidence as the bulwark of social order. Cardinal Albani, the representative of Austria, was believed to be absolute master of the conclave of 1829. But whether his influence would have extended to the elevation of one who was wholly unacceptable to the Sacred College cannot be known. Cardinal Castiglioni was of spotless character, and was generally designated by the wishes of the assembly, and if he had any secret enemies their opposition was stifled by the reflection that his health was irretrievably broken and his days were numbered.

On the 23rd of February the Cardinals assembled for the election of the future Head of the Church. It was not till the 3rd of March that Cardinal Albani joined his colleagues, and the conclave was thought to be unusually short when it terminated before the close of the month. How under the circumstances it was protracted so long is the wonder of the uninitiated. But perhaps greater haste would have looked like precipitation, and would have shocked the prejudices and the vanity of many who wished at all events to be treated as if they had pretensions to the vacant throne. On the morning of the 30th, which it was generally felt would be the decisive day, Cardinal Vidoni, whose portly figure and sonorous voice may be still remembered by many English travellers—the wit, the bon vivant of the Sacred College—stopped as he left his cell to attend the scrutiny in the chapel, and eyed with compassion the Guardia Nobile on duty at the door. The officers of this corps are so far interested in the election that he whose good fortune it is to wait on the future pope obtains promotion and a donative. The cardinal, who was under no illusion as to his own claims, and probably thought with honest Sancho that if it rained tiaras from heaven none would fit his massive head—exclaimed in a tone of comic pity, 'Povero sventurato, io ti compatisco!' ('Luckless youth, I pity thee!'). The cardinal's prognostic was verified: in the course of a few hours the window was broken through, and Albani as senior deacon

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deacon proclaimed Pius VIII., not to the usual crowd, but to vacant space. A sudden and violent thunderstorm had dispersed the most intrepid and curious of the inquirers after news. The style adopted by the new Pope doubtless indicated his feelings of gratitude towards his early patron; but it was also dictated by circumstances which hardly left him the liberty of choice. Pius VII., who highly esteemed him and looked to him with hope as his successor, used jokingly to refer matters of future consideration to 'your holiness Pius VIII.;' and Leo had excused his preference of a title to which other associations were attached with a graceful compliment to Cardinal Castiglioni, for whom he said the title of Pius VIII. ought to be reserved. On this occasion Cardinal Wiseman observes: 'To say the truth, one does not see why, if a Jewish high priest had the gift of prophecy for his year of office, one of a much higher order and dignity should not occasionally be allowed to possess it.' It is too common in the present day for Christians of all denominations to suppose that if they 'do not see why' any fanciful hypothesis of their own should be false, they are justified in assuming it to be true, and in tacking it on as 'a rider' to their creed. But without pausing to discuss the relative importance of the place appointed by God to the Jewish high priest in the old dispensation, and that assumed by the Pope for himself in the new, we beg to suggest to our English ultramontanists that it is too late to invent fresh papal pretensions in the present day, and that if it had been advantageous to the Holy See to assert the power of vaticination, the claim would have been made at least a thousand years ago.

Francesco Saverio Castiglioni was born in the year 1761 at Cingoli near Ancona, of an honourable and ancient family. In his person he was tall and thin, his features were strongly marked, and might have been pronounced handsome, but for a cast in the eye which gave them a harsh and sinister expression. He was distinguished early in life by his application to the study of canon law. He was a pupil of Devoti, then one of its most eminent professors, and assisted largely, it is said, in the compilation of his great work on that subject. He was named to the see of Montalto by Pius VII. in the year 1800, and was constantly consulted by him in all ecclesiastical matters of difficulty. To the Bishop of Montalto was referred the examination of the documents relating to the marriage of Jerome Buonaparte, then under age, with Miss Paterson, an American Protestant—an union which the First Consul vehemently desired to annul, and the absolute invalidity of which he asserted with a confidence and impetuosity well calculated to take the dependent Pope by storm. It is to the honour of Pius and his adviser that in disregard

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disregard of political interests and of orthodox prejudices, they supported the cause of the defenceless bride. The Romish Church to her credit, though she 'abhors,' as we shall see presently more at length, all marriages with persons of a heterodox creed, does not sanction licentiousness by annulling marriages contracted in good faith, on the plea of difference of religious creed. It is also said that the Bishop of Montalto warmly opposed the Pope's journey to Paris to crown the new Charlemagne, the favourite measure of Consalvi, by which he hoped to save the sacerdotal tiara in the wreck of the temporal crowns of Europe, but which of all the acts of his life does least credit to his sagacity. He thought to ride on the crest of the ascending wave, and did not see that the bark of St. Peter was too heavy and cumbrous for the part assigned her by her pilot. It is creditable to the great minister that the irritation which the disappointment of his long-cherished scheme occasioned him did not affect his friendship for his faithful and more clear-sighted counsellor. Monsignor Castiglioni received a cardinal's hat in 1816; he was successively translated to Cesena and to Frascati, and ultimately was appointed Grand Penitentiary.

The new Pope was inured to intellectual labour, his habits were methodical and industrious, and his temper was said to be unambitious. He had numerous relations, but was determined to confirm the precedent of self-denial already established. In the early part of the conclave which had elected Leo XII., the leaders had nearly agreed among themselves to elevate Cardinal di Gregorio, but his known attachment to his brother and nephews induced them to revoke their determination. Pius VIII. would not betray the confidence reposed in him; he would even outdo the example of his predecessor, who had not scrupled to secure to his relations such advantages as he thought might be permitted without incurring the charge of nepotism. He wrote an affecting letter of farewell to his family, in which he deplored the heavy burden imposed on him, requested their prayers, deprecated the display on their parts of pride or pretension of any kind, and conjured them to remain at their posts.

Cardinal Albani, when he came forward in his place to perform the 'first adoration' which precedes even the announcement of the election to the public, was immediately declared Secretary of State; but whether his nomination was the spontaneous result of the Pope's judgment or gratitude, or merely the fulfilment of a previous compact, must be left to guess.

The Cardinal Giuseppe Albani was nephew to the Cardinal Giovanni Francesco, Pius VI.'s minister at the time of the French invasion, and so long the object of French vengeance and persecution.

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secution. He was the head of his princely house, and together with his uncle's estates and rifled museums, inherited his claims, his resentments, and his principles. He was opposed to French interests, and would sometimes, M. Artaud tells us, clamour for the restitution of his property in a way which the French embassy thought highly indiscreet. On one occasion, when the 'corps diplomatique' were collected in the ante-room of the Emperor of Austria, at the Quirinal Palace, during his visit to Rome in the year 1819, Cardinal Albani, in the hearing of the whole company, attacked M. Artaud, then Secretary of the French Embassy, and demanded the restitution of his property from the legitimate government, unless they meant to stand sponsors for the acts of the imperial spoiler, and to constitute themselves the receivers of stolen goods. 'What avails it to tell me,' continued the cardinal, 'as I have often been told before, that my statues are inventoried, my pictures are numbered, my books are catalogued?' At this critical moment the embarrassed secretary looked for aid to his principal in vain. The Ambassador, M. de Blacas, thought fit to be absorbed in fixed attention on the door of the Imperial cabinet, which was momentarily expected to open for his admission. Just then M. de Gennotte, the Secretary of the Austrian Embassy, a man whose portentous obesity gave an air of grotesqueness and caricature to all his movements, came slowly forwards in the direction of the disputants. Dropping his head and fixing his eye with an air of deep abstraction, as if utterly unconscious of their presence, he gently pushed the cardinal on one side and the secretary on the other, and thus, to the infinite surprise and amusement of the whole party, stopped the discussion* by interposing the barrier of his unwieldy person. Whether his interference were designed or accidental it was impossible to guess from his manner, but nothing could be more opportune. The cardinal's attack was too earnest to pass for a joke—his plea too true to be gainsaid. Evasions in the presence of so many unfriendly witnesses were very embarrassing, and the plain truth, which was that the restored sovereign dared not incur the unpopularity of restitution, could not be told. The cardinal was Austrian by judgment, by inclination, and alliance, for he was related to the imperial family through the house of Modena. Though well stricken in years (he was born in 1750, and consequently had reached his 80th year), he had preserved all the energy and vivacity of youth, and if scandal did not belie him, some of its habits. If he had little learning he had strong natural talents, much experience of the world, ready wit, unusual powers of con-

* Vie de Pie VIII., p. 26.

versation,

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versation, and that perfect tact which familiarity with various classes of society alone can give. His family connections and his wealth gave him an ascendency which his talents alone might have failed to procure for him, and a substantive independence which few cardinal secretaries could boast. He was not in priest's orders, and was not held by public opinion to that rigid decorum which it now exacts from those who have undertaken the administration of things spiritual. He was a cardinal of the old school, a layman who had put on the livery of the church to secure the dignities and emoluments of her service. He was an aristocrat in his habits and in his sentiments, and somewhat (it is said) of a latitudinarian in practice and discourse. He could not have procured his own election, but he could create a Pope. Had he been a few years younger he would in spite of his defects have been the best minister of state the Pope could appoint. He had no fortune to make, no enemies to depress, no supporters to reward. In the latter respect he resembled his master. The Pope was singularly fortunate in being free from those clouds of hangers on who usually gather round their patron on his elevation, intercept the rays of favour, and close the avenues of access to his person.

A sovereign whose brief reign has barely allowed him time to manifest his good intentions and raise his people's hopes, but none to betray his weakness and excite their disappointment, is apt to obtain too large a share of the historian's praise. But at least Pius VIII. is entitled to the credit of a good beginning. If he made no professions in favour of reform, he did his best to prevent the recurrence of abuses. He let the law take its course; the Uditor Santissimo, by whose agency causes are evoked from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals to be submitted to the arbitrary decision of the Pope, had in his days a sinecure: no instance of partiality or jobbing can be urged against him; and had his reign been prolonged, it is possible he might have corrected many of the worst abuses of the administration by suffering them to fall into desuetude.

In matters of a purely ecclesiastical nature he yielded to none of the Zelanti themselves in the zeal and energy with which he fought the battles of Rome. The encyclical letter which it is usual for the Pope to address to the Church on his accession contains a violent denunciation of the Bible Society and all other associations for propagating the Gospel; and in the many ecclesiastical discussions which were crowded into his short reign it is difficult to detect the character for moderation which was supposed to have retarded his advancement. In fact, between the most arrogant and the most moderate of Popes it is but

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a question of time, means, opportunities: the end of both is essentially the same—the exaltation of the Roman See; and the only limit of papal encroachment is lay endurance.

The first great triumph of the Romish Church which signalized the new reign, the so called Catholic emancipation, is one to which Pius contributed nothing, and his predecessors much less than even the little which their eulogists can venture to claim for them. Considered with reference to this country, the measure was at best but a choice of evils; and of these, not the least was the injury it inflicted on the characters of public men, and the fatal precedent it introduced that measures may be carried by ministers who profess to think them unnecessary or inexpedient. We are not now concerned with the verdict which history will record on the conduct of the two eminent statesmen who passed the Relief Bill. But the problem is yet unsolved in this country how Roman Catholics can advantageously be admitted to political power, and many of the popular delusions and prejudices which then prevented a reasonable discussion and satisfactory settlement of the question still subsist. The long previous dispute, which had been carried on for nearly half a century, though it had done much to exasperate the passions of both parties, had done little to enlighten the judgment of either. In their mutual repulsion both had diverged equally from truth.

In favour of Emancipation it had been usual to urge with the utmost exaggeration the dangers of denial, and the absolute safety, the utter unimportance of concession. It did not seem to be perceived that the arguments were inconsistent, and that the necessity of emancipation, if admitted, proved its importance and possible danger. The powers of wit, and even buffoonery, were exhausted to throw ridicule on the terrors of the country parson quaking in his shoes at the distant thunders of the Vatican. And although the reaction had begun which was to make the struggle with Rome the great question of the day, Popery, already refreshed and gathering its strength, was represented as an effete superstition which must yield to the progress of education, and to which none but those who were piqued into consistency by persecution could adhere. Even now there are many who refuse to be taught by experience that Popery has two distinct phases, and that the Maëlstrom at high and low water is not more different in appearance and operation than the Romish Church in times of lukewarmness when she has no point to carry, and the same Church when she has much to struggle for, and is enabled to play the part of bigotry and zeal.

The opponents of Emancipation on their part committed a great error when by the assertion of unreal dangers they afforded an excuse

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excuse for unfounded security. It is true that the spirit of the papacy is unchanged and unchangeable, but its action varies according to the changes of the society on which it has to act. Rome's strength lies in her plastic power, resembling an elastic garment which always adapts itself to the anatomy of the body it enfolds. Till Europe has gone back much further in her retrograde course, there is no fear that Rome should revolt the moral sense of mankind by singing Te Deums to celebrate a treacherous and wholesale assassination, or by enforcing 'the damnable and heretical doctrine' that sovereigns excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed and murdered by their subjects. The true danger is that in every country, Protestant or Catholic, and to the utmost extent the age will bear, the Court of Rome will advance the power of the clergy and the pretensions of the Holy See. Thus in Germany Pius VIII. and his successor have disturbed the arrangement regarding mixed marriages which had subsisted since the Thirty Years' War; the present Pope has availed himself of the revolutions of 1848 to obtain better terms for the Church from the perplexities of the Roman Catholic Cabinets; and an archbishop of Turin has ventured to refuse the sacraments of the Church to a dying cabinet minister, because he had carried out the policy which was dictated to him by the legislature of his country.

It might have been foreseen by all who were not blinded by party spirit, that the Relief Bill would not bring content to Ireland. The promise to be contented is one which never was kept by mortal man, and in the present instance, when the granted boon conferred no benefit on the priesthood, the real victors, except the power of promoting ulterior objects, contentment was impossible; again, it was only too sure that the priests would succeed in entirely breaking the tie between landlord and tenant, and in establishing their own absolute control over the peasantry; above all, it was clear that the selfish agitator would not voluntarily lay down the wealth and the power which his position as leader of discontent secured to him, but would spare no effort to falsify the pledges which the Irish Romanists were ready (not perhaps without sincerity at the time) to give of their future gratitude.

Such were the real difficulties which should have been candidly admitted by both parties, and, if possible, providently obviated. But there is another cause which, quite as much as party violence and wilful ignorance, confuses our legislation on the subject of the Roman Catholic Church. It is, in plain words, that the people of England do not know their own minds, or rather, they desire incompatible objects—restraint and liberty. It is very doubtful whether any Parliament which Sir R. Peel

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could have assembled in 1829 would have sanctioned measures of sufficient stringency to put down the great instrument of agitation, the 'Catholic Association;' and still more whether public feeling, even amongst the most zealous anti-Catholics, would have tolerated the rigours necessary to suppress a rebellion, whose standard bore the watchword of right of conscience. This good-natured inconsistency was especially remarkable in the Papal aggression. The country from one end to the other was in a ferment. The insult was intolerable. 'Something' it would do. But to enforce the existing though almost obsolete laws it was urged would be unfair; to enact new ones of adequate stringency would be persecution; and the result of debates of insufferable feebleness and length was a bill—a mere 'brutum fulmen,' which meant but little, and permits that little to be daily violated with impunity.

The only middle course is one which was scouted by the majority of the statesmen at the time, and was then, as it is now, singularly unpalatable to the people at large—we mean a contract with the Pope to define the limits within which he shall confine his interference, and to regulate the relations between the Roman Catholic clergy and the Protestant Government. In one word, a 'Concordat.' It must be remembered that even Roman Catholic sovereigns find the unrestrained action of the Papal See incompatible with the independence of the civil power; and hence, to prevent the disputes of the earlier ages, concordats have been stipulated. In 1815 the Protestant governments of the Continent perceived that if when the Pope is friendly the free exercise of his claimed supremacy is intolerable, it cannot be less objectionable when he is hostile; and they too, including Hanover, hastened to conclude concordats. No doubt a concordat at the best is but the least of two evils. There is much to be said against it, but nothing that is not equally strong against 'complete toleration' altogether. Sir Robert Peel considered a direct application to the Pope as 'derogatory to the dignity, the character, the independence of England.' He did not see that to treat with the Bishop of Rome on this point is not to acknowledge he has jurisdiction in things spiritual, but simply to acknowledge that certain persons in this country think he has it, and that this opinion is no longer to debar them from political power. If, however, the Ministry had seen the necessity of treating with Rome, they would not have dared to propose so unpopular a measure; nor would negotiations with the Irish Roman Catholics have been less distasteful to the country: they had moreover at various times been talked of, and even tried; but on the eve of victory the agitators would accept no compromise, and it was obvious to all who had the

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the slightest knowledge of the subject that no stipulations would be binding to which the Pope was not a party.

The result was concession, without stipulation or restriction. It was all that the Pope and the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy could wish, and gave them and their polity an unlimited power of development and aggression. Pius VII., in the first years of his reign, tormented by the exigencies of the Roman Catholic states, complained that the heretics were the only people who allowed him peace or comfort. Great Britain now is the chief haven of rest for the Papal court. The presence of a Protestant Government ensures concord between the Pope and the national Roman Catholic hierarchy. They satisfy him by admitting in theory his absolute supremacy, and he gratifies them by permitting them to direct its action. They have availed themselves of it to carry their own objects and cement their own power; they have employed it to defeat the Government scheme of education, though carefully framed so as not to give rise to religious jealousies; they use it to keep up agitation, to excite disaffection, and to foment the religious animosities which every Administration has laboured to extinguish, but without which the zeal of their flocks might cool down to an unprofitable level. The natural bias of the Court of Rome is to support authority and to promote order, but it can see only with the eyes of its own agents, and finds it necessary to support them even when it disapproves of their violence.

It is a question of deep interest how far at any future time, when the public is grown wiser, it may be possible to retrace our steps and redeem the past. Our only hope is in the Roman Catholic laity, who having in the first instance employed the priesthood to gain a victory of which they themselves reaped the sole profits, now find themselves excluded from power unless they will be content to be the slaves of their former instruments. The great names which for years stood foremost in the ranks of those who fought the battle of emancipation are driven with insults from the hustings. Even the Roman Catholic landlord finds himself an object of aversion and distrust to his own tenantry if he fail to conciliate the priesthood. All patronage and influence in the Catholic body he has lost, except so far as he makes himself the instrument of their will. The whole tendency of the Roman Catholic system when left to develop itself freely is to subjugate the laity. The Church claims the new born infant from the hour of his birth, she takes possession of his conscience at his confirmation, and as far as he owns the control of conscience, directs his acts. She hears his confessions, pronounces his penances in this world, decides his doom in the next, and prolongs her dominion after death by shortening at pleasure

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pleasure his expiatory pains in purgatory. Her struggles for power are unintermitting, her attacks on his purse incessant. In dealing with him she opposes system to impulse, and brings the most refined and complicated organization to bear on the irregular resistance of individual will. The civil Government is the expression of the aggregate power of defence possessed by the laity; and even when the Government professes what he considers a heterodox creed, it is the Roman Catholic layman's only ally against the encroachments of his own church. The time may perhaps be still distant when the great body of the Roman Catholic gentry in Great Britain will discover their true position in this respect; but we can see no other termination to the troubles of Ireland, no other solution to the yet unsolved problem how a Roman Catholic minority may concur harmoniously with the Protestant majority in promoting the good government of the community.

We have already alluded to the subject of mixed marriages, which in the time of Pius VIII.'s successor ripened into such a prolific source of discord. But it was Pius himself who gave the decision on which the subsequent quarrel was grounded. The Prussian Government had extended to its Rhenish provinces the regulations with respect to mixed marriages which had long been received in the eastern part of its States. The rule was, that the children were to be educated in the religion of the father, unless some other arrangement were made by private agreement between the parents, and the Romish priesthood was by law forbidden to extort, previously to the marriage, any promise or engagement respecting the education of the children. In the Rhenish provinces the population were bigoted and the priesthood proportionally intolerant. Toleration, it must never be forgotten, cannot be admitted by the Roman Catholic as a principle. He may submit to it as a necessity, or if his good feelings are stronger than his logic, he may approve it from impulse; but if he conscientiously believes that all who disagree with him must be 'perdurably fine', it is his duty by fair means or by foul to impose his faith on all whom he can reach. The Archbishop of Cologne felt himself strong in the bigotry of his flock, and he applied to the Pope for advice, or, in plain English, for a sanction to his resistance to the Government. Pius was vain of his knowledge of canon law, and he is supposed to have been the principal framer of the apostolical rescript in reply. The document is curious, inasmuch as it illustrates the present position and the general principles of the Church of Rome. In the first place, he lays it down as a broad principle that the Church 'abhors' mixed marriages. In his own States, where he wields the secular as well as the spiritual sword, he shows

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shows this abhorrence by sequestration of goods, exile, and such other persecutions as may be needed to produce conformity. In countries such as those to which the brief refers, where the Church must condescend to persuade, the clergy are admonished to represent to their flocks the extreme sinfulness of such marriages, and to remind them that out of the pale of the holy Roman Church there is no salvation. But if, notwithstanding, persons will persist in uniting themselves to heretics, the priest is bound, in defiance of any prohibition from the civil power, to insist on securities that all the children shall be brought up in the faith of the Church, as the sine quâ non condition of her blessing on the union. Even this is a concession. But Rome will go one step further. If, in spite of remonstrances and entreaties, the parties choose to enter on this unhallowed alliance without satisfying the Church, and without obtaining her sanction, she is too wise to visit them with interdict, which might drive them into defiance or desertion. She acknowledges the validity of the union, and permits the priest to be present as its witness and registrar, provided he stands by in sullen displeasure, and abstains from sign or word which may be construed into sanction or approbation of the rite.

M. Artaud, who in his biographies shows himself the apologist of Pius VII., the eulogist of Leo XII., but the positive idolater of Pius VIII., is at a loss whether most to admire the firmness and wisdom or the mild spirit of concession which marks this document. To us its great merit appears to be the skill with which it is endowed with an infinite pliability to adapt itself to the circumstances of all time. It depends on the temper of the laity whether the concession means everything or nothing. If the people are docile, the Church has carried her point; if they are refractory, she can subsequently, by some temporary or local indulgence, avert the scandal of permitting marriages in which she takes no part. She had not miscalculated her strength. In the days of Pius's successor, the Archbishop of Cologne defied the Prussian Government. He was arrested by its order, and thus cheaply acquired the flowery crown of modern martyrdom. The Chevalier Bunsen negotiated and squabbled with the Roman Government, and finally amicable relations were interrupted—we can hardly say war was declared—between Prussia and the Court of Rome.

Without any assistance from the Government, the laity always have it in their power to defeat this and other similar pretensions on the part of the Church. An instance of successful resistance occurred within our own knowledge. A wealthy banker, somewhat advanced in age, inhabiting one of the principal cities of the

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the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and professing the Greek faith, was the accepted suitor of a young lady of very noble birth at Florence. The preliminaries were all arranged; the civil contract was signed. The marriage had already been solemnized according to the Greek rite; the religious ceremony according to the Romish Church alone remained to be performed. The Archbishop of Florence stipulated that all the children should be brought up in the Romish faith. The bridegroom refused his consent, and announced his determination of immediately returning to his own home. The bride could not do otherwise than accompany him. But her conscience was alarmed by the remonstrances of her confessor, and she made repeated efforts to induce her husband to accept the conditions on which alone the sanction of the Church could be procured. He was obdurate: if not a man of strong religious convictions, his obstinacy was such as to justify the proverbial reproach cast on his country. Good and earnest people were not wanting who interfered to widen the breach, and render domestic comfort impossible. At last the mother of the bride declared that the marriage, without the sanction of the Church, was void, and that she could not allow her daughter to live in a state to which she could not decently give a name. The imperturbable bridegroom replied, his wife must use her own discretion, and might leave his home at her pleasure, but he would not resign her fortune, which the laws of Tuscany placed in his power, nor would he allow her one farthing of alimony. Submission was the only course left. The Church gave her blessing. The children are schismatic Greeks, and the union of the parents has never been troubled, at least by religious dissension.

In our own country the Roman Catholic clergy have pursued the course marked by Rome for their German brethren. For many generations the custom had prevailed that the children, according to their sex, should follow the religion of their parents, and much comfort had been enjoyed under this pact of equality and mutual toleration. This arrangement the Roman Catholic priesthood have opposed of late years, and, except in a few instances, with success, and will continue to do so as long as it pleases the Roman Catholic gentry to play at being tyrannized over by their clergy.

The last months of Pius VIII.'s brief reign were disturbed by the first throes of that earthquake whose fitful convulsions have never since ceased to agitate Europe. In July, 1830, the imprudence of Charles X. hastened a struggle which perhaps was inevitable, but in which the aggressor forfeited the sympathy of the world and the chances of success. With the results of the 'glorious days of July' (glorious now no more) we are no further concerned

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concerned at present than as they affect the Church of Rome. Charles X. had so identified his cause with that of the 'parti prêtre,' and the unpopularity of that party had been so effectually used to excite disaffection, that the overthrow of the elder branch of the Bourbons brought on something like a persecution of the Church. The new Government found it necessary to gratify the triumphant demagogues—perhaps it best consulted the interests of the Church herself—by not espousing prematurely and too openly her interests. Restrictions were imposed on the costume of the clergy and the services of the Church, and edicts against the monastic orders, especially the Jesuits, were issued. The usual questions of Church prayers for the new sovereign and oaths of adhesion to the new order of things were pressed on the clerical body by the legislature, and set at variance their conscience and their interests. The party of the 'constitutional clergy' revived; and they, together with the 'anti-papalists,' and the so-called philosophers, hostile to all 'establishments,' and perhaps to all religions, would not have been sorry to provoke the High Churchmen into resistance and schism.

The Archbishop of Paris sent a private agent to consult the Pope, or rather (from the known political opinions of the agent it may be inferred) to obtain his sanction for acknowledging the new dynasty. M. Caillard has left his own account of his mission. M. Artaud thinks his narrative cannot be accurate, because he represents the Pope as having ordered for him a 'fauteuil,' whereas he is wont never to allow to the greatest ambassadors anything but a 'tabouret.' It is natural this objection should occur to a diplomate of so many years' experience; but however tenacious the Pope may be of etiquette at state audiences, it does not follow he should place any limit to his condescension in an interview on business with a man of no rank and invested with no public character, whom he only desired to place so that he might most conveniently hear his observations.* M. Artaud also objects that, in reporting the Pope's conversation, M. Caillard makes him employ the first person singular, contrary to his invariable custom and that of his predecessors. But this blunder should probably be attributed to want of observation rather than intentional infidelity. There is perhaps some exaggeration of the warmth and freedom with which the envoy represents himself as having addressed the Pope; but, with this exception, the dialogue recorded is highly probable. Pius, however he gratified his feelings of respect for legitimacy, or his love of power, by affecting

* Mr. Townshend, in his interview with the Pope—obtained for the purpose (if we rightly understand him) of converting His Holiness—represents himself as having been treated with not less distinction.

hesitation,

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hesitation, must have foreseen the necessity of ultimately acquiescing in the new order of things; and it further appears that his politic Secretary of State, though quite willing to allow his master time to settle the matter with the canon law as he might, saw clearly that the only chance for preserving the peace of Europe was to strengthen by all means the new dynasty, and was quite determined not to compromise the Holy See by encouraging the French clergy to refuse acknowledging a sovereign whom all the potentates of Europe had acknowledged. And thus it must ever be. All allies are apt to attend exclusively to their own objects; but Rome, who identifies her interests with those of religion (this is no 'snarl,' as Cardinal Wiseman calls it, but her own statement of the fact), makes it a point of conscience to do so. In earlier days, when the Pope was strong enough to give away thrones, he might choose his side; now he can only adopt the victorious party. Such it is clear must be his policy; and Gregory XVI. made it the avowed principle of the Papacy by the brief 'Singulari Nos,' which he published in the first year of his reign. Henceforth the Roman Court acknowledges the Government de facto, without expressing any opinion as to its rights (Wiseman, p. 434).

The revolution in Belgium, which was said to be so much fomented by the Roman Catholic clergy, if not by the Court of Rome, cannot be supposed to have been disagreeable to the Pope, nor, it might be thought, could he have been much afflicted by the revolt of Catholic Poland against heterodox Russia; but Pius's instinct as a sovereign was stronger than his feelings as a Pope. He dreaded the success of the Poles as the triumph of republicanism; and the general instability of all existing institutions, which these two events indicated, alarmed him greatly. Nothing at that time seemed more problematical than the success of the new Citizen King in stopping the progress of the revolution which had placed him on the throne; and, if the mania for innovation spread, no European sovereign had more to fear from the discontent of his subjects than the Pope. He is said to have been much affected by the death of the King of Naples, in whose character he had confidence, and to whose firmness he trusted to maintain the peace of the south of Italy. The reign of Francis was short, and his life had been singularly unhappy. His abilities were above the average; his temper was mild, and his intentions upright; but he had been placed in positions from which it was impossible to escape with credit. Twice he had been compelled to take the reins of government as they dropped from his father's hands, and again to give them up. On the last occasion, when King Ferdinand came back in the rear of the Austrian

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Austrian army, the 'Alter Ego' was reduced to the alternative of maintaining a hopeless rebellion or of appearing to betray the constitution he had undertaken to defend. It is said that on his visit to Paris in the early part of the year, he alone had been consulted by Charles X. on the subject of the fatal Ordonnances, and that he had earnestly sought to dissuade him from his dangerous purpose. When the result was made known at Naples, the King was at his villa of Quisisana, near Castellamare, in strict retirement. He read the dispatch alone in the garden. Some anxiety was felt at the unusual length of his absence, and his attendants, on proceeding to search for him, found him stretched on the ground in a fit, with the fatal paper grasped tightly in his hand. Such was the commencement of the illness under which he sunk early in the following November.

Pius had not long to brood over his fears or indulge his regrets. His ill-health had been aggravated by the cares of government. His sufferings, which were constant, are said to have irritated a temper naturally sweet into peevishness and fretfulness. His end was evidently approaching. He sent for Monsignor Tesoriere, and obtained from him the settlement of a small pension on one old and attached servant who had been his nurse in all his long illnesses. This was the only act of favour shown in his reign to relations or favourites of his own. On the 30th November he was released from his sufferings, and the See was again vacant.

On the demise of a Pope the Cardinal Camerlengo takes the helm of government. He proceeds with the College of Cardinals to verify the body of the defunct. In the presence of all, the fisherman's ring is broken; and coins are struck, bearing his arms 'Sede vacante,' to establish the reality of the interregnum. In the name of the State he puts his seal on all the effects which are found in the papal apartments; and hence the neglect—the destitution almost it may be called—in which many of the Popes are said to have died. All about the court who have any claim or any power to pillage, rush to secure their prey; and every hour devoted to their dying benefactor is so much detracted from their own share of his spoils. It was commonly said that the surgeons who embalmed the body of Leo XII. were actually obliged to borrow the linen they needed for their purpose from the hospital of Sto. Spirito. Never to our apprehension are the inconsistencies of the Romish system so prominently brought forward, or the extravagance of its pretensions so painfully exposed, as at the death of a Pope. The idol is proved a mere mortal. He who has held the keys of the Church's treasury of merits, with an unlimited power of dispensing them, is now himself a suitor for her alms. He

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He receives absolution and the viaticum (the communion under one species only) like the meanest layman. The recent spread of ultramontane opinions, backed by the decorous lives of modern Popes, is leading fast to the doctrine that the Head of the Church must *ex-officio* be saved. In the middle ages insulted humanity demanded the admission of the possible damnation of a Pope; and Dante, the most uncompromising supporter of the papal *office*, revels in anticipating the retribution which awaits the crimes of the *man*. In modern days there is a strange confusion in the feelings with which the defunct Pope is regarded by the populace, and a strange contradiction in the aspects under which he is presented to their view. In Pagan times the Roman senate, it is said, sometimes doubted whether the deceased emperor should be deified as a god or stigmatized as a tyrant: a deceased Pope is subjected to both extremes at once. It may be that his mortal remains are greeted with hisses and threatened with outrage; yet little prints of him are hawked about which represent him kneeling in the air, miraculously transported in ecstacy; and portions of his apparel are sold by his domestics as charms against disease. His body is transported in a litter guarded by the horse-artillery, and rattled along the streets at a hand-gallop at nightfall, to prevent the possible violence of popular indignation, and it is exposed in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament on a sloping bier dressed in pontifical robes, while the feet are protruded through the iron grating that the sole of the slipper may be kissed by the devout crowd of worshippers. For nine days with varying rites the *novendiali*, or funeral obsequies, are continued with the utmost pomp and pageantry: during the latter portion of them the body reposes beneath a colossal catafalque—one of those miracles of ephemeral architecture which Rome only can conjure up; and there all that the Church has invented to secure the repose of the departed spirit is performed in turn by the highest dignitaries that are left to her in her widowed state. The concluding scene is in painful contrast with all this lugubrious splendour. In the evening, when the church is cleared of all spectators, the Sanpietrini (or workmen habitually employed about St. Peter's) hoist the coffin, in which the body is now enclosed, to a temporary resting-place above the canons' door, on the left hand of a side aisle of St. Peter's, there to remain till his successor comes to take his place. The operation is, of course, not intentionally irreverent, but the utmost care can scarcely keep it decent. On the night of 29th December, 1830, Pius VIII. was deposited in the plaster sarcophagus vacated by Leo XII., who was transported to the place of permanent rest, selected for himself, before the altar, and

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and near the reliques of St. Leo, to whom, as his 'celestial patron,' without reference to Christ, whose vicar he claims to be, he suppliantly commends himself, 'humilis cliens' and 'hæredum tanti nominis minimus.'*

On the day following, the cardinals, with the usual ceremonies, entered the conclave at the Quirinal. At the death of Pius VII. Monsignor Mazio had produced a brief, written by the Pope in the year 1821 under the pressure of great alarm at the increasing power of the Carbonari, urging the cardinals to revive the ancient canonical mode of election by 'acclamation,' and, without going into conclave, to give a Head to the State without the interregnum of a day. At that time there seemed no pressure sufficient to justify such a departure from the usual course; but now such counsel would have been most precious. It was not merely statesmen and diplomatists who felt the urgency of the crisis, the public at large anticipated with hope or with fear that every hour would bring forth some result of the machinations and conspiracies which notoriously were carried on. 'What are they waiting for?' was the impatient exclamation of the well-wishers of order, as the crowd returned every morning from the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, on seeing the smoke which issued from the funnel of the chapel stove and announced that the balloting papers were burnt—a certain sign that the scrutiny had been abortive. The people were restless. 'Pasquin,' the organ of the public feeling, was taunting and bitter. Leo's unpopularity was still fresh in the memory of the populace. In allusion to his hated name, one morning, a paper affixed to the statue addressed the conclave thus:—

> 'Beasts you are, and a beast you'll make,
> But don't make a Lion (Leo) for mercy's sake.'

Cardinal Wiseman deprecates the injustice with which conclaves are represented by Protestant writers; and, though he allows a certain amount of human fallibility as indicated by differences of opinion, he altogether denies the admission of human

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* The following is the inscription composed by himself and corrected by his Latin secretary:—

'Leoni Magno
Patrono Cœlesti
Me supplex commendans
Hic apud sacros ejus cineres
Locum sepulturæ elegi
Leo XII.
Humilis cliens
Hæredum tanti nominis
Minimus.'

passions

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passions and interests within these sacred precincts. If conclaves have been calumniated, Roman Catholic writers of all degrees, from cardinals downwards, must bear the blame; for it is from them our accounts are derived. But without calling in the testimony of history, Cardinal Wiseman must own that had the regulations of the election been designed to promote intrigue, they could not have been framed more effectually for the purpose. The required majority of two-thirds, the secret ballot, the 'accessus,' or amended and supplementary ballot, the veto of the great Catholic Powers, make the complications infinite; and if the Italians were the most ingenuous people on the face of the earth—and among the Italians the Roman hierarchy were remarkable for their straightforwardness and simplicity—nevertheless the election of a Pope could not be managed without a good deal of dexterity and address. The first object of every 'leader of a faction' is to obtain the command of a sufficient number of votes (one more than one-third of the cardinals present) to form an 'Exclusive,' or the power of preventing an election. Having gained this vantage ground, he can negotiate, and propose expedients and compromises at pleasure. And so unexpected sometimes are the results to which these intrigues give rise, that, besides the probable objects of choice, the 'Soggetti papabili,' every man who is not conscious of some strong ground of exclusion is justified in thinking that possibly by some strange chance he may be the accepted of all parties, though he is the chosen of none. Hence a protracted contest produces in the assembly an intensity of desire, called in Italy the 'rabbia Papale,' which extends even to those who in cooler moments supposed themselves beyond its influence. Cardinal Giustiniani at one time received so many votes, that his election seemed imminent; but Cardinal Marco interposed the exclusion of Spain. Giustiniani was supposed to have incurred the resentment of that court because he was nuncio at Madrid at the time when Leo XII. resolved on acknowledging the independence of the South American provinces.* But, if such was its motive, the veto was injudiciously given; for the true author of the obnoxious measure, Cardinal Cappellari, became now the most probable subject of the conclave's choice. It was in his favour that he was a monk, inasmuch as the two preceding elections had fallen on members of the secular clergy. Without any express agreement or fixed rules of alternation, the papal nominations are pretty equally divided

* Cardinal Giustiniani seems to have behaved with great dignity on this occasion. Cardinal Wiseman's account is a mere translation of that given in Moroni's Dictionary; but the letter is valuable, as it must have been dictated by Gregory himself.

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between the two great divisions of the Romish Church; and it was generally understood that this time the monastic orders would succeed in placing one of their body on the vacant throne.

Bartolommeo Alberto Cappellari was born at Belluno in 1765. He had entered the order of Camaldoli at St. Michele di Murano, and on that occasion had taken the name of Mauro, by which he was usually designated. On coming to Rome he had resided at the convent of S. Gregorio. He was a professed theologian, the author of some controversial works on divinity, and had received his hat from Leo as a reward for the dexterity with which he had concluded the Concordat with the King of the Netherlands. His character generally inspired confidence. He was not a man of extensive views, nor of a high order of intellect; but he was not deficient in sound sense nor in good intentions. He was sincerely devout, steady in his attachments, a warm friend and not a bitter enemy. He was general of his order, but he had never received a mitre, and had not the acquaintance with the world which the management of a diocese imparts. The Sacred College relied probably on his choice of a secretary, and perhaps had taken a previous pledge from him on this subject. On the 2nd February the 'joyful tidings' were announced that Cardinal Cappellari was elected Pope, and (doubtless in compliment to the patron saint of his convent) had taken the name of Gregory XVI.

On the 4th he was crowned. The ceremonies of the papal coronation are very gorgeous and imposing; but the 'funzioni' of the Romish Church are too long—they want unity and breadth; they are frittered into minute parts, and spoiled by ill-judged repetitions. The general effect is marred by that air of slovenliness which M. de Pradt tells us the French clergy censured in their Italian brethren. The subordinates, generally speaking, play their parts without earnestness or dignity; they have a rolling gait, and seem afflicted with a chronic catarrh. It is finely conceived that the chapter of St. Peter's should receive the Pope at the door of the Basilica, intoning 'Tu es Petrus,' and they precede him up the nave, chanting 'Ecce magnus Sacerdos.' The procession is gorgeous beyond description. No earthly state can equal the grandeur of the Pope's approach. The fans of peacocks' feathers wave before him. The bearers of the 'sella gestatoria' rival the smooth and equable advance of machinery. None who have witnessed it can forget the majesty with which Leo signed the cross and showered his benedictions on the kneeling crowd. But Gregory's appearance and deportment contrasted unfavourably with those of his predecessors. Coarse and vulgar features, especially a large and ill-shaped nose, destroyed all dignity of expression. It is said

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said the motion of the chair made him dizzy; his eyes seemed closed, and he dared not look on the people whom he desired to bless. The emphatic signing of the cross dwindled into devious and irregular motions of the hand, which looked like ineffectual attempts to brush the flies from his face. Nothing can be finer in conception—not even the slave placed behind the hero of an ancient triumph—than the symbolical admonition addressed to the Pope at his coronation. A light pile of flax is presented to him, and is suddenly ignited as the procession stops. The blaze flickers high for an instant, and then sinks down in a few black ashes; while a loud, sonorous voice chants, 'Sancte pater, sic transit gloria mundi!' but this ceremony is repeated three times, and thus loses much of its impressiveness. The least striking of the rites of the coronation is the 'adoration,' but it is that which displays the greatest amount of anti-Christian pretension. A cushion is placed for the Pope to sit upon the high altar, and there he receives the third 'adoration' of the Sacred College. The height of the footstool had been ill-calculated, and Gregory was compelled to raise himself to his seat by the assistance of his two hands, much as a schoolboy perches himself on a flat tombstone. The ceremony is tedious and languid. Each cardinal advances in turn; he kisses the new Pontiff's foot and hand, and receives the kiss of peace. The coronation itself takes place in the presence of the whole people, who fill the vast Piazza before the church as far as the eye can reach. The Pope appears at the central aperture of the 'Loggia,' preceded by his fans, and borne on his chair. The senior cardinal deacon puts the crown on his head; but the words of pride which he utters in doing so can scarcely be heard, pronounced as they are by a feeble old man:—'Holy father, take this tiara adorned with three crowns, and know that thou art the father of emperors and kings, the governor of the world, and the vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth.' The first act of the new sovereign is to pronounce the benediction. It is said that Braschi's clear metallic voice was distinctly audible, in the profound silence, to the remotest parts of the vast space. But even in dumb show the ceremony is very striking. The Pope makes three crosses in the name of the three Persons of the Trinity, and elevates both hands to heaven. This done, he seems to sink back into his seat; and, in the midst of the uproar of all the bells of Rome and all the artillery of St. Angelo, the pageant recedes from view, like a retreating vision of phantasmagoria; while signal guns, repeating each other all along the coast of the Mediterranean, announce that the Bishop of the world from the centre of his vast diocese has given his solemn blessing to his flock—the whole human race.

Nothing

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Nothing can be more contrary to the spirit of the Gospel than this scene of pomp and pride: but pride is wonderfully gratifying to man's imagination, and hence the danger of making that which ought to be the sober business of daily life a matter of fancy—of morbid sentiment—of poetical or picturesque taste. The imagination is captivated by what ought most to revolt the reason; and unhappily she is allowed by many to domineer in a province into which she never ought to be allowed to intrude.

It was a bright sunny day when Gregory XVI. gave his first benediction; but his heart must have been full of heaviness and fear. The news must have reached the Government—it circulated as a vague rumour among the crowd—that the Legations were in revolt, and Bologna had declared a provisional government. The festivities of the carnival were at hand. On the first day of the masquerade the usual preparations were made, when suddenly it was announced that the carnival was stopped. Carriages were prevented entering the Corso; masks were forbidden; even the museums were closed, and remained shut to the public during the rest of the year. It was rumoured a plot had been detected: the accounts were vague and contradictory, the details highly improbable; but there were no means of ascertaining the exact truth. The conspirators, defeated in their proposed object, whatever it was, but bent on an explosion of some sort, made an attack on the guard at the Post-office (then in the Piazza Colonna), without, as far as appeared, any definite object, or any prospect of success. It has been said, and has been contradicted, that some one was wounded in the fray. The only sufferer whose injuries were verified was the Portone (or door of entrance for carriages) of Prince Piombino's palace. It retained the marks of one or two musket-shots, and was visited for some days afterwards by the curious, as the only credible witness of the reality of the conspiracy. But contemptible as this abortive attempt might be, the danger was real, and the situation of the Papal Court in the highest degree critical. The secret societies, against whom the three preceding Popes had exhausted the language of spiritual and temporal commination, were numerous, and widely extended. Secrecy is a formidable weapon. Secret societies are scarcely believed to exist by unconcerned spectators (of whom our countrymen are always the most incredulous), and by those whom they are framed to intimidate and coerce they are believed to be all but ubiquitous and omniscient.

The earliest and best known of these societies was that of the Carbonari. It is said to have been formed by the persecuted remnant of Neapolitan republicans who, in the time of Murat, fled for refuge to the mountains of the Abbruzzi and the Cala-

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brias. There, as a disguise, they adopted the denomination of the rude inhabitants of the district, who were charcoal burners, and, as the slang of their sect, they employed the technical terms of the charcoal trade. Sworn enemies of the priesthood, they seem in the first instance to have been followers rather of Rousseau than Voltaire, professing themselves the disciples and avengers of Jesus Christ, whom they called the first victim of regal tyranny, and whose passion, Botta * tells us, they celebrated with strange mystic rites. But subsequently those members of the sect with whom history makes us acquainted appear rather to have professed indifference or infidelity. For a time they intrigued with King Ferdinand, towards whom they were drawn by a common hatred of King Joachim. But in the year 1815 they took part with Joachim in his desperate attempt to maintain his position by proclaiming the unity and independence of Italy, and after the restoration of the legitimate sovereign, Carbonarism was propagated with great success. General Pepe tells us, in his strange Memoirs, that it had spread widely through the ranks of the army, and that when he appeared on parade he was frequently greeted with the secret sign of recognition by the soldiers under his command. He seems to think it creditable to both parties that they were leagued together to dethrone the sovereign whose pay they received, and whose rights they were sworn to defend. In the year 1817 they seem for the first time to have excited the alarm of the Papal government by a conspiracy at Macerata. In 1820 and 1821, when the abortive revolutions in Piedmont and Naples broke out, there was no rising in the Papal States. Cardinal Wiseman attributes this inaction to the contentment of the people, but, in fact, the people, properly so called, had little to do with these movements. It is more probable that the revolutionary party, as they themselves assert, were prematurely forced to take arms in the north and south, and that their preparations in central Italy were incomplete. Pius was under no illusion as to the security of his states; in the greatest alarm he hastened to take active measures of precaution and to hurl anathemas against political societies. Leo XII. on his accession was beyond measure irritated, both as spiritual and temporal ruler, at the position these associations had assumed, and not without cause. Signor Farini tells us that in Romagna political assassinations were frequent, and could neither be prevented nor punished. 'The secret societies were more powerful than the government.' The mission of Cardinal Rivarola, his attempted assassination, the military commissions and their

* 'Storia d' Italia,' dal 1789 al 1814, vol. iv. 258.

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unfortunate results, have already been mentioned in our notice of the biography of Leo XII.

The first year of Gregory's reign witnessed the rise of a new sect, which soon began to play a prominent part in its subsequent troubles. Giuseppe Mazzini, compelled to fly from Genoa, his native country, conceived the design of organising a society for the regeneration of the peninsula, under the name of 'La Giovine Italia.' No man above forty years of age was admissible into its ranks; the task of resuscitating Italy was to be confided only to the young. It was not less hostile to the priesthood than its predecessors, but it seems to possess more plastic power of adapting itself to the fancies of its followers, whether fanatical or atheistical; it is better suited to the tastes of the educated, and appeals more effectually to the dreamy mysticism of the age. Its designs were more vast. Its author aspired to comprehend within its pale all other associations; but the result has been nothing but dissension and discord. And this sect has, more than any other cause, contributed to defeat the hopes of real reformation in Italy. While more reasonable patriots would be content with the remodelling of existing institutions and the federation of the present divisions, the new sectaries will admit of nothing less than the entire unity of Italy—a republic, one and indivisible in its constitution, and in its form the purest and most absolute democracy. One innovation of Mazzini's is very important. The care of organizing conspiracies is transferred from the malcontents within the States to the exiles without, and by this removal of the focus of intrigue to a foreign country, the mischiefs of chronic rebellion are increased in two important particulars. On the one hand revolts are planned by committees who do not share their dangers, and who derive advantage even from the defeat and punishment of their own agents—for thus the mutual misunderstanding between the people and their rulers is exasperated; on the other, foreign countries are placed in a dilemma which every year renders more embarrassing. Either they must refuse hospitality to those who demand it in the name of misfortune, or they must permit their territories to become the centre of conspiracies against friendly powers and the asylum of political assassins.

Gregory and his predecessors were much blamed for encouraging, as a counterpoise to the increasing mass of disaffection, the sect of 'Sanfedisti,' whose origin and purpose may be most aptly explained by the analogy of the Orange Lodges in Ireland. Against the principle of thus supporting regular government by voluntary associations unacknowledged by the law, the liberal writers have not perhaps said too much. But,

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on the other hand, not all the grandiloquence of the papal briefs can overstate the mischief which is inherent in all secret societies. They render the present unbearable, and the future hopeless. While the ancient order of things subsists they aggravate the ills of misgovernment, and, in fact, prevent all government but that of brute force. In the day of revolution Italy has found to her cost that by over-riding all governments they make reformation and reconstruction impossible. Their organization, shrouded in mystery, is framed in mutual distrust, and enjoins mutual espionage. By exacting the surrender of individual responsibility and the sacrifice of conscience to a blind obedience, they destroy the moral sense: by attempting to rule their members and to influence the community by fear, they imitate the worst faults of the despotism they reprobate, and debase the national spirit which it is their professed object to regenerate. Doubtless there is much of mystification and mummery in the machinery they employ to affect lively imaginations and timid temperaments; but there is quite reality enough to make them an object of just terror to the quiet and well-disposed. In Leo XII.'s time there were executed in Rome two men for an assassination to which the society of Carbonari had ventured to give a judicial character. One of these, Montanari, was a surgeon; the other, Targhini, was the son of Pius VII.'s cook, who had attended him in his exile. Once before this worthless youth had fallen into the hands of justice, and had been rescued from the galleys by his father's entreaties; but Pius, in granting his pardon, had predicted that he would make no other use of his liberty than to incur a still more ignominious punishment. These two men decoyed one of their companions to a solitary place, where they stabbed him, and left him for dead. He was found alive by the police, and denounced his murderers and the society to which they belonged. Their papers were seized, by which it appeared that he had been tried in his absence with an insolent parody of legal proceedings, and was sentenced to death with a mimicry of the formalities of law. His two friends had been appointed his executioners, and to the best of their power had fulfilled their bloody office. They were sentenced to the guillotine. Early on the morning of execution they were brought to the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, near which the scaffold was erected, in order to receive the consolations of religion. But they steadily refused the sacraments. All day long by turns the most experienced and zealous 'confessors' endeavoured to convince their understandings, to awaken their fears, or to soften their hearts. They reasoned, they implored, they wept in vain. The convicts were determined to 'die

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'die game,' and their resolution was inflexible. At sunset the patience and the strength of all present were exhausted. The reluctance of the Church to proceed to execution under such circumstances is extreme. It was not till a special messenger had been despatched and had returned from the Vatican that the delinquents were brought on the scaffold. They endeavoured to address the crowd, protesting they died martyrs to their political creed; but their voices were drowned by the drums of the guard. Their bodies were cast out of the city, as of men excommunicated by the Church, and without funeral rites were thrust into the earth beneath a fragment of the ancient wall called the Muro Storto.

No fresh error of the Papal Court nor any personal unpopularity of Gregory XVI. can be charged with exciting a revolution which, in fact, broke out before his election was known. The hopes of the disaffected had been exalted to the utmost pitch by the French Revolution of 1830, and they only waited for a declaration in favour of non-intervention, which it was expected Lafayette would extort from the new government. When at last the French Sovereign was induced by the pressure from without to announce his adhesion to this abstract principle, but without any real intention of maintaining it by force of arms, he could hardly have failed to see the dangers he created to existing Governments or the pitfalls he was preparing for their discontented subjects. The Republicans everywhere interpreted the declaration in its fullest sense, and blazoned it abroad as a complete triumph. With characteristic levity and impetuosity they did not pause to consider whether it really amounted to an assurance that France was prepared to go to war with the whole of continental Europe in order to afford them leisure to complete their revolutionary schemes. They took counsel from their hopes, or rather from a party in France which believed itself more powerful than the government, and was willing to precipitate revolutions in Italy and Poland, on the speculation of thus acquiring strength to force the executive into the active intervention which it desired for its own ends. Republicans can be as selfish as despots.

As the readiest means of strengthening his position, the Pope endeavoured to inflame the loyalty of the capital, which already among the populace stood at fever heat. He showed himself in public and went in pontifical state to several churches in Trastevere; but the enthusiasm he encountered was so ungovernable that it excited his alarm. By a solemn edict he denounced the 'tripudio,' as he designated the tumultuous march of the mob, whose loyalty was nearly as subversive of order as revolution itself; he felt the danger of drawing the 'population into the streets,' and thus far he was wiser than his successor.

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The populace were, as usual, intolerant. The French were especially obnoxious as the supposed representatives of 'liberal' opinions, and the French students were liable to be insulted when they ventured beyond the precincts of the Villa Medici, in which their warlike president, Horace Vernet, had intrenched himself. A moustache was then thought to be the outward symbol of republican opinions, and on one occasion an inoffensive stranger, who had unwittingly ventured within the limits of Trastevere with this obnoxious appendage, was stopped by certain popular ringleaders and taken to the shop of a barber, whom they compelled to shave him. They then dismissed him with the assurance, 'Now you have the face of a Christian man; but if ever you disfigure it again by turning it into the muzzle of a beast'—the speaker, by drawing his hand horizontally across his throat, gave him to understand the fate he was to expect.

Throughout his States the Pope turned to account the popular feeling in his favour by enrolling volunteers and obtaining recruits for his puny standing army. Under the circumstances the Government could not be nice in the choice of soldiers, and we can readily believe they did not venture to enforce a very strict discipline on their partisans. The republican government of Bologna subsisted long enough to show its inaptitude. The president, Vicini, a lawyer, published a manifesto—feeble, diffuse, and pedantic—in which, from his eagerness to embrace every possible accusation, he enumerated as grievances matters so trifling as to throw an air of ridicule over the reasonable subjects of complaint. Sercognani, who took the command of the army such as it was, did not display more energy or talent. The two sons of Louis Buonaparte—the present Emperor of the French and his elder brother—forgetful of the hospitality which the Pope alone of continental sovereigns had extended to them, repaired to the rebel camp, but were coldly received by the malcontents, who feared their presence might give umbrage to the new ruler of France, and failed to perceive that nothing could make Louis Philippe more hostile than he was already to the cause of revolution in Italy. All was disorder, distrust, and confusion. The native republican leaders were loudly accused by their own party of venality and corruption. 'Certain it is that the languor, the improvidence, the childish security, with which they conducted their operations, could not be exceeded even by the timidity and precipitation with which the papal authorities in most instances surrendered their trusts. Civil war, so conducted, resembled a game of children. Ancona capitulated without a struggle to the republican general. On the first summons the principal provincial towns hastened to establish a provisional government, and the papal

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papal authorities, military and ecclesiastical, were the first to take post and bring the news of their disgrace to their employers. On the other hand the Bishop of Rieti, at the head of a few dependants, triumphantly defended the town and drove back the insurgent forces. The capital was harassed with rumours of engagements which scarcely amounted to skirmishes, and in one instance it was positively asserted the hostile forces had kept up a fire at each other from the opposite sides of a valley, without once having approached within musket range. Whatever hopes the most sanguine may have derived from the outbreak of the revolution must have been dissipated in its progress, and few among impartial spectators could have felt anything but relief when the bloodless intervention of Austria restored the ancient government on the basis of a general amnesty. A few only of the ringleaders were punished with exile. Acts of severity it was understood would not be agreeable to Austria, who was glad to diminish the odium of intervention by taking on herself the part of mediator.

The Pope had applied to the Austrian Cabinet for assistance, not without the privity of the French Government, who were beyond measure anxious to trample out the flames of revolutionary war in Italy. The other great powers of Europe, not less desirous to maintain the general peace, and willing to conciliate public opinion, proposed a conference on the internal condition of the Roman States. Besides France and Austria, Russia, Prussia, and even England, sent their representatives. France more especially had a debt of justice to discharge towards the malcontents, whom she had encouraged; and England had begun, under the direction of Lord Palmerston, that system of intermeddling which has brought on her the accumulated hatred of Europe. The result of the congress was the famous 'Memorandum.' It recommended a reform, administrative and judicial, not confined to the revolted provinces, but coextensive with the Roman States—a popular form of municipal government by means of elective councils, and a popular administration of finance.

Louis Philippe was obliged by his position to make an ostentatious display of liberality, and Austria sincerely approved, and to the end of Gregory's reign continued to advise, such reforms as might pacify the Roman provinces. But it may be doubted whether any of the five powers, except England, desired such innovations as the 'Memorandum,' in its largest sense, might be construed to recommend. In its strictest interpretation it implied far more than the Pope intended to grant, even when in his first panic he issued his edict to assure his rebellious subjects that his reign should be the beginning of a new era. He promised, hesitated, temporised,

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temporised, negotiated; but in the mean time, no sooner had the Austrian troops repassed the frontier than the Legations again rose in arms. This time the moderate party made themselves masters of the movement. They endeavoured to restrain the revolutionists within the bounds of allegiance, and to negotiate with the Pope for the execution of the 'Memorandum;' but in vain. The violent party refused even to acknowledge the Pope's authority so far as to allow the national guard to wear his colours. The moderate party, always powerless in revolutions, was utterly inefficient even for the ordinary purposes of government. Licence and anarchy prevailed; the mediating powers, not sorry to escape from a position no longer tenable, sanctioned a second occupation of the Legations by Austria. From this course England alone dissented, on the plea that a full execution of the 'Memorandum' had not been tried. The Austrians advanced, and the provincials, weary of anarchy and willing to show their preference of any troops to those of their sovereign, received them with acclamations. Soon afterwards occurred the strange piratical occupation of Ancona by the French. It was executed by surprise, and in the name of liberty. The hopes of the republicans were roused —the papal government was alarmed and indignant. It seems to have been a measure extorted from Louis Philippe by the national party in France, who desired to have a counterpoise to the increased influence of Austria, and to make a demonstration in favour of the republicans. But with whatever intention it was forced on the Government, Louis Philippe subsequently turned it to his own purposes, and in its results it was favourable to the Pope. The French were a check upon the Austrians, and both supported the papal government till both vacated the country together in the year 1838. France desired no payment for her aid, and Austria could not demand what France declined to receive.

The Pope enlisted in his service two Swiss regiments, amounting to about 5000 men, and henceforth the chief object of his policy seems to have been to preserve the existing order of things. No reforms could be attempted by a weak government whose whole energies were concentrated in a struggle for existence. The smallest change which Gregory could have effected would have disgusted his supporters; the largest he could offer would not have conciliated his enemies. The Memorandum operated unfortunately. Those who desired only the administrative reforms it recommended, were led to seek them by allying themselves with the Revolutionists; those who desired revolution were enabled to mask their designs by joining the clamour for administrative reform. Even the improvements of material civilisation adopted by other countries became

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became associated with the ideas of political change, and were advocated and opposed by the two parties with reference to that ulterior object. Thus by the one gas was identified with intellectual light, by the other with the torch of the incendiary. Railways were desired by the reformers, as if they could be constructed without labour and capital, and as if they were the necessary cause of the industry, the wealth, and intelligence of which they are rather the expression and the result, while by the Roman conservatists they were resisted as the harbingers and instruments of anarchy and revolution.

This uneasy state of things was maintained, though with yearly increasing difficulty on the part of the Government, till the close of Gregory's life. We shall not attempt to narrate the senseless and abortive insurrections in Romagna and elsewhere, equally wearisome in their details, and equally disastrous in their results, which alarmed his declining years and preluded the convulsions which for a time overset the throne of his successor.

The first secretary of state appointed by Gregory was Cardinal Bernetti, who had already proved himself a man of ability when employed in the same capacity by Leo XII. The Cardinal Secretary had been wont to fill the place held in the ancient French and Spanish courts by the 'First Minister,' who frequently under this title became to an indolent prince nothing less than 'maire du palais.' By the advice of the Congress this custom was altered, and two secretaries were named, the one for foreign, the other for internal affairs. But as no decided superiority of rank was reserved for the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, it was necessary that he should retain it by dexterous management and the judicious choice of a pliant colleague. The first person named for the new office was Cardinal Gamberini. He had been a lawyer, and comparatively late in life, at the restoration of Pius VII., had entered the ecclesiastical career as being then the only remaining road to wealth and honours. But though in dress a churchman, in his habits and modes of thought he was a lawyer still. Astute, unscrupulous, grasping, and tenacious, he sought office for its solid advantages, and to retain it he was willing to work hard and endure much. As it is not the etiquette of the papal court to dismiss a cardinal secretary, the Pope is often much perplexed in devising means to get rid of an unacceptable minister. Gregory soon found himself in this position. Cardinal Gamberini became aware that he was distasteful to his master, and that his place was desired for a rival who was rapidly advancing in His Holiness's good graces. But he would understand no hint—he would perceive no slight, he would resent no insult—his patience was evangelical. At the time when the disgrace

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disgrace of the minister was pretty generally foreseen, a prelate in his department who had been subjected to some mortification waited on him to acquaint him that he had tendered his resignation. The Cardinal heard him with patience and shook his head. 'You have done wrong—you should never resign.' The prelate explained more at length his motives. The cardinal again shook his head. He pointed to the crucifix which fixed his writing table. 'When I am mortified or irritated,' he said, 'I fix my eyes on that image and derive comfort and support.' The prelate was amazed: he had not suspected that His Eminence drew his consolations from so sacred a source. 'How do you interpret,' continued the minister, 'those letters over the Saviour's head, I N R I? *I* read them thus, Io Non Rinunzio Impieghi' (I never resign employments). Strong in this support, he clung to office with a tenacity that baffled his unwilling employer. He seemed even to enjoy the embarrassment he occasioned. The Pope's patience at length gave way. One morning, after a long conversation with a trusty confidant, he descended with hurried steps into the Cardinal's apartment. In a quarter of an hour he returned, with a clearer and more cheerful look, but with a manner still agitated, and a deeper flush suffusing his ruddy brow. The Cardinal was found calm and collected, and with a smile of peculiar meaning on his lips he prepared to quit the apartments he never entered again. Cardinal Mattei, who was appointed to fill the vacant office, was a man of very mean origin, and remarkable for little but his pliancy and servility. Lambruschini not long after succeeded to Bernetti, and with Mattei for a colleague retained his place till the death of his patron.

Cardinal Lambruschini was a native of Genoa: his parentage was humble, and it was by no patronage of the great and powerful that he reached his eminent station. An obscure Barnabite monk, he was raised to the generalship of his order, and subsequently to a mitre, by his reputation for learning and piety; and he is admitted by his enemies to have possessed every virtue of the cloister except humility and meekness. Merits such as his were sure to attract the attention of Leo XII., and by him he was employed and advanced. He had sound sense, a correct judgment, and good intentions; but his monastic education had not fitted him to conduct state affairs at a time of extreme difficulty, and his policy was necessarily limited to the scrupulous maintenance of the existing order of things.

Gregory's greatest embarrassment was finance. The revolt of the Legations occasioned the most violent panic in the treasury, for it necessitated an increased expenditure and cut off the most fruitful sources of income. To meet this double difficulty our author

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author tells us, 'A loan had to be contracted and an external debt created.' [It was said at the time that the terms on which his loan was negotiated were most disadvantageous.] 'Public property had to be ruinously sold, and profitable sources of national income farmed out for a present advantage and eventual loss, and much property belonging to ecclesiastical corporations was enfranchised and its proceeds converted into government funds.' But notwithstanding that temporary relief was thus obtained at the expense of future embarrassment, 'payments of all sorts ran into arrears, whether dividends, salaries, pensions, or assignments' (p. 431-32), to the great distress of all classes of public creditors who were not sufficiently formidable to make their claims respected. But though the revolution originally caused the financial embarrassments which continued to accumulate during Gregory's reign, it cannot be said to justify them. The sums actually seized by the insurgents in the provincial chests were not considerable, and the rebellion did not last long enough to interfere materially with the collection of the taxes; other causes must have occasioned the yearly deficit. In their normal state the Papal finances are liable to abuses which it needs the strong hand of an able administrator to repress. In a time of alarm and confusion, in the midst of temporary expedients and exceptional measures, it is more than probable much waste and malversation must have occurred.

One item that had now for some generations figured in the Papal budget was reprobated by all the most reasonable reformers as immoral, and has been held up to public odium by the Marchese Azeglio in his pamphlet on Roman affairs.* The proceeds of this tax were supposed to be devoted to charity, and were therefore more immediately under the control of the Pope, but the expenses of collection are said to exceed 60 per cent. of the gross amount, and as its moral effects are very injurious, it is but fair to suppose the Pope might have been induced to give it up; but no reform could have been less palatable to the mass of the people—it was the lottery.

It is not so many years since the walls of London were placarded with the advertisements of the state lottery, and the newspapers were filled with its 'puffs.' But mischievous as was the English lottery, its drawings were comparatively few, and the price of even fractional tickets exceeded the means of the labouring classes. In Rome the whole scheme is different. Once a fortnight at Monte Citorio, in presence of the public, five numbers are drawn from a 'Tombola,' containing the numerical series from one to a

* 'Gli ultimi Casi di Romagna.'

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hundred. Previously to the drawing, at the various lottery offices each gambler inscribes his name for what numbers he pleases, and stakes what he chooses on his guess. If two of his numbers are drawn, he gains a vast multiple of his original stake—if three, still more, though in each case much less than, according to the arithmetical odds against him, he ought to receive; and hence the gain of Government. Moreover, as if this was not enough to give aliment to the passion for gambling, the State will play with him on the result of the provincial and foreign lotteries—'Qui si giuoca per Bologna,' 'per Firenze,' &c., is read on the windows of the lottery offices. There are many whose whole life is thus absorbed in one eternal frenzy of play. They neglect all honest industry, they starve themselves and their families, in the attempt to become suddenly rich, and in spite of perpetual disappointment continue to fancy that they are ever about to grasp the golden vision which flies before them. Every event is viewed only as it suggests numbers. Books are published which establish the relation between numbers and natural objects. Thus the phantoms of a dream or the accidents of a walk supply the elements of a lottery speculation. Public sights of all kinds, more especially executions, are frequented by the superstitious for this purpose; the age of the culprit, the number of his crimes, the number of words he speaks on the scaffold, or any other incidents which strike a heated fancy, are treasured up in the memory to be used for the lottery. The almanacks are full of lists of numbers asserted to have sympathetic and mysterious affinities with each other. The spirit liberated from purgatory by the prayers of the faithful is supposed to be particularly anxious to reward its benefactor, and, in its upward flight, has no more ready method than to suggest to him lucky numbers for the next drawing. An English traveller some years ago was surprised at seeing the number of persons walking up and down the cemetery of Santo Spirito with rosaries in their hands reciting Aves for the benefit of the departed. He was struck with admiration of 'their simple faith' and ardent affection for their friends till he was undeceived by his Italian companion. Alas! it was all for the lottery. What dram-drinking is to the body this fatal mania is to the mind—it destroys all health, vigour, and activity, and paralyses at last by the abuse of unhealthy stimulants. But the Italian gambler would be as little disposed to acquiesce in the suppression of his lottery, as the English drunkard in the introduction of the 'law of Mayne.'

In the course of his long reign Gregory spent more money in public works and in additions to the Papal collections than perhaps was warranted by the exhausted state of the exchequer.

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The excavations in the Forum, and other similar operations, were commenced rather for a political than an archæological object. They were designed to secure the attachment of the working classes of the capital by giving them employment; and in this they resembled the works many years afterwards directed by the French Commission for the 'Organisation du Travail,' a likeness which was further carried out by the idle conduct of the workmen, who were perfectly aware they incurred no danger of dismissal by misconduct. In adding largely as he did to the library of the Vatican, Gregory may be thought to have gratified his own taste, for he was certainly fond of literature; but in purchasing the many collections with which he enriched the museums he must chiefly have been influenced by an enlightened sense of the dignity of the fine arts, and the almost political importance they claim at Rome, rather than by his own love of art. It is said that when Pius VII. preferred Zurla, a junior member of the same white order for promotion, one of his advisers, somewhat scandalized, urged the claims of Padre Cappellari. 'Very well,' replied the Pope, 'we will go and see him.' His Holiness was of course received with due honour at S. Gregorio by Cappellari, the superior of the convent. He expressed a desire to see the pictures. 'What pictures? was there any picture in the church his Holiness wished to see?' 'Oh, no! the two famous frescoes in the chapel of S. Andrew in the garden.' The superior had never seen them and knew nothing about them. 'I told you,' said Pius, in returning, 'the abbot of S. Gregorio was better in his convent.' Leo, however, did not allow even the recent promotion of a cardinal of the same order to obstruct Cappellari's advancement, and in defiance of precedent he gave him a hat. Gregory has been accused of inordinate vanity in putting up fulsome inscriptions to his own glorification on all the works of his pontificate. The desire to commemorate what has been done in each reign is inseparable from an elective monarchy. Of the utility of such inscriptions we have already expressed our opinion. But the custom is liable to abuse. In the reign of the late and the present Popes, no ancient monument has been defaced, nor a modern one raised to replace it, not a wall has been built, not a crack has been filled up, without a pompous inscription in the grandiose style of modern lapidary Latin to record the sordid mischief; and though almost as much as was possible of the picturesque beauty of the Campagna and the antique splendour of the city has disappeared under their auspices, no dozen of their predecessors have laid claim to so much gratitude for their taste and munificence.

The political disturbances of Gregory's reign, and the disorders to

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to which in many ways they gave rise, had the natural effect of increasing the numbers and audacity of the brigands, who had received a severe check, but had never been extirpated, in the pontificate of his predecessor. Cardinal Wiseman labours to prove that brigandage is the necessary product of a mountainous soil. We do not question the influence of physical causes in deciding the occupations and modifying the characters of mankind, but happily every man's experience will tell him that brigands are not the necessary results of mountains, nor ribbonmen of bogs, though these natural obstacles to the action of regular troops are the obvious resource of all who are at war with legitimate government. The only two real causes of brigandage are a want of moral education in the people, and a want of vigour in the government. Brigandage was the scourge of mediæval Europe. It flourished longest in those countries which, being divided into many small states, afforded peculiar facilities for escaping from justice. Italy and Germany continued to be infested by organized banditti, when England and France were only annoyed by highwaymen and footpads; and if in Southern Italy the mischief is still rife, the chief cause is that in its remote villages too much of mediæval barbarism is still suffered to linger. From early times the Papal States have always been the chosen resort of banditti. Sixtus V., the swineherd of Montalto, made war upon them with the ferocity of one who had sprung from the class which recruits their ranks, and who knew them well. The French proceeded against them with more than all the rigour of military law—Consalvi endeavoured to dissolve their 'comitive,' Leo to exterminate them. He was determined to make the roads secure for the pilgrims whom he expected to flock to Rome in the holy year, though what, in defiance of Horace's 'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,' he thought the mendicant peasants whom he called to his capital had to fear from the robber, it is hard to say. But to effect a radical cure something more than the vigour to punish and repress is necessary. In the Papal States many causes co-operate to swell the numbers of the banditti. There is a want of employment for the population; the life of the agricultural peasant is hard; and there is no outlet, such as is afforded by the army or navy, for the wilder spirits who are enamoured of a life of adventure and indisposed to the drudgery of labour. Idleness leads to vice, the passions are strong, murder inspires no horror and no remorse, the assassin escapes from the weak, perhaps the conniving police, and flies to the mountains, and there under some experienced capo-brigante graduates in guilt. But the chief cause of the evil is the sympathy of the people with crime, and for

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for this we must in some degree blame the administration of criminal justice, which is not such as to enforce respect or inspire fear. Criminal processes are tedious, their results uncertain and capricious. The execution of capital sentences is often delayed till it appears cruel. The galleys are much the same hotbeds of depravity which our own gaols were not very long ago. The police are corrupt, and the government is not strong enough to be clear-sighted as to the faults of its own agents. 'Sbirro' (police officer) has for ages been associated in the Italian mind with all that is infamous. No respectable man will undertake the office, or if he does, he soon becomes what temptation and public contempt compel him to be. The regulations of the police are in some instances opposed to the dictates of humanity. When a man is struck by the murderer's knife, the presumption of the law is against those who are found near the body, and presumption may lead to a detention of uncertain duration in a loathsome gaol. All fly from the wounded man as if he was infected with the plague, and he is left to languish without help, till the brothers of some confraternity, who alone can approach him with safety, are called. The measures of government to suppress brigandage were ill chosen for the purpose of raising the standard of morality, or enlisting public feeling on the side of the law. Consalvi, to disunite the organised bands, set a high premium on treachery, and thus the idea of good faith and loyalty become associated with perseverance in crime. The means adopted by Pius and Leo, for cutting off the supplies of the brigands, pressed so hardly on the ignorant and helpless population of the district that public sympathy took part with the sufferers. Consalvi at one time had given orders for the removal of the whole of the population of the town of Sonnino. The relations of brigands unconvicted of any crime were imprisoned or exiled to distant provinces. Those who supplied them with food were summarily executed by a military commission without appeal, while perhaps the really guilty, the wretch stained with the blood of countless murders, was enabled to bargain with the weak government for impunity. Thus justice bore the aspect of persecution, and the simple untutored peasantry felt that they were punished for the guilt of others, or at most for obeying the instincts of humanity and natural affection. Above all, the primary education in the Roman States is bad, and in the remote villages is none at all. Religion has degenerated into formalism. The clergy are few in numbers, feeble in influence, and in many cases, it is said, but little advanced in the moral or intellectual scale beyond their flocks, whose ill-gotten gains they share as the price of expiatory masses.

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masses. While such causes continue to give a steady encouragement to brigandage, the most vigorous administration of justice can only check it for a time, and we are not surprised to hear that up to the present time it continues to triumph in the Roman States.*

Twice in Gregory's reign Rome was visited by the cholera. We do not wonder that Cardinal Wiseman gives us no details of these periods: there was little to dwell on with pleasure. The people were affected by the usual delusions and committed the usual excesses of panic terror, and their rulers did not set them an example of courage or wisdom. In a despotic state the sovereign, on great emergencies, is called on to expose his person with a hardihood which, in constitutional governments, would be felt to be unnecessary and improper. At Vienna the Emperor went the round of the cholera hospitals, conversed with the sick, and gave courage and confidence by his example. The Pope, from whom, as head of the Church, still more might have been expected, barricaded himself in his palace, and was believed to spend daily a large sum in sanitary fumigations. When the cholera was approaching, though yet far distant, the government had made a great mistake in the direction it sought to give the public mind. To induce caution it had endeavoured to inspire the greatest horror of contagion. To remove the predisposing cause of illness, fear, and to allay the popular irritation, it encouraged an ungrounded confidence. Popular preachers mounted the pulpit to prove '*theologically*' that the cholera could not attack a city so specially favoured by the Virgin Mary as Rome: thus, when the disease actually approached, the people were led to believe themselves the victims of the diabolical malice of man. Rumours were circulated of poisoners who went about spreading pestilence, and persons whose education should have taught them better asserted that the cholera had been sent by the despots of Europe to diminish the numerical strength of liberty-loving Italy. The prevailing idea of all classes was to seek safety by insulation. In the first panic none would attend the sick but those few who were prepared to die in the discharge of their duty: whole families are said to have perished from sheer neglect. In the country villages the dread of contagion was maniacal. Volunteer cordons were established, and no violence, no cruelty, seemed misplaced, which prevented contact with suspected persons. In a frenzy of irrational terror the populace of Civita Castellana were preparing to burn the carriage of Count

* In cases of sudden death, an inquiry, like our coroner's inquest, presided over by some well-paid officer of high rank and character, would be a great additional safeguard to public security.

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C——, whom they believed to be escaping with his family from the infected capital, and would have effected their purpose if the postilions had not with great gallantry remounted their horses, and dashing through the crowd, conveyed the carriage and its occupants at a gallop out of the town. We must not, however, judge the alarm of the Italians by our experience of the pestilence in this country. Its ravages in Rome were fearful: the dead cart went about at night even among the palaces of the great to remove the corpses of those who had died in the day, and the horrors of the mediæval plagues were renewed. Whether this visitation produced any revival of spiritual religion we cannot venture to say: of formalism and superstitious observances there was a visible increase. Rows of lights might now be seen before the images of dingy Madonnas which never before could boast a single taper, and the walls were covered with advertisements of nostrums for preventing the cholera, which on examination were found to consist of certain combinations of Aves and prayers warranted to be of sovereign efficacy. One practical good resulted from this scourge: the custom of carrying bodies for interment on an open bier was henceforth discontinued, and instead of carelessly and irreverently tumbling them (generally without coffins) into an open vault in the parish church, an extra-mural place of sepulture was provided at S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura.

The portion of the Cardinal's work which contains most of interest and information consists of the notices of learned and eminent men who have lived in Rome during his time; but his portraits all want individuality, and they are drawn as Queen Elizabeth wished to be represented, without shadows. The promotions of Cardinals Mai and Mezzofanti were highly creditable to Gregory's discernment. The services which the one rendered to literature by the discovery and decyphering of palimpsests, and the almost miraculous power of acquiring languages possessed by the other, can hardly be overpraised by our author's partiality. But our author is the first of Mezzofanti's eulogists who has ventured to assert 'that amiable prodigy,' as he calls him, made an adequate use of his acquisitions. It is not indeed to be supposed that he never was enabled to turn to profit his power of addressing almost all believers in their own tongue, but he never seems even to have contemplated any work on the history of languages or grammar, such as the wonderful means at his command would have enabled him alone to complete. He resembled a man whose life is spent in picking locks, but who never finds time to rifle the treasures they guard. The Romans, who are among the wittiest and most clear-sighted people of Europe, nicknamed him Cardinal Pappagallo (Parrot).

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Those amongst us who are old enough to remember a certain Baron Géramb, who in the earlier part of the century figured in London by his coxcombry and his oddities, will be amused to find him reappearing in the Cardinal's pages as a monk of La Trappe, and residing at the Franciscan convent of Castel Gandolfo. The Cardinal further tells us, not as a proof that his eccentricity had turned to downright insanity, but apparently with approbation, that when he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he imitated the love of the Magdalen, by anointing the so-called tomb of the Saviour with 'atar-gul, the most precious of perfumes.' But of all the minor events in these reigns, none have a greater interest in our author's eyes than the creations of English cardinals. Leo XII. had intended to give a hat to Monsignor Baines, but his design was prevented by death. He had also declared in Consistory that he reserved 'in pectore' a foreigner of great talent and learning, whose works had rendered eminent service to religion. This was generally supposed to refer to the historian Lingard; but the Cardinal seems to speak with authority when he tells us that the Abbé de la Mennais was the person designated. Had Leo executed his intention more promptly, who shall say whether the Roman purple would have retained the eloquent visionary within the pale of orthodoxy, or whether the Pope, for the second time* within half a century, would have incurred the scandalous necessity of excommunicating a Prince of the Holy Roman Church? The choice made by Pius VIII. was irreproachable. Mr. Weld, the owner of Lulworth Castle, had not been originally intended for the priesthood, and had taken orders only on the death of his wife; he had always been a zealous Romanist, and had distinguished himself as a benefactor to the Church by his liberality to the French emigrant clergy. His wealth enabled him to support adequately his new dignity, his charity and generosity adorned it. Never perhaps before had so thorough an English country gentleman worn the Cardinal's red stockings; and he became all the more popular among his countrymen by the stories which were in circulation of the difficulty with which he accommodated himself to the rigid etiquettes which segregate a cardinal from the ordinary commerce of mankind. Within the walls of Rome a prince of the Church cannot move for even the shortest distance on foot; on horseback he is never seen, except in the licence and strict incognito of 'villeggiatura.' His coach is scarlet and gilt, unless he belongs to an order which

* The Cardinal de Loménie, Archbishop of Sens, was expelled the Sacred College by Braschi for officiating at some of the parodies of religious ceremonies invented during the French revolution.

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has taken the vow of poverty, in which case it is brown. No ladies, however nearly related, can be seen within his carriage; two clerical attendants occupy its back seat; and three footmen in state liveries cling together behind it. When he enters a church and says his prayers before an altar, his two black companions kneel in a row behind him, and in a more distant row the three footmen, representing the tail of a comet, or more accurately the pattern of a fan-stick. Cardinal Weld is praised by our author for the handsome style in which he lived, and the large parties which, chiefly perhaps for the amusement of the ladies of his family, he used to collect together at his apartments in the Odescalchi Palace. The rules which regulate a cardinal's social habits vary according to his position in the Church. A cardinal not in priest's orders is not bound by restrictions much more rigid than those which affect other persons of advanced age and inconveniently lofty rank. There is no objection to his attending a ball if given by a person of sufficient consequence, but he plays a decorous rubber of whist, or a solemn game of chess, or holds a little court of his own in one of the ante-rooms. It is understood to be by mere accident if he is occasionally carried by the pressure of the crowd within the door of the ball-room. Thus at the time our author writes, Cardinal Cacciapiatti (not in holy orders) might be seen now and then standing on tiptoe within the profane limits to witness the amusement he had renounced when he first assumed the tonsure. Cardinals are more rarely seen in society according to the gravity of the character they wish to maintain, and the dignity of the spiritual rank they hold in the Church. Those who belong to the regular clergy retain the distinctive dress of their respective orders, and seldom appear in public except on great occasions, or at the house of an ambassador, where their presence passes for a political homage to the sovereign he represents. But the most stately and reserved of these cardinals would not admit, nay, he would rather suspect himself the object of an unseemly practical joke if he were offered in society those demonstrations of respect which recent converts to Romanism in this country ostentatiously pay to the hierarchy of their new faith.

The state of the papacy, like that of Europe generally, was one of constant anxiety during Gregory's reign; yet few events occurred that particularly claim notice from his biographer. On occasion of the visit of the Emperor Nicholas the Pope is supposed to have remonstrated with him very freely on his treatment of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. The late Cardinal Acton was the sole witness of the conference, and he never divulged its purport. Our author founds his conjectural

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account of it on the report which was given by an English gentleman, who happened to be somewhere in the palace, of the discomposure of the Emperor when he retired, or as he says 'fled,' to his carriage (p. 510). As this is evidently a favourite passage with our author, we insert it as a specimen of his peculiar style.

'He had entered with his usual firm and royal aspect, grand as it was from statue-like features, stately frame, and martial bearing; free and at his ease, with gracious looks and condescending gestures of salutation. So he passed through the long suite of ante-rooms, the Imperial eagle, glossy, fiery, "with plumes unruffled, and with eye unquenched," in all the glory of pinions which no flight had ever wearied, of beak and talon which no prey had yet resisted. He came forth again, with head uncovered, and hair, if it can be said of man, dishevelled; haggard and pale, looking as though in an hour he had passed through the condensation of a protracted fever; taking long strides, with stooping shoulders, unobservant, unsaluting: he waited not for his carriage to come to the foot of the stairs, but rushed out into the outer court, and hurried away from apparently the scene of a discomfiture. It was the eagle dragged from his eyrie among the clefts of the rocks, "from his nest among the stars," his feathers crumpled and his eye quelled by a power till then despised.'

We are very willing to believe that the Pope expressed himself with feeling and with warmth, but our author forgets that the account which he gives of the matter is founded only on his own inflated metaphors. It is to the credit of his philanthropy that Gregory published a bull against the slave-trade. Cardinal Wiseman says, 'This splendid decree has done more to put down the trade than negotiations or corvettes' (p. 460). It is too true that negotiations and corvettes have in many cases signally failed—we shall be glad if the Cardinal can prove spiritual weapons have been more successful. But whatever may have been the result, at least the Pope did all he could. He was a sounder theologian than his successor. He resisted all attempts to induce him to define dogmatically the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. He knew that the doctrine was incontestably unknown to the early Church, and he hesitated to commit the seat of infallibility to the theory of development. But in no other particular does he seem to have opposed the views of the extreme Church party. In his encyclical letters he thundered against the circulation of the Scriptures; and he denounced the folly, the 'deliramentum,' of toleration with unflinching logic. Together with four other saints he canonized Alphonso Liguori, who had already been beatified by his predecessors, and thus set the seal of the Church to the most extravagant legend that has

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as yet been put forth in her name—a legend which confirms by the most wonderful of miracles the holiness of the Order of Jesus and the guilt of Ganganelli in dissolving it. The act of beatification bears that S. Alfonso remained at one time of his life in a trance in his room for two days, and that on his recovery he announced that he had been officiating at the death-bed of Clement XIV., who was now absolved from the mortal sin he had committed, and was gone to Paradise. This '*bilocation*,'* as it is called, thus saves the honour of both parties, the Pope and the order of St. Ignatius, whom hitherto it had been impossible to defend but at the expense of each other. But probably Gregory could hardly decline to complete the work of his predecessors; and further it is remarkable, as an indication of his real sentiments or of his prudence, that in the 'Historico-Ecclesiastical Dictionary,' which undoubtedly was planned and superintended by him, and the first volume of which probably had an unusual share of his attention, under the article Alfonso, no allusion is made to the miracle. A matter-of-fact list of the theological works of the saint and the dates of his celestial promotions are given, with the methodical brevity of the Army List; but care is taken not to lower the character of the work or provoke the ridicule of Protestants by the insertion of such absurdities.

Gregory was not perhaps of an elevated character; but in less troubled times his good intentions and benevolence would have made him a popular ruler. In all his difficulties he showed constancy and moral courage. His love of justice was strong. He was as little inclined to make the innocent suffer, as to let the guilty escape. In his eyes, to conspire against his government was a crime, which it was his duty to punish. By many it was reputed a merit, and in their judgment of course the prisons were full of 'innocent victims.' Though his habits were regular and industrious, he is said to have been indolent in business, to which he was not accustomed. He seems, from an early period of his reign, to have withdrawn himself from the secular administration and contented himself with the direc-

* This power of being in two places seems to have been exerted by this saint on the most ordinary occasions. He would hear confessions in his study while he was preaching in the cathedral. One of his flock called on him at sermon-time, and, to his surprise, found him at home. He confessed to him, and on leaving the confessional, which was immediately occupied by another penitent, he went straight to the cathedral, where he found the confessor far advanced in his sermon. Moreover, this power has been exercised by S. Francis di Girolamo, and by many other saints, p. 103 ('Lives of Five Saints'). It is quite a common thing. And this is gravely told us by Cardinal Wiseman in the book just quoted, which was printed in the year 1846. Can the Irish Hagiology of the dark ages produce anything so extravagant?

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tion of ecclesiastical affairs. He even declined granting audiences, except on condition that no question of business should be introduced. He was self-indulgent in trifles. He loved good cheer; the state of his health probably made the fasts of the Church extremely painful to him; and the resource of the scrupulous Catholic in such cases is wine. The stories of his intemperance we believe to be utterly unfounded; they were invented by malice, and they gained strength from an affection of the nature of a polypus (subsequently cured) which disfigured his nose. He was charged with the claustral love of hoarding; but it is a matter of praise that in his own personal expenses he was parsimonious, and in the calamities which, beyond the usual average, afflicted the Roman States during his pontificate, the earthquakes, the floods, and the pestilences, he proved himself active, benevolent, and charitable. His views on this subject were more practical and statesmanlike than those of Leo. The latter, in imitation of his great patron Leo I., used to feed twelve paupers daily at the Vatican. If this was meant as a symbolical lesson on the duties of charity, it was too cumbrous an expedient for such a purpose; if it was intended really to diminish the pauperism of Rome, nothing could be more injudicious. No such superstitious observances are charged against Gregory. The matter of accusation most vehemently urged during his life was the ascendency which it was believed his valet-de-chambre possessed over him, and abused for his own corrupt purposes. The origin of that influence dated far back. It is said that when Padre Cappellari was about to be raised to the purple, he saw with affright the necessity of forming an establishment, and of getting together horses, carriages, footmen, and all the paraphernalia of pomp, which he knew not where to procure, or how to maintain. He bemoaned his fate to the barber's boy who was in the habit of coming to shave him, but he, a quick intelligent youth, of superior education, felt none of the helplessness of the cardinal elect, and offered to take the whole burden on himself, if he were duly commissioned. From this time forth he became the most influential member of the Cardinal's establishment. When Gregory was raised to the throne the Sior Gaetanino, now become the Cavalier Moroni, enjoyed not less of his patron's favour. But the extent of his influence must have been much exaggerated, or the use he made of it was misrepresented, for, on the death of his patron, he retired into the strictest privacy, and the modesty of his style of living, and the smallness of his fortune, effectually refuted the slander of common report. He was the nominal author, or rather editor, of the 'Dictionary' to which we have before referred as having unquestionably been planned and set on foot by Gregory himself;

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self; but it is perhaps a proof of the Pope's wish not to connect himself directly with the publication, that the title-page bears the date of Venice. The papal patronage made it necessary for public bodies, and all aspirants to favour, to become subscribers. But this can hardly be counted a grievance. The work appears to be ably executed, and contains a great deal of information which it would cost not a little trouble to find elsewhere; but it has the fault of diffuseness and prolixity; it has already exceeded the 80th volume, and is not yet brought to a close.

Gregory's reign was protracted for fifteen years without any change of system on the part of the Government, and with an accumulating mass of discontent on the part of the people. The barrier which he toiled to maintain might keep the waters of bitterness within limits for a space, perhaps for his lifetime, but the outbreak was inevitable: if the barrier was weakened by concessions, the crisis would be precipitated; if it were strengthened for further resistance, the overflow was not less certain, and might be more destructive. When Gregory, after a short illness, breathed his last, on the 1st of June, 1846, it required no great political wisdom to see that little was left for his successor but a choice of faults. Whether it might have been possible to steer so dexterously a middle course as to grant administrative reform without risking organic change, must remain a matter of speculation. If such a *via media* existed, the unhappy Pius IX. failed to find it.

It cannot be denied that the 'last four Popes,' who have filled with their reigns nearly the first half of this century, are men who had the great merit of acting up to their principles. They have succeeded in extending the authority of the Roman see, in diffusing ultra-montane opinions, and in fostering a spirit of superstition which had been banished from the educated classes of Europe. That all this is unfavourable to the progress of Christianity we do not doubt: how soon in the inevitable reaction it will be prejudicial to Rome herself, we do not venture to predict. It is not our fault that in putting together these biographical sketches we have been unable to make more use of the Cardinal's materials. His volume is more deficient in facts and in details, more utterly meagre and barren, than could have been supposed possible; when it is remembered that the author was actually resident on the spot during the greater part of the reigns he celebrates. It may be that he writes without the aid of contemporary notes. It may be that the times were so critical for the papacy, and the subjects to be handled are so dangerous, that a man of the Cardinal's rank in the Church can scarcely treat them at all, except in the most general manner; or it may be that

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that he knows only just enough of the feelings of the Protestant public to see danger and controversy in all he can say. Had he fearlessly and fully given utterance to his own impressions; had he told us the events of the day and the fears and the hopes they excited in the Collegio Inglese, his book would not have been without value and interest. And had he spoken of his Protestant country with less bitterness, he would have disarmed the hostile criticism he appears to dread. When we consider the aggressive position which the Cardinal assumed in this country some years ago, and which he still thinks proper to maintain by every means in his power, it is idle to appeal to his charity or love of peace. Peace, he makes us feel, is not to be purchased by fresh concessions, or by the toleration of further encroachments. Peace may be hoped for when the Roman Catholic priesthood have learned that nothing is to be got by further agitation, that toleration must be reciprocal, and that they have reached the utmost limit which in justice the English law can allow, or a Protestant people endure.

ART. V.—PUBLICATIONS OF THE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS OF PATENTS, published at the Great Seal Patent Office, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858 :—

a. *Specifications describing the Inventions for which Letters Patent have been granted from the reign of James I. down to that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.*
b. *Chronological, Alphabetical, Subject Matter, and Reference Indices to Letters Patent and Specifications.*
c. *Abridgments of Specifications, arranged Chronologically according to the subject matter of the Inventions, with separate Indices.*
d. *The Commissioners of Patents' Journal, published twice a week.*
e. *Annual Reports of the Commissioners of Patents.*

EVERYBODY is interested in the improvements affecting the industrial products of the country. It is therefore impossible lightly to regard the remarkable series of works of which the titles stand at the head of this article. They have issued from the Great Seal during the last six years, in a copious stream, which, under the direction of the Commissioners of Patents, has been drawn off in a multitude of channels, penetrating the country in all directions, and irrigating it with fertilizing information. These Commissioners were appointed under the Patent Law Amendment Act of 1852, to organise the new plan then introduced. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls,

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Rolls, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General, are ex-officio members, and it so happens that the persons who at the present moment fill the first three of these posts — Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Romilly, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly—are the very men who are entitled to the merit of having inaugurated the amended system.

The propriety of granting patents, if questioned at all, must be questioned on the ground of expediency, not of justice. No one can deny that the man who produces anything is entitled to a property of some kind in the product. If the crude material be abstracted from what may be considered the common possession of mankind, as a pebble from the sea-shore, the labour of the lapidary gives him a special title to the polished article. It is therefore impossible to contend that when a man, by the mere exercise of his intellect, taking nothing from, but on the contrary adding to, the common stock, compiles a book or contrives an invention, he is to have no property in what is just as much a product of his brains, as the polished pebble is of the lapidary's hands. Common honesty demands that he should be allowed to derive some benefit from his own work, and the extent of his interest is determined in this country by our system of copy and patent right.

But while the justice and expediency of a copyright in literature are recognised, prejudices still exist against patents, as if they were a remnant of the old abuse of monopolies by which an individual obtained from the crown the right to the exclusive exercise of some particular trade. Elizabeth, 'moved thereunto by divers good considerations,' did not hesitate to grant to Bryan Amersley the sole right to buy and provide steel within her realm; to John Spilman the power of buying linen rags and making paper; to Schets and his assignees the privilege of buying and transporting ashes and old shoes, to the manifest hurt and detriment of all other dustmen and old clothes collectors. In fact the list of commodities for which exclusive monopolies were granted by the 'iron-willed virgin Queen' is almost interminable. The sale of salt, currants, starch, leather, paper, tin, lead, iron, steel, sulphur, oils, bones, powder, and of a hundred other things, was restricted to favoured persons, who were so rapacious as to feel no scruple in raising the price of their articles 1000 per cent. and upwards. The price of salt, for instance, was raised from 16*d.* per bushel to 14*s.* or 15*s.* The monopolists were armed by royal authority with arbitrary power to oppress the people at their pleasure, to enter houses and search them, and to exact heavy penalties from all who interfered with their prerogative. Monopolies were in truth an excise not fixed by law,

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law, but regulated by the will of a greedy tradesman, who, having bought his right to be extortionate, was in haste to repay himself, and to get rich into the bargain.

It would be needless to dwell on the injustice and impolicy of such a mode of taxation; it is sufficient to say that this intolerable evil was at length remedied in the reign of James I., by the celebrated statute abolishing the system. But even at that period, when men's minds were exasperated by their recent grievances, the prudence, the necessity of granting exclusive patents for inventions was never denied. It was conceded that, if a man devised any new manufacture, it would be taking nothing from the public if they were prohibited for fourteen years from appropriating the discovery. Accordingly by the statute of the 21st of James, power was reserved to the Sovereign to grant royal letters patent, assuring to the inventor the exclusive right over his invention for that limited period, at the expiration of which it became common property. Yet so jealously were all existing rights guarded, that a proviso has always been inserted, making the grant altogether void if it should be proved that any one had publicly used or described the invention before. Even, therefore, after a man had expended his time, his energies, and his substance in perfecting his contrivance, and had obtained a patent to protect it, his possession was not secure. Popular fame has assigned to Richard Arkwright the merit of inventing his celebrated machinery for preparing cotton for spinning. It is not generally known that his patent was set aside because it was proved that the device was not new—and among the reasons which were held to render his claim void, one was that a description of the jenny was contained in a work of Emerson before the date of the grant.* Such is the law, and such it has been since the days of King James; and it is therefore impossible to contend that patents encroach on existing rights, when the moment this is demonstrated they die a natural death.

So far are patents from having a restrictive effect, that they either furnish the world with a new agency, or afford it the means of using an old one more economically. As the invention must be useful, or a valid patent cannot be granted, and as it must be something of which the public are ignorant, it follows that a novel and valuable addition has been made to the existing stock. Meanwhile every one is free to choose between the old method and the new; and assuredly, if the latter is not offered on such terms as make it worth while to adopt it, there will be no

* See the summing up of Mr. Justice Buller—Davis's Patent Cases, p. 129.

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purchasers, when the evil immediately works its own cure. The interests of the patentee will compel him to adapt his price to his market. Checked by the competition of the former system, which up to his time served the purpose of the consumer, he must either offer a cheaper article, or, what is the same in effect, an article so superior that it can be more economically employed. If, however, he should be blind to his own interests, the public may perhaps suffer to a certain extent; but they are only kept out of what they never enjoyed, and the inventor after all cannot play the dog in the manger for a longer period than his fourteen years. Meanwhile, rivals would be stimulated to exertion in the direction pointed out by his contrivance, and would perhaps eclipse it. The persons interested in the subject have at least got a hint where before they had nothing.

Having examined the objections made against patents on the ground of the obstructive character that may be imputed to them, we proceed to describe the mode in which these grants work, and the relative effects produced by them on the patentee and the public. No better illustration could perhaps be chosen than the most famous of all patents, that of James Watt for 'a new method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in fire-engines.' This title distinctly states the object of Watt's invention, and points at its real merit, about which great misapprehension exists, for Watt is often called the inventor of the steam-engine, though steam-engines were used long before his time. When his contrivance was completed, 'being perfectly satisfied in his own mind of its value, he went to London in August, 1768, to make arrangements for taking out a patent for it.' He may be supposed to have begun by making inquiries about the prior patents which had been granted to other improvers of fire-engines. He doubtless knew well all that Savery and Newcomen had done; but he might think it necessary to ascertain if Denis Papin had gone further than people usually thought. He might feel desirous of looking at the specifications describing the fire-engines patented by James Brindley in 1758, by Henry Woodin in 1759, and the fire-engine and boiler patented by Joseph Hately on March 8, 1768—the specification of which was probably enrolled only a few days before Watt's arrival in London. Patents are granted on condition that the patentee shall, within six months of the date of the grant, file a specification which exactly describes his invention. These specifications are written on skins of parchment, stitched together so as to form a long scroll, which is kept rolled up. Many specifications may be contained in the same roll, and it was a matter sometimes of great difficulty to consult them, as a given specification might be at the

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the beginning, or in the middle, or at the end of the roll. Watt would have found that the specifications of patents were kept in three different offices: 1. The Rolls Chapel; 2. The Petty Bag; 3. The Enrolment Office. He must have searched all three to be sure that he overlooked nothing of importance. To each office he probably repaired in turn; and day after day (for searches at that time were long affairs, and there were no indexes to assist them) he would first pay his fee and then patiently wait while the clerk handed him down one by one the big rolls from the dusty shelves. Perhaps after unrolling their long columns of quaint characters he found nothing, because there was nothing to find, and he must have wondered that none of the well-paid officials were employed to make catalogues to save the waste of precious time. Money had equally to be squandered in the investigation. Copies and even notes were forbidden to be taken without an extra payment, and the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1851 showed that a search sometimes required the services of several persons for weeks, at a cost of hundreds of pounds.

The next step was to make application for a patent. This was a process which passed through no less than nine stages and seven distinct offices, situated in different places. Indeed, the object of sending the application through one of these offices was openly stated, in the statute of 27 Hen. VIII., c. 11, to be that the clerks 'should not by any manner of means be defeated of any part or portion of their fees.' If the letters patent were required to extend to Scotland and Ireland, as well as to England, all the proceedings had to be gone through separately in each of the three cases. Thus the same patent may be said to have run the gauntlet of twenty-one offices. So heavy were the fees, that the cost of a patent for the United Kingdom could not be estimated at less than 350*l.*, while the attendant expenses of preparing the specification, &c., often doubled the amount. Under the new arrangements a patent may be obtained by application at a single office, and the fees amount only to 25*l.*

The patent obtained, we have now to follow it into the world. Watt invented his engine with the object of effecting a great saving in the employment of steam-power. And what were the terms he offered to the users of his inventions? A guarantee that the cost of the engine should not be greater than the old one, and that the users should save, at least, half the expenditure of fuel which was before required to do the same work. This was coupled with a proposal, that, if more than half the fuel should be saved, a sum should be paid proportional to the gain. Could any stretch of imagination call a right like

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like this a tax on the public, when the inventor said, 'I save you half your expenses free of charge; if I save you more, let me share in that surplus benefit'? But though Watt and his partner offered these generous terms, it was long before they could tempt the public to accept the boon, and it was only by means of their constant aid that those who employed their engines struggled through the difficulties which ever attend the introduction of a new invention. When these were at length overcome, and the results surpassed all expectation, the troubles of the patentees were far from ended. Their energies and purses were taxed to defeat attempts made to cheat them of their share of the savings effected. The invention was pirated, and the bill of costs incurred in the short space of four years amounted to between five and six thousand pounds!

The more recent patent of the late Mr. Muntz for his yellow metal sheathing for ships is another case in point. It was found by Sir H. Davy that the oxidation and wear of copper sheathing might be stopped by establishing an electric action between certain metals. This was one of those splendid inventions which fail unexpectedly in practice. It was found that when the corrosion of the metal was prevented, the accumulation of seaweed and barnacles increased to such a degree that it more than neutralised the benefit of Davy's discovery. Mr. Muntz turned his attention to the subject, and alloyed copper and zinc, with a slightly larger proportion of the latter than when they are combined for making common brass. This compound was found to oxidise sufficiently to keep off incrustations from the ship's bottom, without undergoing needless waste like copper. It was also much cheaper. In sheathing a ship which required about 84 cwt. of metal, the saving in price was very great, while the durability was increased about 20 per cent. This would seem to have been a captivating invention, and yet it was proved, in a trial where the patent was in litigation, 'that merchants and shipowners were prejudiced against it as an absurd novelty.' * Mr. Muntz was obliged to force his process on shipowners, first by soliciting permission to sheathe their ships for nothing, then by sheathing them below cost price, and guaranteeing them for three Indian voyages, while copper-sheathed ships could only be guaranteed for two. When at length the patentee began to find users for his invention, he found like Watt infringers as well; suits in Chancery and trials at law followed fast and furious. The Law Reports show that seven bills were filed in Chancery, six actions were brought at common law, and, to crown all, proceedings by scire facias were taken to

* Webster's Patent Cases, vol. ii. Muntz's Case.

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annul the patent. Mr. Muntz eventually succeeded in maintaining his rights, but his law costs amounted to 8400*l.**

The cases of Watt and Muntz are fair illustrations of the ordinary course which an invention takes after it is introduced to the public, and there are two evident deductions to be drawn from them. The first is, that invalid patents are so far from being allowed to subsist to the detriment of the community, that the evil is the other way. There are persons found to dispute discoveries to which the claim is unexceptionable, and who dishonestly endeavour to cheat the inventor of his hard-earned reward. Sometimes the infringers are so numerous and inaccessible, that they are able to defy him, and the patentee, unable to stem the torrent, surrenders his right without a struggle. This was the case with Sir David Brewster's invention of the kaleidoscope, which he stated was pirated by 'cartloads.' 'Millions,' he says, 'were sold in London. The men who infringed the patent were Jews generally. It would have been in vain to have gone into a court of law.' Inventions which require no capital to execute are chiefly liable to be thus taken by storm.

The second point, which is shown both in the instance of the steam-engine and the metal for sheathing ships, is that, however great may be the benefit, the public will frequently pay no attention to inventions until they are forced upon them. Watt and Boulton could with difficulty get a trial for their engines, and if the ship-owners had been left to look after their own interests, they would have had nothing to say to Mr. Muntz's metal. The evidence of the experienced witnesses examined before the Committee on Patents in 1857 showed that as a general rule the community must be benefited by compulsion, and how is this to be done unless the inventor is allowed to have such an interest in his invention as will make it worth his while to push it? How otherwise is he to be recompensed for the troublesome task of teaching people to change their system and improve their art or manufacture? It seldom happens that a discovery is perfect at first; it must be adapted to particular circumstances, workmen must be taught how to use it, prejudices must be conciliated; and if the patentee did not do this, the discovery, though valuable in itself, would generally be neglected for a long time or altogether lost. Nay, if the inventor volunteers to be himself the instructor, he will commonly find no one to receive his lessons if he waits for the pupils to come to him instead of going and forcing his contrivance upon them. M. Arago mentions that M. Poncelet, an oracle in Mechanics, devised a new hydraulic machine. He did not take

* Webster's Patent Cases, vol. ii. p. 116.

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out a patent, but offered the machine to all who liked to make use of it, and begged that he might be consulted in the execution, lest any mistake should be committed. At the end of two years not a single person had availed himself of the offer. If this occurs when the inventor is one of the most eminent men in his department in Europe, what is likely to be the result when the propounder of a novelty is, as usually happens, unknown? Apart, therefore, from the manifest justice of allowing a man to have a property in what he himself produces, it is expedient, for the sake of the public, that in the first instance an invention should be under charge of some one who is interested in preventing it from being smothered at its birth. The protection which is conferred by the patent is not only the cause, in the majority of instances, of an invention being made, but it is positively the cause why the invention is received. Thus largely is the public benefited by a system which on a superficial glance is erroneously supposed to be for the exclusive advantage of the inventor, at the expense of the rest of the world.

One of the most celebrated of the reported cases, that of Josiah Heath, is another striking instance of the effect of patents in promulgating discoveries which would otherwise remain hidden in corners. Heath took out a patent in 1839 for improving the manufacture of cast-steel, by using the so called carburet of manganese and carbon in proper proportions. It appears from the evidence given before the Privy Council by an eminent Sheffield steel-manufacturer, that in 1839 shear-steel was sold at from 50*l.* to 70*l.* per ton, and could only be made from high-priced Russian or Swedish iron, costing from 20*l.* to 30*l.* per ton. Welding cast-steel, a still dearer product, was sold at from 70*l.* to 80*l.* per ton, and was too expensive to be employed in the Sheffield trade. When Mr. Heath had taught the makers of steel how to use his process, the same kind of steel was made from English iron worth about 10*l.* per ton, and could be had for from 20*l.* to 30*l.* per ton. The result was a saving of 40 to 50 per cent. in the manufacture, and English iron was rendered available, where before iron imported from abroad could alone be used. There was, therefore, a two-fold national advantage—an economy was effected in English manufactures, and an English mineral product was employed in the place of foreign ore.* To quote the words of the learned gentleman† who reported the case:—

'Mr. Heath was the author of an invention conferring commercial

* See Webster's Reports on Patent Cases, vol. ii., Heath *v.* Unwin; Heath *v.* Smith; also printed Case of Josiah Heath.

† Printed Case of Josiah Heath: T. Webster, M.A., F.R.S., barrister-at-law, p. 6.

profits

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profits to be reckoned by millions; he described [in his specification] the invention in one set of terms according to the best of his knowledge at the time. The manufacturers adopted a process chemically equivalent, the same in effect and result, but admitting of being described in somewhat different terms, inasmuch as it consisted in the use of the known chemical elements of the substance, instead of the substance itself. The knowledge of the use of these elements, instead of the substance, was communicated by Mr. Heath to the manufacturers within a few months after the date of his patent, and while the invention, so to speak, was on its trial for adoption by the manufacturers. Its immediate adoption, under the advice and direction of Mr. Heath and his agent, followed on the first experiments, and showed a saving of from forty to fifty per cent. on the cost of the steel. The royalty demanded by Mr. Heath was about one-fiftieth or two per cent. *on such saving.* The payment of this or of any sum to Mr. Heath was refused by a section of the steel-manufacturers, who, relying on the refined distinction just adverted to, created out of their savings a common fund wherewith to contest his rights—the expense of the fifteen years' litigation falling wholly upon himself, fighting single-handed against a common purse, the accumulation of the wealth which he had created.'

In the course of these long legal contests a verdict given in Mr. Heath's favour was set aside by the Court of Exchequer, whose decision was overruled by a still higher Court, the Court of Error, whose judgment was in turn reversed by the highest Court of the land, the House of Lords. This final decision was adverse to the opinions of the majority of the twelve Judges who were called in to assist in hearing the appeal. The fact that Mr. Heath died before the litigation had ended will perhaps create no surprise. His widow was heard by petition before the Privy Council Feb. 1, 1853; and though the old opponents tried again to impeach the validity of the patent for want of novelty, an extension of the patent for seven years was obtained. The petition of the widow stated that the legal proceedings had subjected her husband to great expense with barely any return, and to an anxiety which had shortened his life. He had only received 100*l.* or 200*l.* for the use of an invention by which Sheffield alone had realised millions.

The most extraordinary part of the statement has yet to be made. In August, 1853, Mrs. Heath brought an action against an infringer. It was tried before Mr. Justice Erle, and *then, for the first time,* credible evidence was given that the invention was not new at the date of the patent in 1839. Several steel-manufacturers were called as witnesses, two of whom, father and son, stated that they had employed the process in their extensive business in Derbyshire as early as 1824; the son averred that it was a secret

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secret every one knew.* Yet, this most profitable discovery, used commonly in the Derbyshire steel-works—a secret every one there knew—remained unpropagated, and did not cross the neighbouring borders of Yorkshire until 1839. Then, it was made known by Mr. Heath, because, having taken out a patent for what he no doubt independently discovered, it became his interest to take great trouble in teaching the men of Sheffield how to apply it, and to overcome the inevitable opposition of prejudice. If Mr. Heath had not patented his discovery, it seems clear that Sheffield would never have heard of the good things that had for years and years been done in Derbyshire. It must be confessed that the witness who swore that he had made steel by Heath's process since 1824, also swore that he had never heard of Heath's patent until 1850! and yet the hot contest that had been going on between all Sheffield and the poor patentee for ten years ought to have made some noise in the steel world. In the circumstance of litigation this case is no exceptional example of the hardships which are undergone by patentees, though some are fortunate enough to be successful in the end. It is never, however, at the expense of the public.

The position of patentees, with regard to the means of protecting their rights, unfortunately still remains as it was under the old law, and it would be well for them if improvements could be introduced into that branch of the system as beneficial as those which have been effected in the method of obtaining the grant itself. Under the old law, as we have seen, the applicant for letters patent was compelled to pay black mail in numerous distinct offices, at a cost of between 300*l.* and 400*l.* in fees, and often as much more in incidental expenses. Under the new law he has merely to deposit his application in the Great Seal Office in Chancery-Lane, and for the payment of 5*l.* he obtains, if his papers are drawn up with clearness, a provisional protection of his project for six months. This is a great boon to the poor inventor, who, by scraping together a hundred shillings, is able to acquire a property in his invention for at least half a year, which gives him time to test and complete his work, without fear of its being filched from him. He need no longer place himself at the mercy of the first rich patron to whom he may be forced to apply. He possesses a recognized property, and can treat on fairer terms with the capitalist who may be willing to advance him funds.

Provided the scheme steers clear of the claims of prior patentees who might otherwise oppose the demand, letters patent are granted any time during the term of the provisional protec-

* Heath *v.* Smith, Webster's Patent Cases, vol. ii., p. 264.

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tion, on payment of 20*l.* They confer the usual rights for fourteen years, except that the patent will become void at the end of three years, unless a 50*l.* fee be paid; and again at the end of seven years, unless a further fee of 100*l.* be paid. These periodical disbursements need not of course be made unless the patent should prove of sufficient value, and thus patents that are worthless are cleared away, and leave the field open to further invention.

Besides enabling the inventor to obtain easily and cheaply a legal title to his own invention, the Patent Law Amendment Act empowered the Commissioners to reorganise the office branch of this department. The instructions are not very distinct or comprehensive, but they have been applied in a manner which shows how much may be done when the authorities take an enlarged view of their duties, instead of dronishly allowing the machinery of their department to grind along in the grooves of routine. Yearly reports are published by the Commissioners, and that for 1853 gives an account of the effects of the improved system :—

'The number of applications for provisional protection recorded within the fifteen months from the 1st October, 1852, to the 31st December, 1853, was 4256; the number of patents passed thereon, all having become due on the 30th June last, was 3099; and the number of applications lapsed or forfeited, the applicants having neglected to proceed for their patents within the six months of provisional protection, was 1157.

'The number of applications recorded within the first three months of the operation of the Act was 1211.

'The number of applications recorded within the year 1853 was 3045.'

The large comparative demand for patents during the first three months of the new system, was owing to the fact that many inventions had been purposely held back. The returns of the applications from different counties, from October, 1852, to December, 1853, inclusive, are highly significant:—

From—		From the towns of—	
Lancashire	542	Manchester	246
Yorkshire	256	Birmingham	213
Warwickshire ..	236	Glasgow	109
Dorsetshire	2	Bristol	25
Cambridgeshire ..	1	Chester	7
Huntingdonshire ..	5	Exeter	2

It would seem that the number of patents granted is a fair test of the manufacturing activity not only of districts, but of nations. England, France, and the United States of America grant

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grant the largest number, while Austria, Russia, and Spain grant the least in proportion to their population. This will appear from the following Table of the Patents granted in four of these countries during the year 1857:—

	Population.	Number of Patents granted.	Proportion.
Great Britain ..	27,511,447	2115	1 in 13,007
United States ..	23,191,918	2910	1 in 7,935
Austria	36,514,466	724	1 in 50,434
Russia	69,660,146	24	1 in 2,902,506

A comparison of the applications made by the inhabitants of the Free and Slave States of America, further strengthens the conclusion that patents and progress go hand-in-hand.

	Number of Patents granted in 1857.	Proportion of Patents to Population.
Massachusetts	421	.. .. .. 1 to 2,362
Pennsylvania	314	.. .. .. 1 to 7,362
Ohio	235	.. .. .. 1 to 8,427
Virginia	58	.. .. .. 1 to 24,511
North Carolina	14	.. .. .. 1 to 62,064
South Carolina	12	.. .. .. 1 to 55,708

The first efforts of the Commissioners were directed towards vivifying the stores of information entombed in chapels or crammed to suffocation in the Petty Bag, by introducing the printing press. This was a startling innovation. Never since patents were first granted had there been any attempt to give publicity to their mouldering rolls. Even a pencil note by a visitor was a transgression of the rules. If memorandums had been permitted to be made fewer office copies of the documents would have been required, and these were paid for by the letter, and cost scores of pounds, where now they may be purchased for half so many pence. The Commissioners began by printing the new patents:—

'All the specifications,' says the Report of 1853, 'filed in the office from October 1st, 1852, to 30th June, 1853, 3099 in number, have been printed and published, together with lithographed outline copies of the drawings accompanying the same, and these are sold to the public either separately, or in the series for the year, *at the cost price of the printing and paper*. The price of a specification of the average length of letterpress and drawings is 8*d*. Each specification is printed and published within three weeks of its deposit in the office.'

It was in this department that fears were entertained of a speedy dead lock. It was prognosticated that no public office could continue to print the great influx of matter which might

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be expected constantly to increase. It would tax, it was said, the utmost powers of the best organised private establishment, pushed on by a commercial stimulus, to execute such a task. But, it seems that even at the end of the first year, the Patent Office, thanks to the ability and untiring zeal of its superintendent, Mr. Woodcroft, had not only disposed of the current work, but was clearing off arrears. It was resolved to print every patent that existed from the earliest date, and by the end of 1853 this great undertaking was in rapid progress.

'The whole series of specifications of patents for reaping-machines, and the drawings accompanying the same, from the first enrolled, 4th July, 1799, to the present time, have been printed and published, and are sold at the cost price of the printing and paper, either separately or altogether, with an appendix, in one volume. The appendix, compiled by Mr. Woodcroft from a great variety of authorities and works, describes the instruments for reaping grain published and in use from the earliest period to the present time.

'The whole series of specifications of patents for fire-arms, cannon, shot, shells, cartridges, weapons, accoutrements, and the machinery for their manufacture, and the drawings accompanying the same, from the earliest recorded, 15th May, 1718, to the present time, have been printed and published in like manner. An appendix is in preparation and will shortly be published.

'The Secretary of State for the Home Department has required the publication of the old specifications of patents for the consumption of smoke in furnaces, and for the making of drainage tiles applicable to sewerage; and the Board of Admiralty has required the publication of the specifications of patents for improvements in propelling ships; these three subjects are now in preparation.'—*Report* 1853, p. 5.

The current of invention steadily sets in the direction in which it is urged by passing events, as is proved by the swelling number of applications for patents which relate to the engrossing subject of the hour. When the war with Russia broke out, the Patent Office was inundated with belligerent projects. No less than 600 patents have been since granted for military inventions, while the total of all that had ever been granted before was only 300. The first patent for drain-pipes was granted in January, 1619, to John Etherington, for 'a certain engine to make and cast all sort of earthen-pipes for conveyance of water in the earth.' For upwards of two centuries afterwards the number of patents in this department was only 16, while from August, 1830, to August, 1855, the number granted is 104. Up to 1840 only 10 patents had been taken out for manures. From 1840 to 1855 there were issued 128. Nothing can mark more plainly the period of agricultural progress.

In consequence of this concentration of inventive ingenuity on the

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the special wants of the day, it was determined to classify the huge piles of parchment rolls, and print in a consecutive series the specifications which would meet the particular inquiries that were most pressing at the time. The stores of the office were thus at once rendered available for consultation, whereas, if the 12,977 old specifications had been published in chronological order, there would have been considerable delay before any one subject could be complete.

No time was lost in printing the ample indexes made by Mr. Woodcroft, and which the Commissioners were directed by Act of Parliament to purchase. These have been found on trial to answer completely the purpose for which they are intended. They at once make known the contents of the huge mass of specifications and render all the assistance necessary to guide a search directed to any particular subject. More information may thus be obtained gratis in a few hours than could be acquired under the old system, at great cost, in as many days. The importance of these improvements is not easily overrated. The first necessity to an inventor is to ascertain what has been already done, or he may waste time and money in devising what has been accomplished long before, and the benefit of his ingenuity will be lost both to himself and the public. Again and again devices which were the same in all essential particulars were patented by successive individuals, who were ignorant that they had been often forestalled.

The Commissioners, in their Report, expressed a hope that 'the entire series of old specifications would be printed by the year 1860;' but, contrary to all expectation, the task was accomplished by the end of the summer of 1858. It may give some idea of the vastness of the undertaking to mention that, although they are sold at a price which gives no profit, a complete set, with their illustrative drawings, some of which are extremely beautiful, costs 1000*l.* These volumes are a record of the folly and ignorance as well as of the ingenuity of mankind. Some of the patents are for objects which are utterly insignificant. One William Preddy patents, in 1849, a variety of inventions 'for closing the pipes of watch-keys when not in use.' Other devices, or pretended devices, are altogether preposterous. Lunacy, as might be expected, often takes the turn of imaginary discoveries, and half-knowledge leads to ludicrous blunders. M. Arago states that in France the spring is the usual time for the development of the fancies of madmen. A number of persons at that season are seized with such delusions as that they have discovered perpetual motion and the mode of squaring the circle, and sell everything they possess

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possess to take out a patent for doing that which in the nature of things cannot be done.

The Act of 1852 directed the Commissioners 'to present copies of their publications to such public libraries and museums as they may think fit.' They have been presented accordingly to various institutions all over the kingdom, on condition of their being daily open to the inspection of the public free of charge. 'In their selection of towns for this gift,' says the Report of 1856, 'the Commissioners have been guided by the number of applications for patents proceeding from each. This gift has in most cases laid the foundation of public free libraries where none previously existed.' This has been no barren gift. Instead of being permitted to slumber in dust, the long array of volumes are in incessant use. The librarian of the Royal Museum and Library, Salford, thus describes the result in that town:—

'The specifications have been in service at the library eleven months, and as many as 253 references per month have been made. The majority of the persons who have hitherto consulted them are working mechanics, foremen, managers, and overlookers of firms belonging to this and the neighbouring districts. Others are inventors and patentees *who are anxious to examine the claims of existing correlative patents so as to avoid* infringement upon their rights; and others, perhaps the smallest class, who are interested in the general progress of the mechanical arts and of science, examine the whole of the patents as they are received at the library.'

The librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne stated that the collection was chiefly consulted by manufacturers and the managers of manufactories, and were sometimes followed to the binder's shop. He adds that the specifications principally in request were those which concerned the manufactures carried on in the surrounding district. The same was the case at Kidderminster, where the good people mainly directed their studies to the class of inventions which applied to machinery and looms for manufacturing carpets. At the Marylebone Free Library the majority of the patent students are workmen, and the number of monthly issues is about 500. There the contrivances which relate to steam-engines in some form or other are most in request, and it is to this department of industry that the bulk of intelligent London mechanics belong. The immense majority of inventions have been generated in towns, and generally apply to the local manufactures of the respective places from which they spring. The study of the annals of past discoveries will both add a new stimulus to useful exertion, and will assist in checking wild or barren schemes. In these matters idea begets idea, and the invention of yesterday

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yesterday gives birth to the invention of to-morrow. Complete sets of the publications of the Commissioners have been offered to our colonies and dependencies, and twenty-one have accepted the gift.

It is not every one that is within reach of a public library, and the Commissioners have therefore brought out a series of smaller works, of which the purpose is thus described in the preface:—

'The indexes to patents are now so numerous and costly as to be placed beyond the reach of a large number of inventors and others, to whom they have become indispensable. To obviate this difficulty, short abstracts of the specifications under each head of invention have been prepared, and are arranged so as to form at once a chronological subject matter, reference, and alphabetical index to the class to which they relate.'

These 'handy books' contain information in its most condensed and accessible form. By looking through the contents of any one of the series the whole subject to which it relates is spread open before the reader, who can lay his finger on the exact spot where he is to sink his shaft and open his mine. If fuller information is desired, he is referred to the original specifications and the drawings describing the invention. The list of the abridgments already published or in the press comprises drain-tiles and pipes; manufacture of iron and steel; manure; sewing and embroidery; marine propulsion; preservation of food; aids to locomotion; steam culture; printing calicoes and woven fabrics; typographic, lithographic, and plate printing; combustion of fuel; watches, clocks, and other timekeepers; manufacture of paper; fire-arms and other weapons, ammunition and accoutrements, and steam-engines. Many of these little volumes, the whole of which cost only a few shillings, contain introductions full of curious information, the result of laborious research. The respective inventions are there considered with relation to their early history, their gradual progress, and the sudden impulse given to them by special circumstances.

The Act of 1852 directs that 'true copies of the specifications be open to the inspection of the public in the office of the Commissioners,' and that 'the indexes shall be open to the public in such place or places as the Commissioners shall appoint, subject to their regulations.' It is obvious that these specifications and indexes would most advantageously be 'open to the public' in connexion with a good library of works upon kindred subjects, though the Act is silent about it. This want has been supplied.

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'The free public library,' says the Report of 1856, 'established in the Patent Office has been numerously attended during the past year by professional men, by the agents of foreign and provincial inventors, and by practical mechanics and operatives. In addition to the indispensable books of reference lent to the library by Mr. Woodcroft, a valuable collection of works on science and art, the property of the late Mr. Prosser of Birmingham, has recently been purchased, and the system of interchange initiated by the Commissioners has already led to numerous gifts of official and scientific publications from the governments of foreign states.'

It were to be wished that the Commissioners would secure the entire library for the public; for if at any time the portion stated in the extract to be *lent* should be withdrawn, it would be difficult to get together so complete a collection again. In addition to the library, a large collection of models has been formed, and is placed for the present by the Commissioners in the Museum at South Kensington. Their proper home, however, is the Patent Office itself.

The Great Seal Patent Office has opened relations with nearly all the governments in the world; for it was of obvious importance that English inventors should know what was done abroad as well as at home.

'America transmits to the Commissioners a weekly list of all patents granted in the States—France permits an agent of the Commissioners to take a copy from the official register once each week—Prussia transmits a list of grants and annulments of patents every fortnight—Sardinia forwards a similar list once in three months; and from other states where patents are few an annual list is presented to the Commissioners.'

The information thus gathered from the four corners of the civilised world is presented to the public in the 'Journal of the Commissioners of Patents,' which is published twice a week. Along with the lists of the inventions patented at home or abroad, very valuable explanatory notices are occasionally given; and these might be advantageously extended. The combined result of these changes is to put the inventor in a very different position from what he occupied before. All the information he can desire is spread open before him; he learns what to do, and what to leave undone; and being placed at once upon the boundary line of discovery, he can go forward with confidence and effect, and make fresh conquests for art and science.

These changes have required a large expenditure, but the revenues derived from the fees for patents have been ample for the purpose.

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purpose. While the expense of printing the back specifications, and in providing compensation for the holders of abolished offices, has in a great degree ceased, the income has not yet reached its maximum, as will appear from the following Table:—

—	Number of Applications for Patents.	Number of Grants of Letters Patent.	Number of Applications not proceeded with.	Number of Patents which pay 3rd year Fee £50.	Total Annual Receipts.	Total Annual Expenditure.	Apparent Surplus.
					£.	£.	£.
Oct. to Dec. 1852 and 1853 ..	4256	3099	1157	..	72,911	47,599	25,312
1854	2764	1876	888	..	53,865	63,504	deficit 9,639
1855	2958	2044	914	319	74,818	51,742	23,076
1856	3106	2094	1012	618	92,476	65,762	26,714
1857	3200	2028	1172	510	85,351	77,749	7,602
					£ 379,421	306,356	

Total apparent surplus, deducting deficit of 1854	73,065
Stamp-duty paid	67,060
Available surplus	6,005

The returns for the year 1857 show the effect of the general commercial depression of the country in that year. Though the number of applications increased, the ratio of increase fell off; and the proportion not proceeded with was unusually numerous. This was doubtless owing to the inability of the inventors to find the 20*l.* which had to be laid down for the patent when the provisional six months had expired. For a similar reason the proportion of patents on which the third year's fee of 50*l.* was paid was less than what had been expected from the former average. The income, which in the preceding year amounted to 92,476*l.*, fell in consequence in the year 1857 to 85,351*l.*

The deduction which appears in the account for stamp duty requires explanation. In the year 1856 the clerk of the Commissioners made the discovery that he must strike off a large sum from the surplus of the previous years, for the forgotten item of stamp duties. This at once reduced a balance of 38,748*l.* to 3648*l.* The duties paid were—

For the years ending 1853, 1854, 1855 ..	£35,100
For the year ending 1856	16,685
,, 1857	15,275
Total	£67,060

A tax

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A tax therefore amounting to the sum of 67,000*l.* has been levied on invention within these five years. This is a great grievance. In 1856 a committee was formed at the Society of Arts, with the view, among other objects, of procuring the abolition of so impolitic an impost. Lord Stanley, who presided over the committee, published a pamphlet in 1856, in which he delivers an emphatic opinion against the present system :—

'Equally indisputable,' he says, 'is it that the taxing of inventions is an expedient never contemplated by the framers of the Act of 1852, and unjustifiable even in the utmost pressure of financial distress. The latter point, indeed, requires no argument. It is to superiority of mechanical skill that we owe, in great measure, the position of England among nations; and a large proportion of the leading discoveries, of our own and past times, have been made by men whose command of capital was small, and to whom the greater or less amount of fees payable on the patents they took out was a matter of importance. *One discovery checked, or even retarded, by exorbitant imposts, may cause a greater diminution of wealth, which would otherwise accrue to the nation, than can be compensated by tenfold the gain actually netted by the Treasury.* The worst censure that can be pronounced on a tax is that it should be wasteful—that for every 5*l.* brought into the Exchequer it should cause the loss of 10*l.*'

The tax will shortly amount to upwards of 20,000*l.* per annum. It is true that a surplus still exists. But the inventor should have the benefit of it. The falling off in the number of patents taken out in 1857, from inability to pay the fees, is a proof of the truth of Lord Stanley's observation, that discoveries are made by men of small capital, and shows how great is the check which an impost puts upon improvement. In the meanwhile the first-fruits of the accumulation should be applied to the erection of a suitable building. The small room which serves for the Library is completely choked. There is no place in which to exhibit the models. The warehouses are filled from the floor to the ceiling with the published specifications. It is with difficulty that the visitor can squeeze into these confined and dingy offices, which, inconvenient and comfortless at present, will in another year or two be altogether inapplicable to their purpose. To provide an edifice adapted to the wants of a grand commercial and manufacturing nation like ours ought to present no difficulties. But a more arduous and most pressing need is to devise some less costly and more certain mode of protecting the rights of patentees. A number of rogues are always hovering about the Patent-Office, like thievish magpies, with a view to pounce upon any promising specification, and discover, if possible, some discreditable evasion

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sion by which to rob the inventor of his rights. How few persons would be able like Mr. Muntz to devote 8000*l.* to the protection of their property! How many, if they were to venture perhaps their all, would like Mr. Heath surrender their life in the struggle! In short, it behoves the Legislature to consider if it cannot do more for the men who do so much for their country.

ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Regulations affecting the Sanitary Condition of the Army, the Organization of Military Hospitals, and the Treatment of the Sick and Wounded; with Evidence and Appendix.* London. 1857.

2. *The Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies.* By Robert Jackson, M.D., Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. London, 1845.

3. *The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions, including Practical Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the Diseases of Europeans on their Return from Tropical Climates.* By James Ranald Martin, F.R.S. London, 1856.

4. *The British Army in India: its Preservation by an appropriate Clothing, Housing, Locating, Recreative Employment, and Hopeful Encouragement of the Troops; with an Appendix on India.* By Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S. London, 1858.

5. *The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances available in Wild Countries.* By Francis Galton, F.R.G.S. London, 1856.

IF the question had been asked a short time since what body of men presented the most healthy lives in her Majesty's dominions, the reply might reasonably have been her Majesty's Foot-Guards. Recruited, at the age of nineteen, principally from among the agricultural population, submitted to the critical examination of the inspecting surgeon, tried in wind and limb and tested at every point, the would-be soldier must be proved an athlete, or renounce for ever the hope of wearing her Majesty's uniform. Absorbed into the picked corps of the army; quartered either in metropolitan barracks or within a stone's-throw of the palace of the Sovereign; clothed, fed, housed, and tended in sickness by the State; and only in the face of great emergencies required to brave the dangers of foreign service; the weak and incapable instantly weeded out from the ranks,—his does indeed seem to be a select life, with which no other among the labouring classes would appear to be comparable. As we see him on parade in all the pomp and panoply of war, we

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we view him with pride as worthy of that noble band that swept irresistibly before it the eagles of France, and, single-handed, at Inkermann, long kept the foe at bay, and saved two armies from destruction. Yet take the unhealthiest trades in England—the pallid tailor, as he sits at his board, or the miner who lives in the bowels of the earth—and it will be found that the percentage of deaths in their ranks is not nearly so great as in those of the magnificent Guards, pipeclayed and polished up to meet the eye of princes, but, alas! often little better than whited sepulchres. Such is the fact elicited by the labours of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the army. If the 'most favoured' regiments furnish these disastrous results, it may be imagined that the condition of the rank and file, who take their turn in all climates, must be much worse; but, strange to say, the contrary is the fact. This is shown in the following table, which gives the number per thousand who die every year among the army at home and among the male civilians of England and Wales at army ages:—

Household cavalry	11·0
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons	13·3
Foot Guards	20·4
Infantry of the line	18·7

Population of England and Wales, at army ages:—

Town and country population	9·2
Country alone	7·7

One of the unhealthiest towns at army ages:—

Manchester	12·4

According to Mr. Neison's calculation, the mortality of the Household Cavalry is $1\frac{4}{5}$, Dragoons, &c., $2\frac{1}{5}$, Line $2\frac{9}{10}$, and Guards $3\frac{1}{13}$ times as great as the mortality of the agricultural labourers who are members of friendly societies. Well may the Commissioners, contemplating these returns, remark—

'That in war men should die from exposure, from fatigue, from insufficient supplies, is intelligible; or that the occupation of a town of 30,000 inhabitants by an army of 30,000 men, without any sanitary precaution, suddenly doubling the population to the area, and thereby halving the proportion of every accommodation, supplies, water, drainage, sewerage, &c. &c., should engender disease, is readily understood; but the problem submitted to us is to find the causes of a mortality more than double that of civil life among 60,000 men, scattered, in numbers seldom exceeding a thousand in one place, among a population of 28,000,000, in time of profound peace, in a country which is not only the

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the healthiest, but which possesses the greatest facility of communication and the greatest abundance of supply in Europe.'

In endeavouring to solve this extraordinary problem, the first question naturally asked is, Why the foot soldiers suffer a rate of mortality so much higher than the cavalry? They are recruited pretty much from the same source, and breathe apparently pretty much the same atmosphere; yet we find that the Foot Guards perish at nearly double the rate of the Life Guards. The causes of this difference are mainly, overcrowding and the want of due exercise and employment. The chief diseases of the soldier are fever and consumption; the latter, or 'the English Death,' as it is but too aptly termed, being the chief destroyer. The deaths by pulmonary disease amount in the cavalry to 7·3 per thousand, in the infantry of the line to 10·2, and in the Guards to 13·8; whilst of the entire number of deaths from all causes in the army, diseases of the lungs constitute in the cavalry 53·9 per cent., in the infantry of the line 57·277 per cent., and in the Foot Guards 67·683 per cent. We are strongly inclined to believe that some portion of this extraordinary mortality from pulmonary disease may be owing to the atmosphere of pipe-clay in which the Foot Guards, and indeed the Horse Guards in a minor degree, live. In 1853, the year in which the mortality tables were made up, the former pipe-clayed their white trousers and fatigue jackets as well as their belts. Thus the fine dust must have been for ever entering their lungs, and Mr. Simon, in his recent Report affecting the health of special occupations, expressly states that the workers in potteries are among the most unhealthy artisans, in consequence of the clay-dust they are constantly inhaling in the course of their daily work affecting their respiratory organs.

It would appear that overcrowding is the chief cause of the disparity of the death-rate between the two classes of Guards. If we compare the extremes, we find that, whilst the Foot-Guards quartered in Portman Street barracks have only 331 cubic feet of air allotted to each man, the Horse-Guards at the Hyde Park barracks have 572 cubic feet; and if we take the whole force of Foot and Horse Guards, we find that in London the latter have the advantage of between one-fourth and one-fifth more air in their barracks. But there is another and very important difference in favour of the Horse Guard: his exercise is on the whole more varied than that of the Foot Guard. In the infantry, the drill only exercises the lower limbs and fixes the chest in one position; the grooming of a horse brings nearly every muscle into play, which tends to open and expand the chest. The broadsword exercise has the like effect. This diversity

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diversity in the daily duties and in the amount of air they have to breathe, explains, we believe, the great discrepancy between the deaths from consumption of the two classes of Guards. The reason for the increased mortality of the Dragoon regiments over that of the Life Guards is not so easy to discover. As regards the Line regiments, being quartered mostly in country localities, they breathe on the whole a better atmosphere and have more exercise than the Foot Guards. That this is the reason of their lower rate of mortality would appear from the fact, that while the Guards were campaigning in Canada during the rebellion, enjoying the same pure air as the Line, and undergoing precisely the same fatigue and exposure, their relative rate of mortality was reversed, and the Foot Guards proved the more healthy of the two. The latter portion of the Crimean campaign showed the same result.

When the high rate of mortality was first made known in the 'Times,' military authorities imputed it chiefly to the destructive nature of the night duties. The evidence given before the Commissioners, however, entirely negatives this explanation. There are three classes of men whose night duties are more severe than those of the Foot Guards—firemen, the police, and sailors; yet, strange to say, all three enjoy a high state of health. The London fireman undergoes, perhaps, more wear and tear than the rest. His duties call him sometimes to several fires in a night, and when not out he is waiting in readiness. Whilst on service he is liable to great varieties of temperature, and to a good deal of wet; one minute he is scorching in the midst of the fire, the next half-drowned by the water. Nevertheless, he suffers a mortality of only seven per thousand. The metropolitan police are on duty ten consecutive hours in all weather, yet their mortality is less than nine per thousand. The comparison between them and the Foot Guards is the closest that could be made, as the unmarried men all live in section-houses (or barracks), are clothed in a uniform, and fed in messes. Yet the mortality is just half that of the line regiments, and less than half the mortality of the Foot Guards! The sailor on the home-station, who is worse lodged than either, and is subject to constant nightwork of a very exposed character, shows a still more favourable result. It is clear therefore that the nightwork will not account for the frightful inroads made by disease in the ranks of the soldier. Nor need we go much further than the barracks to know the main causes of all this suffering and death. In London, as we have said, no more than 331 cubic feet of air was meted out to her Majesty's Foot Guards, and in Dover Castle it was reduced to 147 feet per man, or

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or less than the quantity which brought about the jail fever which Howard discovered to be raging in the Cambridge Town Bridewell in 1774. The highest average space allotted to each man before 1847 was 447 cubic feet. Even this amount of air is rendered less pure by defective arrangements. Add to which the beds are placed only one foot apart, in defiance of the fact that a man may be suffocated in a crowd notwithstanding that he has all the sky above him. The state of the morning atmosphere is thus summed up by Serjeant Brown, in answer to the questions from one of the Commissioners:—

'Have you often gone into the men's rooms in the morning before the windows were open?—Yes. In what state did you find the atmosphere?—In a very thick and nasty state, especially if I came in out of the air. If I went in out of my own room sometimes, I could not bear it till I had ordered the windows to be opened to make a draught. I have often retired to the passage and called to the orderly man to open the windows.'

In some cases the troops are lodged in the basement of buildings below the natural level of the soil, or in places where the storekeepers object to put their stores, in consequence of the damage that would result to them from the damp. A notable instance is given in evidence by Dr. T. E. Balfour:—

'In 1845 the armoury was burnt down in the Tower, and a new barrack was erected on its site—certainly not before it was wanted, because the accommodation was very bad. The barrack was finished in the beginning of 1849; fever was then prevailing among the men, and cholera threatening. The surgeon applied to have the new barracks given over for the use of the men, and he got two rooms; he remonstrated through his commanding officer with the authorities, when he was informed that he could not have more given over to him, as they were full of stores—blankets, I believe. On suggesting that the stores might be put into the old barracks, he was told that they were a great deal too damp to put stores into, and it was only in consequence of an energetic remonstrance on the part of the commanding officer, which I believe reached the Duke of Wellington, that a Board of officers was ordered to assemble, who recommended that the troops should be immediately moved into the new barracks.'

Now and then the crotchet of a colonel does a vast deal of mischief. Not many years since the cavalry at Knightsbridge were condemned to drink the water from the Serpentine, a reservoir of filth, which is now pronounced to be pestilential to the neighbourhood. The men objected to use this diluted sewage; but the commanding-officer had perfect faith in filters. Nevertheless, the water persisted in smelling bad, notwithstanding it looked clear—a mystery the Colonel's knowledge of chemistry could

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could not fathom; nor would he give in until a board had been called. The veterinary surgeon now began to complain that the coats of the horses were beginning to stare, and he wished that they should drink from the improved supply which was furnished to the men. The Colonel still had faith in his Serpentine water, and maintained that the horses would prefer it to the purer stream. A bucket of each was placed side by side in the barrack-yard, and a horse was brought in, which immediately settled the question by refusing the dirty water and plunging its muzzle into the clean. It is not many years since the troops stationed at the Tower were, in like manner, forced to drink the Thames water, taken from the most convenient which chanced to be the foulest spot in the whole river. A coarse filter did not suffice to protect them from the disease such supplies were sure to engender.

They manage these things better now in civil life. In the year 1848 the Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes opened their first model lodging-house. Their measure of the quantity of air necessary for the poor man was much greater than that settled three years later by the military authorities for the soldier. The mechanic and labourer were allowed 542 cubic feet; the soldier, under the most favourable conditions, breathed no more than from 400 to 500 cubic feet, a measure which fines off by degrees to the Black Hole allowance at Dover Castle, where the soldier was reduced to 131 cubic inches. Nor is this the only point in favour of the model lodging-house, of which there are several situated in the foulest portions of the metropolis, and which accommodate sometimes seven hundred inmates, or the full strength of many a regiment. Besides containing pure air, which, with a proper system of ventilation, costs nothing, but is of incalculable value to human life, the lodging-house, instead of being confined to one room, used for all purposes, is divided into the ordinary apartments of an inn; every inmate has his own dormitory; and there is a good coffee-room stored with papers and books, and supplied with hot water. In the kitchen below there are facilities for roasting, boiling, baking, and frying, and each man has his safe for provisions. Hot and cold baths are provided; and the whole building is heated by hot-water pipes, and well lighted by gas. If the soldier was treated like his brother of the chisel and the hammer, the mortality of the Guards would not be at the rate of 20·4, and that of the ordinary rank and file at the rate of 17·8 per thousand, whilst that of the mechanic is only 13·9 per thousand.

If we were to write volumes we could not deepen the impression these figures are calculated to convey of the importance to health

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health of sanitary science. It has been said that soldiers would not appreciate the benefits of a model lodging-house, and that, as the colonel asserted of the troop-horse, they prefer the dirty to the clean—crowding in a common room, to separate apartments. If this were true, it would be no reason for not teaching them better. If bad habits are congenial to them, they do not suffer less when the mischief is done; and if they were callous to the last, the interest of the nation still requires that lives which cost so much should not be recklessly thrown away. But experience refutes the supposition that soldiers have different notions of comfort from civilians. The Guards in the old part of the Wellington Barracks had on one occasion the temporary use, as a day-room, of an apartment 50 feet by 30, and, large as it was, it became inconveniently crowded. The Commissioners in their Report recommend that a minimum space of 600 feet be allotted to each man in his barrack and guard room, that an interval of at least three feet be maintained between each bed, and that a day-room should be provided. The barrack should at least be on a par with the workhouse.

The high rate of mortality in the army is not to be attributed to the bad arrangements of barracks alone; the important elements of exercise and food have to be considered, and in both the infantry are in an inferior position to the artisan.

'Perhaps,' says Colonel Lindsay, 'no living individual suffers more than the soldier from *ennui*. He has no employment save the drill and its duties; these are of a most monotonous and uninteresting description, so much so that you cannot increase their amount without wearying and disgusting him. All he has to do is under restraint: he is not like a working man or an artisan; a working man will dig, and his mind is his own; an artisan is interested in the work on which he is engaged: but a soldier has to give you all his attention, and he has nothing to show for the work done. He gets up at six; there is no drill before breakfast; he makes up his bed and cleans up his things: he gets his breakfast at seven; he turns out for drill at half-past seven or eight; his drill may last half an hour. If it be guard-day there is no drill except for defaulters. The men for duty are paraded at ten o'clock; that finishes his day-drill altogether. There is evening parade, which takes half an hour, and then his time is his own until tattoo, which is at nine in winter and ten in summer. That is the day of a soldier not on guard or not belonging to a company which is out for Minié practice.'

Unless it be denied that the mind has any influence over the body, it cannot be doubted that the inaction to which the infantry soldier is subjected in barracks by the regulations of the service is most detrimental to his mental activity and bodily health.

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The actuary well knows that the affluent upper classes, although in every other respect placed in the best sanitary condition, are shorter lived than the agricultural labourer, for the simple reason that, having but little active duty to perform, they suffer from *ennui*, which begets dissipation. The soldier shares with the wealthy this cause of increased mortality without sharing in their other favourable conditions. Idle and ill-lodged, he naturally resorts to the public-house; and, having but little money to procure drink, he too often degrades himself by sponging upon the female admirers of red coats for the means. The annals of the police-courts are but too rife with the records of crimes and misdemeanors committed by the Foot-Guards from these causes. Mr. Jeffreys, a high authority, testifies that in India a large proportion of the men chafe and drink themselves to death, under modes of life so opposed to the habits of out-door labour in which they have been reared. The soldier is not so much in fault as the rule of the service which precludes him from making himself useful. The best-conducted troops are the Engineers, who work at their different trades. The evil does not stop with the mischief which the idle are sure to perpetrate. The active, self-reliant Englishman is notoriously the most dependent soldier in Europe. He can neither cook, bake, make his clothes, nor hut himself, like the Frenchman, the Sardinian, or even the Turk. Contractors follow him everywhere, excepting into the presence of the enemy; and when he most needs every necessary of life, he finds himself a helpless man. Mr. J. R. Martin, one of the commissioners, who has passed a life in high posts as a military surgeon in India, and who has done more for the sanitary condition of the soldier than any living person, holds it as a principle 'that in all climates the soldier should do for himself whatever he can perform without injury to his health, morals, or discipline; and, further, that he should be required to do whatever may be essential to his serviceable condition, in the event of a failure of the appointed appliances. Before the soldier can be held as fit to undertake his duties to the state, he must be made capable of maintaining everything which may be necessary to his personal care and comfort.' Does Aldershott or Shorncliffe fulfil even the majority of the conditions calculated to train the soldier for active service? Is he taught to build his own hut, to dig his own well, to make his own roads, to cook his own victuals, or to mend his own clothes? Aldershott in fact is not a camp at all, but a city of soldiers, built and maintained 'by contract;' the sum expended on the buildings alone for the years 1854 to 1856 being no less than

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than 486,502*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; and we have little doubt that up to the present time the civil labour has cost more than 600,000*l.** Now, as Colonel Tulloch urged before these barracks were erected, why should not the men hut themselves? There are clay, gravel, and sand on the spot, with abundance of small wood that no one will buy, not more than eight miles distant. Soldiers have hutted themselves at Maroon Town, in the West Indies, at 25*l.* per head. The buildings would not be such permanent structures as the contractors have put together: we should miss the architectural façades for the officers' quarters, and the 'moulded cornices' described so maliciously by the Times' correspondent; but we should have serviceable huts which would last for eight or ten years. There can be little doubt that the men would be healthier in them than in vast barracks. The process of building would supply the kind of exercise which would amuse as well as instruct, and the plan would certainly save money to the State. Considerably more than one half, or 647·9 per thousand of our soldiers have been recruited from the agricultural population, to whom the erection of earthworks and building of all kinds would be somewhat familiar. Of the remaining number 294·7 have been trained to mechanical trades. Surely from this force handicraftsmen could be selected to perform much of the work of the army. Bakers, cooks, tailors, and bootmakers could be found to supply the wants of the regiment, and relieve us from the incubus of Weedon and its viewers. We place more confidence in a system in which the artisan soldier will reap the fruits of his labour, than in athletic games, which are not to be neglected, but which become irksome when they are enjoined upon the soldier by regulation. Serious exertion, too, with a useful result, is always more invigorating in the long run than exertion which leaves no result at all. Work, in short, within reasonable limits, is more healthful than play.

During the disastrous months of the Crimean campaign, Mr. Galton proposed to give a series of lectures to the reinforcements about to proceed to the seat of war, on the shifts available in wild countries. He went to the museum of the United Service Club at the hour he had advertised, but as his audience amounted to but one soldier, he discontinued his efforts to make known those *wrinkles* he had acquired with so much suffering himself. The substance of these intended lectures he has since amplified into a book, which is one of the most interesting little volumes

* Whilst the civil workman is called in to do the work of the soldier at home, strangely enough we send out the soldier to do the work of the emigrant abroad. A force of Royal Engineers has lately left these shores for the purpose of discharging this office in British Columbia.

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we ever read, and which should be in the hands of every campaigner, whether military or otherwise. Had our soldiers been acquainted with its contents when our commissariat broke down, they would have been able to lighten their miseries in a considerable degree. The services which he extracts from a single piece of stick are almost inconceivable; and when there seems to be no further hope, he shows how the difficulties may often be overcome by the aid of the very circumstances which appeared to have caused the breakdown. His makeshifts and expedients are, it is true, at times rather rough; and Ensign Firebrass, as he looks at his neatly-polished little boot, would perhaps be startled at being told, that on a march, 'pieces of linen a foot square, smeared with grease, and nicely folded over the foot cornerwise,' form a capital substitute for socks; or that breaking 'a raw egg into a hard boot before putting it on greatly softens the leather.' Such announcements may be horrifying in the midst of luxury, but in hard circumstances the most nicely got up London dandy would be grateful for the hint. Many a poor soldier at any rate would be glad to know that even on a plain where there is nothing except the turf beneath his feet, protection is at hand if he were aware how to avail himself of it. 'He need only turn up a broad sod seven feet long by two wide, and if he succeeds in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind,' and even against a drifting rain, provided he plants his turf between the weather and himself.

As regards the in-door amusements of the soldier, we have but little belief in regimental libraries. The recruit from the agricultural districts will not read such volumes as generally form the bulk of these collections. A Scotch sergeant or two will thumb over Rollin's 'Ancient History,' or Robertson's 'History of Scotland,' but the majority of the soldiers will not look at them. 'I have never heard of a reading army,' said the late Dr. William Fergusson; and we agree with him as far as what are called standard works are concerned. The soldier can be amused, however, with a lighter class of literature, and there is the certainty of pleasing him with a newspaper. This is the reading he selects for himself in the public-house, and why not condescend to consult his tastes? Major-General Lawrance stated that the system had been tried in some garrisons with excellent effect, of providing a room where the men could procure papers, coffee, and a pipe. 'We approach the soldier,' says Robert Jackson, 'with the dram-bottle in one hand, and the lash in the other.' Things are not so bad as in his day, but the temptation and the punishment are still provided; and to reduce

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reduce both as much as possible, we should employ pleasant preventives, both of a moral and physical kind.

The question of food is intimately connected with the health of the soldier, and, as far as we can see, no attempt has been made by the commissariat to adjust it satisfactorily to the varying conditions to which he is subjected. The Truck system, which has long been abolished by law in the payment of workmen, is still maintained to some extent in the army. The soldier is nominally paid 13*d.* per day, but out of this the authorities stop a certain sum, which varies with the markets, for the rations and other necessaries supplied to him. The quantity of the ration is fixed both for service at home and abroad. At home he has 1 lb. of bread and ¾ lb. of meat inclusive of bone, an additional ½ lb. of bread being given to troops encamped in England. Abroad the ration consists of 1 lb. of bread or ¾ lb. of biscuit, and 1 lb. of meat either salt or fresh, the additional ¼ lb. being given to compensate for the inferior quality of foreign compared to English meat. There are one or two exceptional rations, but at home or abroad, in peace or in war, the ration (the quality of the meat being considered) is the same. Simplicity may be urged in favour of the system, but we fear this is its only merit, and we are not at all surprised to find the following remarks in the Report: 'We are of opinion that no ration can be fixed upon which shall be adhered to in both peace and war. The conditions of life are so different in the two cases, that whatever is suitable for the one must be either too much or too little for the other.' Common sense would clearly point out that the ration which would be amply sufficient for the soldier in country quarters, whose principal occupation is lounging along the street, or leaning upon a bridge, would go but little way to maintain the wear and tear of a man when exhausted by the fatigues of an active campaign. The degree and nature of his labours then may be gathered from the following extract from the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Supplies of the Army in the East:—

'The average weight carried by a soldier on the march, including food and water for the day, is probably not less than from fifty to sixty pounds, and while carrying that burden he is frequently required not only to march considerable distances, but also to move rapidly, and make other great exertions. In the ordinary course of his duty he is called upon to watch during the night at longer or shorter intervals, whatever may have been his previous exertions. He is exposed to every vicissitude of temperature, and often to the inclemency of the weather, by night as well as by day, and must be ready to turn out when

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when required, at any hour, and under any circumstances. He must generally be content with the shelter of a tent, whatever the climate may be. When engaged in siege operations, he has to perform, mostly during the night, the work that a railway labourer performs by day—excavating and removing earth. When stores are to be landed, he is often required to do the work of a dockyard labourer. When employed in active service the soldier, therefore, requires a diet as nourishing as that which is requisite to maintain the physical powers of any other man engaged in hard labour involving frequent watching and exposure.'

That is, the soldier is required at times to be a railway navvy, and something more; but unlike the navvy, he is not allowed to replenish his inward man according to his natural desires, but according to a certain fixed regulation. As well may a stoker limit his engine to a hundredweight of coals a day, and expect to get any speed out of it he pleased. The navigator, whilst executing heavy work, is known to eat as much as six pounds of meat a day. Now we question if any navigator ever worked harder than the common soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol, yet he was expected to perform his task on one pound of meat, fresh or *salt*, equal to three quarters of a pound of English beef or mutton. The salt meat too is vastly less nutritive than fresh; and in case the lemon-juice fails, as it did in the Crimea, scurvy and its allied diseases are sure to follow its use. Well may Dr. Christison have remarked 'that any scientific person conversant with the present subject (dietaries) could have foretold, as a certain consequence, sooner or later, of their duty, that the British troops would fall into the calamitous state which befell them in the Crimea.' It must be evident again that the soldier during a Canadian winter requires more meat than he does between the tropics. In cold climates the nitrogenous and carboniferous food should predominate; in warm climates a larger amount of vegetable food is required. The exact amount of the different kinds of food, however, requires a special study; but surely chemistry, which has so admirably catered for the varying wants of prisoners undergoing fluctuating amounts of exertion, could find no difficulty in furnishing proper dietary tables for the British army in different parts of the globe.

The Commissioners, in their Report, fully convinced of the injustice even at home of keeping stalwart English soldiers upon half a pound of meat, recommend that it shall be increased to a pound. They have stated their inability to fix the amount of the war ration. But it is not sufficient that there should be a supply of good and adequate food. The soldier must have means of properly preparing it. It is bad enough

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enough to confine him to beef and pork for the whole term of his service, but it is adding to the injury to give him only a single method of cooking it.* 'At present,' says the Report, 'in barrack and hospital but one mode of dressing food is recognised or provided for. Coppers for boiling exist in every barrack, but no meat can be baked, roasted, boiled, or stewed. When a soldier, therefore, enters the service, he has the prospect of dining on boiled meat every day for twenty-one years.' 'It is beef and bouilli one day, and bouilli and beef the next, for twenty-one years,' says Mr. Brown, the surgeon-major of the Guards. The result is, that the soldier does not consume even the small amount of animal food that is apportioned to him. 'I have gone into the barracks at nine or ten o'clock at night, and I have seen half a dozen basins of soup not touched; the men would not eat it,' says the same authority. So much for the bouilli; and as for the beef, General Sir R. Airey says, 'the men are perfectly sickened of it. I have seen the meat, after it has been boiled down to shreds, thrown away; the men would not look at it.' One error is the parent of another: as the men cannot eat the same unvarying mess for ever, they send their meat to the baker's, and defray the expense out of their vegetable-money. This diminution of their vegetable diet tends to produce diseases of a scorbutic character. The Commissioners only speak with the universal voice when they recommend that the soldiers shall have the means of roasting, stewing, baking, and frying, as well as of boiling. Dr. Balfour, who has the medical charge of the boys in the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, has already put the plan to the test. Formerly the boys, like the soldiers, were fed perpetually on boiled meat; but of late years they have been treated like the rest of the community, and the result has been that the mortality has fallen from 9·7 per thousand to 4·9 per thousand. The greater part of this improvement is attributed by Dr. Balfour to the greater variety in the food and the mode of dressing it. The system effected a saving of 300*l.* a-year—'the boys eating the whole of their victuals with a relish. I was able to get them into good condition by distributing the same amount of meat over seven days that they had previously had in four.' The French, as all the world knows, are wiser upon this point than ourselves. 'They have in every barrack a sort of small batterie,' says Sir R. Airey, 'and the men are using their stewpans all day long; they make stews,

* Since General Peel came into power, cooking-ranges, and other appliances, have by his direction been introduced into several of our barracks. It is fortunate for our army that the War-Office is presided over by so able and upright an administrator.

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and improve and diversify their diet very much.' Now the chances are that John Bull will never be such a good cook as his neighbour, but he may at least be more skilled than he is. At present there is a permanent cook to each company, and the soldiers are entirely dependent upon him. Mr. Martin very pertinently asked—'To provide against casualties, would it not be well to have so many men per company taught cooking?' To which Sir R. Airey replies, that it could be easily done, 'but it depends entirely upon the commanding officer,' who is as much a master of all the arrangements of a regiment as of the details of management in his private house.

In the clothing of the British soldier a contest has been long going on between what is considered by the officers to look 'smart,' and what is found by the men to be comfortable. A soldier upon parade and a soldier going into action scarcely looks the same man. The tight coat, the stiff stock, and the ugly shako, give a stiffness to his figure which is termed 'a soldierly appearance:' but upon the march or the eve of battle the jacket is thrown open, the trousers are tucked up, the shako is thrown away, and the stock follows suit. He has divested himself of every particle of clothing which is supposed to conduce to his smartness; but he is a free man: he can use his limbs with facility, he can march without fainting, and he can fight at his ease. Major-General Lawrance, apologising for the retention of the shako, and for the leathern stock, upon home service, urges that 'it is essential to consider the appearance as well as the comfort of the soldier.' Some of the soldiers themselves wish to keep the stock, provided 'that it may always be taken off when muscular exertion is required.' The Commissioners are of opinion, and we think rightly, that 'this condition applied to any part of a soldier's dress is condemnatory of it.' Why should he possess a set of fine weather feathers any more than the fireman or the policeman? Fitness is the very essence of comeliness. The Ironsides of Cromwell would have smiled grimly at the holiday suit of the modern soldier. The Commissioners in their Report condemn nearly every article of clothing in present use—the stock as an instrument of strangulation; the shako as neither fitted by size, colour, weight, material, nor form, for service in hot climates; and the trousers as gathering dust on the march. In the Crimea the men were in the habit of wrapping a piece of bale canvas from the commissariat stores round their legs, which effectually protected them from the mud and wet. This suggests a return to the old gaiter used in the army during the early part of George III.'s reign, and still by some regiments of Highlanders, or the adoption

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tion of a boot to lace over the bottom of the trousers like the ordinary shooting boot. The West India regiments are ordered to wear the Zouave dress—the loose trousers, leather leggings, jacket, and fez. This may be well enough adapted for black troops, but we should be sorry to see our own men tricked out in this foreign fashion.

The chief parts of the soldier's body which require attention, as regards health, are the head and neck. The head should be protected against the extremes of heat and cold by every means that science can devise. In tropical climates we still retain the shako, shielding it from the sun with a linen cover. The insufficiency of this device is read in the fearful mortality from sunstroke which devastates our army in India at the present time. The natives wear a cotton turban with an old horseshoe on the top to protect them from sword-cuts; and the Commissioners recommend a light cap covered with wadded linen with a flap hanging down behind. Like the sola or pith helmet, the protection here is in the slow conducting power of the material. Mr. Jeffreys, however, in his admirable treatise entitled 'The British Army in India,' justly remarks, that the slower a substance conducts, the longer it retains its heat. A turban-covered shako worn all day in an Indian sun becomes charged with caloric to such an extent that it will give out a sensible heat when hung up in the tent, and will distress the head the moment it is put on; for this reason the covering should be placed outside the tent at night to cool. But, after all, though the heat may penetrate very slowly to the wearer, the time comes when at last it reaches the skull. The protection may be ample for the acclimatised Hindoo, and yet be insufficient for the European. Mr. Jeffreys tells us that the scarf-skin of the Indian is so much thicker than that of the European, that, when serving as a medical officer, he was obliged to have a lancet ground in a peculiar manner for vaccinating the horny hide of the native infants. We therefore agree with him that science must be called upon to give the English soldier a still further defence against the sun. He has himself attempted to solve the problem. Instead of the use of the cloth-covered helmets, he terms sun-traps, he has constructed an ingenious covering in which reflection, retarded conduction, slow radiation, convection, and ventilation are brought consecutively into play. There can be little doubt that scientifically his contrivance is unexceptionable, and would keep the head always cool. The weight, however, which his plan necessitates is a material element, although it is the heat and not the weight which kills. If we desire to form an idea of the amount of heat which is thrown off by a bright surface, we

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we have only to place our hands before the polished sides of a common firegrate, when the reflected heat will be found to be very little less than that directly radiated from the fire. It is just because these sides cast the heat which strikes them back again that the inner face is kept comparatively cool. This, therefore, is the best description of surface to present to the sky. It may be objected that the soldiers would be dazzled by the helmets of their comrades; but the inconvenience would only be incident to a curvilinear-shaped helmet, possessing numerous tangential planes of reflection. A rectangular form, such as that of the present shako, would reflect the rays of the midday sun either down to the earth or up to the sky, and there would be no more glare observable than from the windows of a house, which, except at sunset, are the darkest part of the building. The helmet of the crusader was made in the form of a tin pot: this was retained by the Knights Templars, who well understood the value of the bright reflecting surface and the rectangular shape.

Mr. Jeffreys goes further. He proposes that the body dress of soldiers serving in tropical climates should also have a metallic reflecting surface. Though the idea may seem strange, we think it worthy of consideration. A good defence against tropical heat must be devised if we intend to keep India; for we cannot afford to send English regiments to be wholly destroyed as fighting men every ten years. The sun is the great ally of the natives; they counted upon its service in the late rebellion, and we must endeavour to convert this enemy into a friend. A perfectly sun-proof dress would be worth many armies to us. Some regiments of irregular horse, which are by far the most picturesque-looking troops we have, wear a light gray woollen blouse with simple curb chains on the shoulders to protect them from sword-cuts. This we believe to be the most suitable garment at present in use. Mr. Galton says that 'during the progress of expeditions notes have been made of the number in them of those who have provided themselves with flannel, and of those who have not, and the list of sick always included names from the latter list in a very great proportion.' With a host of such facts, well known to all who have paid attention to the subject, it seems surprising that the military authorities should have adopted a linen blouse for the troops in India. This material is perhaps the best conductor of all the fabrics used in dress; its unsuitableness therefore for a climate which is alternately hot, cold, and wet, may easily be imagined. The neck and spine should be guarded against the assaults of the sun almost as carefully as the head. In all ages Easterns have been

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been mindful to protect the great nervous highway. The Arabs invariably bring one of the ends of the turban down over the neck, and the French have adopted the same plan in Algeria. As regards the spine, every one has experienced the sense of sickness which is produced when the back is brought close to a strong fire. Such a fire the poor soldier often endures for hours when marching under an Indian sun. Sunstrokes arise as much from this cause as from the exposure of the head. The Arab has a long tasselled loop of cloth hanging down in the small of the back, which acts as a piece of solar armour: the English soldier should have a similar protection, unless we are to consider that his black knapsack and his neatly rolled great-coat are all that is required. A belt of flannel should by no means be forgotten. The direct rays of the sun striking upon the expanse of nerves over the abdomen often bring on cholera or dysentery. The soldier should have, in addition, a loose woollen wrapper to serve as a change when campaigning. The value of dry clothes when he lies down on the bare ground after a fatiguing march is not to be overrated. 'The skin's debility is malaria's opportunity,' justly remarks Mr. Jeffreys. 'The germs of fever, dysentery, and cholera, stalking over the bodies of a sleeping army, which has been exposed to the sun by day, quickly scent out the enfeebled skins and divide the prey!'

The colour of the dress is important. Dr. Coulier, who has lately investigated the qualities of different materials as clothing for troops, found that white cotton placed over a cloth dress produced a fall of 7 degrees per cent. in heat. When the tube of a thermometer was covered with cotton sheeting and placed in the sun, it marked 35·1, with cotton lining 35·5, with unbleached linen 39·6, with dark blue cloth 42, with red cloth 42. From these experiments it will be seen that the staring red of our uniforms absorbs no less than 7 degrees more of heat than simple cotton. As we have to guard against the cold of night, and the damp of the rainy season, perhaps the best method of meeting the varied conditions of heat, moisture, and cold would be to give the soldier, a simple woollen blouse of some neutral colour, which, while it did not absorb the sun's rays, would yet be pleasing to the eye. Gray faced with red, or girdled with a red sash or belt, would have an excellent effect, and would answer admirably.

It is singular that, whilst our troops at home, for the last twenty years within the immediate influence of a growing sanitary science, have profited little by its teaching, the troops quartered abroad within the same time have experienced a marked decline in their annual rate of mortality. In the year 1835 Lord Howick

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Howick caused a parliamentary inquiry to be made into the causes of the fearful mortality among the troops on some of the foreign stations, especially in the West Indian islands. The returns proved even worse than had been anticipated. The mortality in Jamaica was no less than 128 per thousand, or in other words, every eighth man who stepped on board a transport for service in this beautiful island was doomed to leave his body for the land crabs. In the other islands the mortality was somewhat less, the deaths being 81 in the thousand. The reason of this decimation had long been known. More than fifty years ago Robert Jackson had pointed out the deadly nature of our military posts, situated for the most part at the embouchures of rivers and in low harbours, or placed in the immediate neighbourhood of pestiferous swamps. Salt pork and rum were called in to finish the work malaria had commenced. Five days a-week were our soldiers rationed upon this poisonous food; and, to make the injustice more glaring, the convicts upon the island were fed with fresh meat, and were consequently in good health. In 1843 Sir Charles Metcalfe determined that the troops should no longer perish. He altered their diet, and removed them entirely from the marshy plains to Maroon Town, which stands at an elevation of not more than 2500 feet on the Blue Mountains, but sufficient to lift European life above the level of the deadly fevers of the climate. The effect of these changes exactly corresponded with what had been foretold by Jackson; the mortality speedily fell from 128 to 60 per thousand, and is now reduced to 32. Thus for many generations the mortality of white troops in Jamaica was fourfold what it should have been, through ignorance and extravagance; for, strange to say, the difference between the cost of the poisonous salt-pork and the healthy fresh-meat caused a saving to the Government of 80,000*l.* a-year.

In other colonies the improvement in the health of the troops has been marked of late years. At Ceylon, where resort has been had to hill stations, the mortality has decreased from 74 per thousand—at which ratio it stood until 1836—to 38 per thousand at the present time. During the same period, we find that at St. Helena the rate has fallen from 25 to 12, at Gibraltar from 22 to 12, at the Ionian Islands from 27 to 17, and at Newfoundland from 37 to 11 per thousand. From this gratifying statement we must except the greatest dependency of all—our Indian Empire. In Bengal the mortality of the British soldier just before the mutiny was even greater than it had been twenty years before. On the average of nineteen years previous to 1836 it had been 75 per thousand; on the average of the next period of eighteen years it was 76 per thousand. In Bombay, the

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the mortality has decreased 2 per thousand; but in Madras the improvement has been such that the deaths have fallen from 76 to 41 per thousand. Whilst India remained in the hands of the East India Company, and the British troops stationed there seldom exceeded 25,000, the high mortality of the presidency of Bengal might have escaped observation; but now that the European soldiers will probably be doubled, the necessity for putting their sanitary condition upon a proper footing must be obvious. 'Colonel Tulloch has informed me,' says Mr. Martin, in his admirable work on the 'Influence of Tropical Climates on the European Constitution,' 'that between 1815 and 1855 there died of European soldiers belonging to her Majesty's and the East India Company's army in India very nearly 100,000 men, the greater portion of whose lives might have been saved had better localities been selected for military occupation in that country.' Estimating the value of each soldier in India at 100*l.*, this would give a sum of 10,000,000*l.*

The barracks and cantonments of India, as regards vastness and solidity, are perhaps not to be equalled by any in the world. The military buildings of Burhampore in Bengal are said to have cost, during the 77 years they were in existence, including capital and interest, 16,891,206*l.*; yet this costly station, like that of Secunderabad in the Madras presidency, was planted in an absolutely pestiferous locality. All over India the localities of the barracks are bad, and their construction and arrangement extremely faulty. 'Nearly the whole station of Cawnpore,' says Mr. Jeffreys, 'running some miles along the river, was so cut up into small "compounds" by high mud walls that a bird's-eye view would have given it the appearance of a divided honeycomb. These walls, with the profusion of trees they enclosed, seemed as if designed to cut off every current of wind from the inhabitants of the ground-floor dwellings hidden within them.' In another case, as if to make stagnation doubly secure, he mentions that there is a square wall within a square wall surrounding a cantonment. Hence we can easily account for the fearful mortality among European troops in India. As if to make patent to us the folly we commit in constructing these vast bakehouses, the native troops who hut themselves outside our lines, and thus get plenty of air, present the unique example of a soldiery whose mortality is below that of the population from which it is recruited. In the Bengal presidency the mutiny has cleared away the difficulty; for it has swept the mass of these pestilential cantonments from the face of the earth. The question, how shall we profit by the loss? is answered by Mr. Martin in his 'Suggestions for promoting the Health and Efficiency of the British

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British Troops serving in the East Indies.' He insists that we must station our troops in future upon the hills, but not on such stations as we have on the Himalaya and Neilgherry mountains, positions of 7000 feet above the sea; for although they are a security against the fevers of the country, they are apt to induce bowel complaints, which are almost as fatal. His opinion is, that elevations of from 2800 to 6000 feet would yield a climate most congenial for European troops: such, in fact, as we have already found in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. He especially draws attention to the solitary hills—'those islands of the plains'—as capable of affording a refuge from the fevers that inundate the low-lying ground. Here the mass of the British army may be lodged until their services are needed. From these eyries, like the Romans of old, they may watch the champaign country, and be ready, at a moment's notice, to move on any threatened position. There is no intention of recommending the abandonment of strategical points, or large cities which serve as arsenals, simply because they are not wholesome. There are dangers to be braved in peace as well as in war. Yet our experience of the heroic qualities of the British soldier justifies the assumption that small bodies of them, placed in strongly-fortified positions, could hold out against all comers until succour should arrive from the hill stations—especially now India is being traversed by railroads and telegraphs. But even these stations are not sufficient to restore patients suffering under chronic disease. These, if possible, should at once be sent home. The sick officer is invalided, and speedily recovers in the air of his native land; the common soldier, on the contrary, is forced to enter the hospital, too often to die. The men, moreover, should be recruited for a shorter time. At present they practically serve seventeen years in India—a period which breaks down the constitutions of the majority. It is the exposure to heat for a great length of time, and not its intensity for a short period, that destroys European life. If we entrap the ignorant labourer by the most unworthy artifices,* we should, at least, be merciful to him. Let the term of service be reduced to ten years, and then the stream of stalwart Britons, fresh from the mother country, would enable us, in conjunction with hill stations, to keep a powerful and resistless grasp upon the country.

It may well be imagined that, if the sanitary condition of our army is so bad in times of peace, its sufferings in war must be greatly ex-

* Mr. Jeffreys informs us that he has lately seen a recruiting serjeant's placard in which there is an engraving of a British trooper cutting down a Sepoy and taking from him a bag of treasure.

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aggerated. The experience of the Peninsula, Walcheren, Burmah, and Sebastopol, has unfailingly proved this to be the case, and in manifold instances the evils were such as could have been avoided with ease.

'The barracks and the military hospitals,' says Miss Nightingale, 'exist at home and in the colonies as tests of our sanitary condition in peace; and the histories of the Peninsular war, of Walcheren, and of the late Crimean expedition, exist as tests of our sanitary condition in the state of war. We have much more information on the sanitary history of the Crimean campaign than we have of any other. It is a complete example—history does not afford its equal—of an army, after a great disaster arising from its neglects, having been brought into the highest state of health and efficiency. It is the whole experiment on a colossal scale. In all other examples the last step has been wanting to complete the solution of the problem. We had in the first seven months of the Crimean campaign a mortality among the troops at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum from disease alone—a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the great plague in the population of London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacks; that is to say, that there died out of the army of the Crimea an annual rate greater than ordinarily die in time of pestilence out of sick. We had during the last six months of the war a mortality among our *sick* not much more than among our *healthy* Guards at home, and a mortality among our troops in the last five months *two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home.*'

This splendid testimony to the value of sanitary science, exhibited on the largest scale, on an apparently hopeless field, is without appeal. The Commissioners propose a medical officer of health for the army,* second in rank to the principal medical officer, and attached to the quartermaster-general in the field. This officer, says the Report, should be the head of the sanitary police of the army, should be answerable for all the measures to be adopted for the prevention of disease, and should report to the quartermaster-general, and to the principal medical officer. In order to prevent any evasion of responsibility, they further recommend that the sanitary officer shall give his advice in writing, and that the disregard of it on strategical grounds shall be equally recorded by the officer in command. Having thus provided for the army in the field, the Commissioners propose that there shall be associated with the Medical Director-General of the Army a sanitary, statistical, and medical colleague. Each of these officers would be at the head of a distinct department—

* This idea of a sanitary officer for armies in the field originated with Mr. J. Ranald Martin, who has long advocated the measure in his correspondence with the medical journals, and with the East India Government. To this gentleman we also owe the suggestion of a health officer in civil life.

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the sanitary officer taking cognisance of all questions of food, dress, diet, exercise, and lodging for the soldier; the statistical department gathering together those invaluable details relative to the health of the army, for the want of which the British troops have so long suffered a mortality out of all proportion to the civil community; while the medical department would serve as a connecting link between civil and military medicine, keeping the latter up to the last word of science, as spoken by the great medical authorities in all countries. Some of these suggestions will require deep consideration before they are adopted. Nothing, at any rate, must be permitted to fetter the absolute power of the commander in the field, who must have a real as well as a nominal freedom. But every precaution which can guard the health of the soldier without cramping the discretion of the general is demanded alike by humanity and policy. What was so powerfully said in the last century has remained in a great degree true in our own. 'The life of a modern soldier is ill-represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits or heaved into the ocean, without notice or remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.'

ART. VII.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson: including their Tour to the Hebrides.* By the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. A new Edition, thoroughly Revised, with much additional Matter. With Portraits. 1 Vol., royal 8vo. London, 1847.

MR. THACKERAY has remarked that the advantages of the literary calling are not sufficiently remembered by those who complain of its hardships. The physician must have house and furniture, carriage and men-servants, before patients will confide in him, for nobody is willing to trust in his skill till he puts on an appearance which indicates that he is trusted by others. The barrister must be at the cost of chambers and clerk, and

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and the expense of going the circuit. The artist must have his studio and a constant supply of canvas and paint. The author, on the other hand, requires scarce any capital with which to exercise his craft. In large towns public libraries supply him with books, and a few sheets of paper, a pen and a little ink are all which are required to write them. He can live in a cheap lodging, and needs none of the costly appendages of the doctor, lawyer, and painter. Such is Mr. Thackeray's summary of the case, and it is plain enough that every calling has its drawbacks and compensations; but, when all has been said, it will still remain a truth that the worst profession in the world, for those who rely upon it exclusively, is that of an author. With the exception of a very few popular writers and editors of journals, no persons expend so large an amount of talent and toil for so small a return as the better class of literary men. Gifted persons, whose pens are hardly ever out of their hands, can with difficulty earn three or four hundred a year. Great as is the demand for books in the aggregate, the works of an individual have not often a sufficient sale to furnish much profit. If he chances to make a lucky hit, he can rarely repeat it. Those who make their way in the ordinary professions have a steady call for their services; the gains of the author, which are dependent upon a taste as variable as the weather, are always precarious. Though the public did not require incessant variety and were willing to go on listening to the voice of the charmer, he can seldom continue to charm as wisely as at first. Goldsmith urged the introduction of new members into the Literary Club because the original associates 'had travelled over each other's minds.' This is as true of books as of conversation. Few men are possessed of an inexhaustible stock of ideas, and while in the ordinary callings increased experience gives increased skill, the author often finds in the very prime of his life that his occupation is gone, and that little besides 'mouth-honour' is left him. But the chief evil, perhaps, of his employment, when his bread depends upon it, is in the nature of the exertion it imposes. The craft of an artist is in a large degree mechanical, and to paint is usually as much a pleasure as a labour. The duties of a physician soon become a routine in which the intellect is rarely put to a strain. The barrister has his materials found to his hands, has the comparatively easy task of addressing the understanding instead of captivating the taste, and has the immense advantage of speaking to an audience far from fastidious and which is compelled to listen to him. Literary productions, when they have any particular excellence, generally flow with much less facility. They call for a more exhausting patience

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and a more fatiguing application of mind. Rapidly as Johnson seemed to write, he yet testifies that composition is usually an effort of slow diligence, to which the author is dragged by necessity, and from which the attention is every moment starting to pleasanter pursuits. No occupation is so tiring, none requires such concentration of the powers and such a freedom from everything which can distract the thoughts; none, therefore, is so harassing under the least derangement of health or circumstances. 'A man,' says Johnson, 'doubtful of his dinner or trembling at a creditor is not much disposed to abstracted meditation or remote inquiries;' nor can any pursuit be so trying when poverty compels the toil to be unremitting; when

> 'Day after day the labour must be done,
> And sure as comes the postman and the sun
> The indefatigable ink must run.'

Half the works which delight the world may almost be said to have been written with the blood of their authors. 'Ye,' exclaims Johnson, 'who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, attend to the history of Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia.' With much more reason might those who think of adopting literature as a profession, seduced by dazzling dreams of affluence and fame, attend to the history of Samuel Johnson. Whoever weighs the sufferings against the success will have little reason to envy his lot; and though he presents as grand a spectacle of a brave man struggling with distress as the world ever saw, the grandeur is felt by those who contemplate his career, and little besides the distress was felt by himself.

Shortly after Johnson settled in London, at the close of 1737, his chief employer was Edward Cave, the son of a shoemaker at Rugby. Cave had acquired some scholarship by his education at the grammar school of that place, and was now established as a printer and publisher at St. John's Gate. He had started the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and never, Johnson said, 'looked out of the window but with a view to it.' Such was his minute anxiety respecting it that he would name a particular person who he heard had talked of leaving it off, and would exclaim, 'Let us have something good next month.' Johnson spoke of him in later years with great affection, and described him 'as a good man who always delighted to have his friends at table,' but added, 'that he was a penurious paymaster, who would contract for lines by the hundred, and expect the long hundred.' However sensible he may have been of the value of his new contributor, whose articles, compared to the flimsy stuff which filled the

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the journals of that day, were like jewels among sand, Cave does not seem to have relaxed his parsimony in his favour. The wages of Johnson were those of the ordinary literary drudges of his time, and the terms which conscious merit would have induced him to refuse, starving indigence compelled him to accept.

Most of his productions during the early part of his sojourn in London have not been traced. In 1740 his known contributions to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' become more important, and it was at the conclusion of this year that he began to compose the 'Parliamentary Debates,' which he had previously been employed to revise. Persons were sent to the Houses of Lords and Commons to learn the names of the speakers and the sides they took. Sometimes his informants brought away notes of what was said, and from these slender materials Johnson constructed the finished speeches which appeared in the Magazine. His last, and upon the whole his ablest, effort of the kind, was his report of the discussion on 'Spirituous Liquors' in February, 1743. He then desisted from the task on discovering what he had never before suspected, that these effusions of his pen were supposed to be the true debates, 'for he would not,' he said, 'be accessory to the propagation of falsehood.' Though there could be no guilt where no fraud was designed, and though not a single ill effect was alleged to have been produced by the misconception of the public, his detestation of everything deceptive was so extreme that a few days before his death he declared that the Debates 'were the only part of his writings which gave him compunction.' Their genuineness was long undoubted even by men who might have been thought to be in a position to hear the truth from the members of either House of Parliament. Three of the speeches were published by Dr. Maty in the works of Lord Chesterfield 'as specimens of his Lordship's eloquence;' and years after the scrupulous moralist had abandoned the practice Dr. Francis, the translator of Demosthenes and Horace, mentioned at a dinner, at which Johnson was present, that the reply of Mr. Pitt to the elder Horace Walpole in the 'Debate on Seamen' in 1741, was the finest he had ever read—finer than anything in the great Greek orator himself. The rest of the company were loud in their applause, and when panegyric was exhausted, Johnson exclaimed, 'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-street.' This vigorous piece of fierce invective is the best burst of declamation he produced.

The excellence of the speeches may have done much to remove suspicion. It may have appeared more probable that they should be faithful reports than that they should be the composi-

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tion of a magazine writer; but as Flood remarked, they are none of them in the least like real debates, and they are all written in one style, and that the mannered style of Johnson. The substance is just as much in his usual strain of speculation and moralising. There is a vast amount of reflection, very few facts, and very little politics. His addiction to generalities is the cause why he displays in the conflict of opposite opinions less argumentative ingenuity than might be expected from his notable skill in maintaining either side of a question, and making the worse appear the better reason. When he was praised for his impartiality in holding the balance even between the contending parties, he answered 'That is not quite true. I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' It would be impossible, however, from the debates themselves to discover his bias. Both sides declaim with equal plausibility of assertion and power of language. The pride of the author prevailed over the prejudices of the politician, and as every speech was in fact his own, he could not resist the impulse to put the strongest arguments and most forcible expressions into the mouth of the speaker. None of his works were written with equal velocity. 'Three columns of the Magazine,' he said, 'in an hour was no uncommon effort, which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity.' Considered in this light, the composition is extraordinary. There is abundance of amplified commonplaces, but intermingled with admirable reflections which are conveyed throughout in a polished and stately style, and in diction remarkable for its copiousness and vigour. Some of the speeches on 'Spirituous Liquors' are finished dissertations on the evil effects, individual and national, of habits of intoxication, and would be supposed to be the result of unusual care.

There was once an idea of bringing Johnson himself into Parliament. Conceiving, as was conjectured by Lord Stowell, that, like the elephant in battle, so headstrong a champion might trample down friends as well as foes, Lord North declined to forward the scheme. Mr. Flood was reasonably of opinion that Johnson, at the age of sixty-two, had been too long used to the sententious brevity and short flights of conversation to have acquired the 'expanded kind of argument' necessary in Parliament; but nothing could be less reasonable than to refer to the imaginary debates in the Magazine in proof of this position. Whatever may be their fault, it assuredly is not want of expansion; and they are essays and not speeches, exactly because they were written to be read and not to be spoken. At any period while his mind retained its pliancy Johnson could have had no difficulty

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difficulty in varying the treatment of his subject to fit their altered purpose. Burke pronounced that if he had come early into the House of Commons he would have been beyond question the greatest speaker that ever appeared there. He several times attempted an harangue in the 'Society of Arts and Sciences,' and told Sir William Scott 'that he found he could not get on.' He must have meant he could not get on to the satisfaction of himself, for Dr. Kippis heard him speak there on a question of mechanics 'with a perspicuity and energy which excited general admiration.' Promptitude of mind was one of his most conspicuous qualities, and a little practice would have rendered oratorical contests as congenial to him as colloquial.

Like the dawning light which shows itself to the world before the luminary is visible from which it proceeds, Johnson's writings were admired long before he himself was brought into view. While he was penning speeches for eminent statesmen which eclipsed their own productions, he was not always able even to command a garret. About the time when he commenced the Parliamentary debates, he and Savage discussed politics one night as they walked round and round St. James's Square because they were destitute of a lodging. In high spirits and brimful of patriotism they continued their circuit for several hours, inveighing against Sir Robert Walpole and resolving 'that they would stand by their country.' By four in the morning fatigue got the better of patriotic fervour; they began to wish for refreshment, and found that they could only make up fourpence halfpenny between them. Savage died in 1743, and in the following year Johnson published a Life of him. This unhappy man was at once extravagantly proud and meanly importunate. He demanded alms with the air of a king who levies rightful taxes on his subjects, and thought to dignify beggary by insolence. Instead of being grateful for what was bestowed, he was enraged when anything was withheld, and to have been once his friend was to ensure his subsequent enmity. The sums which were given him out of charity he squandered in profligacy, and passed his days between the fierce extremes of ravenous debauchery and squalid want. His conversation was doubtless the circumstance which recommended him to his future biographer. Johnson had never come within reach of the heads of his profession. Savage had herded with many of them as well as with various persons of rank. He was a close and accurate observer of mankind, had a singularly tenacious memory, and possessed the art of communicating his reminiscences in easy, elegant, and vivacious language. It may readily be conceived with what eager interest Johnson would listen to his traits and anecdotes. What he

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he saw in him was the companion of Pope and the describer of the many-coloured scenes of life, not the vindictive spendthrift and abandoned reveller. Their companionship was of short duration, for it is certain they were not acquainted when Johnson published his 'London' in May, 1738, and Savage left the metropolis in July, 1739, and never returned to it.

With so unpromising a hero, whose talents were not extraordinary* and the incidents of whose career were neither numerous nor creditable, Johnson produced a biography which, as Mr. Croker happily remarks, 'gives, like Raphael's Lazarus or Murillo's Beggar, pleasure as a work of art, while the original could only excite disgust.' The splendour of the author's mind reflected from the page redeems the inherent poverty of the subject. Yet the effect is not obtained by ascribing to Savage fictitious virtues or an imaginary importance. His ill-regulated disposition and ignoble career, if touched with tenderness, are described with as much fidelity as power. The interest springs honestly from the skill of the narrative and the reflections which are interwoven with it. The work was thrown off at a heat. 'I wrote,' Johnson said, 'forty-eight of the printed octavo pages at a sitting; but then I sat up all night.' It bears no marks of the haste with which it was composed; the style is not so harmonious and compact as that to which he had attained when he wrote the 'Lives of the Poets;' but it is always imposing and often terse, and runs on in a full and equable flow from the opening to the close.

The copyright of the 'Life of Savage' was purchased by Cave for fifteen guineas. No succession of masterpieces that it was in the power of man to produce could have enabled an author at this price to earn a subsistence; the money received for one performance would have been spent long before he could have collected the materials for a second. Thus Johnson was obliged to go back to his usual taskwork in which the returns were

* Fielding relates that the writings of Savage had long lain uncalled for in the warehouse till he happened, very fortunately for his bookseller, to be convicted at the Old Bailey of having killed one Sinclair in a tavern-scuffle, by running him through with a sword. The bookseller immediately advertised 'The Works of Mr. Savage, now under Sentence of Death for Murder,' and the whole stock was sold. The man next offered the condemned poet a high price for a 'Dying Speech,' which Savage accordingly furnished. When, contrary to all expectation, he was pardoned, he wished to return the money. The bookseller preferred to stand by the bargain. He published the 'Speech' which Mr. Savage had intended to make at Tyburn; and Fielding says 'it is probable as many were sold as there were people in town who could read.' It is wonderful to reflect upon the circumstances which are a source of interest in the eyes of the multitude, when poems before neglected assumed a sudden value because their author was to be hanged for murder.

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quick, however small. His employment in 1745 and 1746 was so obscure that with the exception of some 'Miscellaneous Observations upon Macbeth,' which appeared in the former of these years, no trace is preserved of his labours. Mr. Croker inclines to the belief that he had dabbled in the Rebellion and was obliged to keep concealed. To suppose that he was out in Forty-five, and that his journey to the Hebrides was not his first visit to Scotland, merely because we do not know where he was or what he was doing at the period, is an assumption too rash to be entertained. But there is conclusive evidence from Johnson's own lips that the conjecture is unfounded. He told Mr. Langton 'that nothing had ever offered that made it worth his while to consider fully the question' of the right of the Stuarts, which he certainly could not have said if he had gone so far as to engage in the Pretender's cause. Boswell had heard him declare that 'if holding up his right hand would have secured victory to Prince Charles at Culloden, he was not sure that he would have held it up.' His Tory predilections were strong, but it is not likely that they ever hurried him into treason, or that his idea of 'standing by his country' was to aid a Highland army to invade it. With a playful consciousness that they were destined to hold a conspicuous place in English literature, he remarked to Goldsmith, as they looked at the monuments in Poet's Corner,—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

On their return home through Temple Bar, Goldsmith pointed to the heads of the rebels which were stuck upon it, and slily whispered in the ear of his companion—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS.'

The jest has a significance beyond what has ever been imputed to it, and must have been heard by Johnson with a shudder, if he had indeed made common cause with the men whose visages were mouldering above.*

In 1747 Johnson again emerged to the surface with the 'Plan of his English Dictionary.' His occasional productions while he was proceeding with his gigantic task were either few at the commencement or they have remained unknown. He furnished to Dodsley's 'Preceptor' in 1748 a paper of about eighteen octavo pages called the 'Vision of Theodore,' which he penned one night after a festive evening, and which he once said he

* Ghastly as was this spectacle, it was less revolting than is commonly supposed; for the heads being coated with tar to prevent their becoming noisome, they were not more offensive in appearance than Egyptian mummies.

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thought the best thing he had ever written. The ground of his preference is not apparent. The principal object of the piece is to hold out a warning against the contraction of evil habits. Of these he says felicitously that 'each link of the chain grows tighter as it has been longer worn, and when by continual additions they become so heavy as to be felt, they are very frequently too strong to be broken.' But the allegory is hackneyed, and displays little ingenuity or fancy. The precepts are trite, and are not set off by any novelty of form or illustration. If, however, the distinction of being his masterpiece did not belong to the 'Vision of Theodore,' he might with reason have claimed the honour for the work which he published in the ensuing year. This was his famous 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' which he composed according to his usual practice, with marvellous rapidity. He once accomplished a hundred lines in a single day. If Johnson were judged by what he has done best, his place should be among the poets. When Ballantyne asked Scott what in all our poetical literature gave him the greatest pleasure, he answered 'London' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' 'I think,' adds Ballantyne, 'I never saw his countenance more indicative of admiration than while reciting aloud from these productions.' As Scott asserted that the 'pathetic morality of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" had often drawn tears,' there can be no doubt that this involuntary tribute had been paid by himself. Byron called it a 'grand poem,' and said, 'that the examples and mode of giving them were both sublime.' It is in a far more elevated strain than the 'London.' The ideas are of a loftier cast, the language is more nervous and poetical, and the characters are drawn with a force and splendour of description which are unrivalled. The sketch of Charles XII. of Sweden is the gem of the whole. The glow and fire and pomp of the lines which depict him in the pride of military glory, and the pathos of the lines which paint his reverses and his death, are perfect in themselves, and impress more deeply by the contrast. In almost every instance the English poet has soared above his Latin original.* Johnson coming after so many models has copied none of

* The opening couplet is the worst in the poem:—

'Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru.'

He had to contend here with Dryden's consummate rendering of the original, which is as literal as it is admirable:—

'Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue.'

Johnson was cramped by the evident desire to avoid echoing a version which he could not mend.

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them in the construction of his heroic verse, which has a swell and majesty of its own. Without the various music of Dryden it is more sonorous, and fills the ear with its sound as it fills the mind with its pregnant sense. A few imperfect rhymes in 'London' excepted, he has sacrificed nothing to the exigencies of verse. Neither Pope nor any other writer is equally free from negligent lines, or succeeds in the same sustained degree in combining the restraints imposed by poetry with the order and exactness of prose.

The fifteen guineas which Johnson received for the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' was quickly followed by a larger sum than he could ever have possessed before. When Garrick in 1747 opened Drury Lane Theatre, Johnson furnished the celebrated Prologue. He now looked to Garrick to introduce the neglected 'Irene' to the world. The name of Johnson was beginning to be heard. His 'Life of Savage' was admired; his poems were thought equal to Pope; and his noble Prologue, which was several times called for during the season, had made him favourably known to the frequenters of the theatre. A tragedy from his pen was no unpromising speculation, and if his piece had been well adapted for the stage he might have appealed to the manager with as much confidence as to the friend. But 'Irene' was too barren of incident to be an acting play, and when Garrick proposed alterations his old master took offence. 'Sir,' said Johnson to Dr. Taylor, who attempted to mediate in the dispute, 'the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels.' The tragedy was performed on February 6th, 1749, and ran for thirteen nights. Dr. Burney, who was present at the first representation, says that it was much applauded, especially the speech on 'to-morrow,' till the heroine at the close was about to be strangled on the stage, when there arose a cry of murder! murder! It is singular that the circumstance which jeopardised the play should have been one of the few changes which the author permitted at the urgent solicitation of Garrick, whose object no doubt was to add another 'situation' to a piece which was deficient in action. Johnson mentions of Dodsley that he attended every night behind the scenes during the run of 'Cleone,' and always cried at the distress of his own heroine. Neither the author nor any one else could have shed a tear at the frigid dialogue of 'Irene,' but he was always present at the performance, and thought that his new-born dignity required him to go equipped in a gold-laced hat and a gold-laced scarlet waistcoat. Beauclerk heard him relate that he soon laid aside his green-room finery for fear it should make him proud, and he told Mr. Langton

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Langton that he found when he wore it he could not treat people with the same ease as when he was in his ordinary dress. The truth is, until he put on his dramatic livery he had never been possessed of a decent suit of clothes, and he was experiencing at forty the intoxicating sensations which others pass through at twenty-one.

The profits of the author's three nights were 195*l.* 17*s.*; which with the 100*l.* that Dodsley paid for the copyright amounted to near 300*l.* But Johnson, who had witnessed the increasing apathy of the audience, did not delude himself. He was aware that his tragedy had not made an impression, and when asked how he felt replied, 'Like the Monument.' The sturdy manliness of his mind was always grand. Some years after, when he was in distress, Murphy suggested to Garrick to invite his friend to produce another play. 'When Johnson,' replied the manager, 'writes tragedy, "declamation roars and passion sleeps;" when Shakespeare wrote he dipped his pen in his heart.' The words which Garrick quoted against Johnson from his own Prologue for the 'Opening of Drury Lane Theatre' are not a little remarkable, for the passage in which they occur exactly describes and emphatically condemns the very species of tragedy of which his 'Irene' was an extreme example. He esteemed Addison's 'Cato,' according to Hawkins, 'the best model we had.' It was plainly the model he followed, and no less clear that he gave it the preference because it was in a style which was adapted to his own powers. But though the author was seduced into applauding what it suited him to imitate, the critic saw with truer eyes, and hence both in his 'Prologue' and his 'Life of Addison,' he did not spare 'the unaffecting elegance and chill philosophy' of his master. No more perfect description can be found of 'Irene' than in his strictures upon 'Cato.' 'Of this work,' he says, 'it has not been unjustly determined that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here "excites or assuages emotion": here is "no magical power of raising fantastic terror or wild anxiety." The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. There is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem.' The plot of 'Irene' is meagre and awakens no suspense; the incidents are few, unexciting, and not always probable; the agents are destitute of individuality, and appear to be mere elocutionists who

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who have no identity with the words they utter. As the declamatory dialogue does not come from the heart, so neither does it go to it. The characters only meet to oppose sentiment to sentiment, and maxim to maxim, in set speeches, which even when fullest of 'sound and fury' fall coldly upon the mind. The diction in spite of metaphors is prosaic, and the lines are without any charm of melody. His blank verse has none of that grand and massive roll which distinguishes his heroic measure. A general monotony of sense, manner, and metre, without rise or fall, pervades the piece, and fatigues attention. He boasted to the audience that he had trusted in 'Reason, Nature, and Truth.' Of moral truth, and moral argumentation, there was more than enough, but 'Nature,' as he said of his predecessors, 'had fled,' and 'virtue and philosophy' had usurped her throne. He could not write anything which did not show his command of language, but his tragedy shines with a pale light which neither dazzles nor warms. He once asked Mrs. Thrale which was the scene she preferred in the whole of our drama. She answered, 'The dialogue in "Cato" between Syphax and Juba.' 'Nay, nay,' replied Johnson, 'if you are for declamation, I hope my ladies have the better of them all.' His high opinion of his play appears to have abated in after years. When it was read aloud in a country-house he left the room, and on being asked the reason, replied, 'I thought it had been better.'

His contact with the theatre led him occasionally to frequent the Green-room, where he could indulge his favourite employments of watching human nature under new aspects and of joining in animated talk. 'At that period,' he said, 'all the wenches knew me, and dropped me a curtsey as they passed on the stage.' The players of his day treated indigent authors with insolence, and Johnson, who was among the most ragged and needy of them, had won from the actresses a curtsey of respect for his moral dignity and intellectual power,—a touching piece of simple and heartfelt homage, more to be coveted than a world of noisier applause. His next work raised him in the estimation of the public to something of the same position which he occupied in the eyes of the actresses. On the 20th of March, 1750, appeared the first number of the 'Rambler,' which contributed, beyond all his previous productions, to an elevated estimate of his character and to the spread of his fame. The necessity for earning something in addition to the instalments he received in advance for his Dictionary was the stimulus to the undertaking. Nor was he ill-paid. The work came out twice a week, and for every essay he had a couple of guineas from Cave. The pressing need to make the whole of the money with his own pen

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pen may have been the cause why he did not communicate the scheme to his friends and invite their aid. His desire to keep the authorship a secret is not so easy to understand. He published 'London' anonymously while he was yet unknown, because, as Swift says,—

> 'A poem read without a name
> We justly praise or justly blame;
> And critics have no partial views,
> Except they know whom they abuse.'

But Johnson's reputation was now sufficient to recommend his writings and would have assisted the sale. He may, perhaps, have thought that it would check the freedom of his comments if their source was known. Whatever was his motive, he was soon compelled to drop the mask. Garrick early detected his vigorous hand, and Richardson expressed his conviction to Cave that there was no second person who was capable of the task. 'I return to answer,' wrote Cave in August, 1750, when the idea of secrecy was abandoned, 'that Mr. Johnson is the *Great Rambler*, being, as you observe, the only man who can furnish two such papers in a week, besides his other great business.' He composed them, as he did everything, upon the spur of the moment. The copy was seldom sent to the press till late in the night before the day of publication, and he usually wrote the concluding portion of the essay while the former part of it was being put into type. Often he did not even take the precaution to read what he had so hurriedly penned. A few heads of ideas upon certain topics, specimens of which have been preserved by Boswell, was all the preparation he had made. One of the memoranda he jotted down was 'Sailor's life my aversion,' and this Hawkins printed 'Sailor's fate any mansion.'

'When the author was to be kept private,' said Cave, 'two gentlemen belonging to the Prince's Court came to me to inquire his name in order to do him service.' Bubb Dodington invited the unknown writer to his house. Dr. Young and many other persons of note wrote letters of approbation, some placing the 'Rambler' upon a level with the 'Spectator,' and some, like Richardson, pronouncing it superior. 'The encouragement as to sale,' Cave added, 'is not in proportion to the high character given to the work by the judicious, not to say the raptures expressed by the few that do read it.' He rightly augured that the completed series would have a larger circulation than the single numbers, for the topics were not of a nature to divert the ordinary purchasers of a twopenny periodical. A moral tendency was perceptible in all the writings of Johnson; it was the main design of the 'Rambler.' Before commencing it, he offered up a prayer

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prayer 'that it might promote the glory of God and the salvation both of himself and others.' He carried it on in the same spirit with which it was begun, and in the concluding number he professed that, if he had executed his intentions, his labours 'would be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the age.' He was not, he said, 'much dejected by his want of popularity, for he only expected those to peruse his essays whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.' Few of the persons under whose eyes they first fell were of this superior class. People complained that he had not adopted the lighter style and subjects of the 'Spectator.' He answered that some themes had already been treated with too much success to permit competition, and that an author must be guided by the course of his studies and the accidents of his life. This adherence to the bent of his mind gave the distinctive character to his work, and when its real nature came to be understood, and the world looked in it for what it contained, and not for what their preconceived notions had determined, they were loud in its praise.

In our day the 'Rambler' has lost much of its pristine reputation. It cannot be denied that it contains many obvious truths delivered with pomp of phraseology and a magisterial air. The objection to the want of novelty had been anticipated by Johnson, who justly urged that men more frequently required to be reminded than reformed. His negligent age especially needed to be summoned back to their duties, and his lessons had a freshness and force to his contemporaries which, happily, they do not retain for us. No one now would obtain the name of the 'Great Moralist' for a volume of grave essays enforcing moral precepts. It was the singularity of the publication which procured the title for Johnson, and it was to the circumstance that the truths were addressed to minds which had long neglected them that they owed much of their effect. But the intrinsic power of the 'Rambler' was likewise great. The triter portions are redeemed by the abundance of original and sagacious reflections, and it is a marvel that papers written every Tuesday and Saturday, during the press of other labours, for two hundred consecutive weeks, should contain such weight and variety of sentiment. The most general complaint at the time was to the uniformity of the work. This was more, perhaps, in the manner than in the substance; when he changed his subject he could not change his style. He wrote letters in the name of female correspondents, and, as Burke remarked, all his ladies are Johnsons in petticoats. He drew characters with a truth which led a club

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club in Essex to imagine that they were sketches of the members, and they were incensed against an acquaintance whom they suspected of the act; but as all his representations were general descriptions in his formal style, without the animation of dialogue and incident, they did not contribute much to relieve the monotony. The chief contrast was produced by the few critical papers, which are novel and excellent, and it is surprising that Johnson, whose mind was teeming with literature, did not oftener avail himself of this ready resource.

In the summary of his aims in the final number of the 'Rambler,' he takes especial credit for his style. 'I have laboured,' he says, 'to refine our language to grammatical purity and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence.' In what particular he could imagine that he had refined the language of Dryden, Swift, and Addison to grammatical purity we are unable to conjecture. There are slips of the pen in every writer, and Johnson is not free from them, but systematic licence had not been left for him to reform. The other merits to which he lays claim have usually been numbered among his defects. His renunciation of familiar idioms gives an air of heaviness to his composition, and his love of sonorous periods betrayed him into verbosity and the use of a polysyllabic phraseology. There were people who said jocosely that his learned language was assumed to make his Dictionary indispensable. He has himself told his motive. 'When common words were less pleasing to the ear or less distinct in their signification I have applied the terms of philosophy to popular ideas.' The extent to which he carried the habit has been enormously exaggerated. The ordinary method of exhibiting his practice has been to gather into half a dozen sentences as many grandiloquent phrases as are scattered through the whole of the 'Rambler,' until all resemblance is lost in the extravagance of the caricature. The amplifications in which he indulged in his pursuit of a swelling harmony are both more frequent and more distasteful. While the mind grows impatient of a construction too uniform and mechanical and of phrases multiplied for no other purpose than to round off a sentence, the ear is no less tired by the monotony of sound. He said of Knolles, the author of the 'History of the Turks,' 'that there was nothing turgid in his dignity nor superfluous in his copiousness.' Exactly the reverse is true of the 'Rambler,' which occupies a middle place between his early and later works, and exhibits with his strength more of his defects than his previous or subsequent productions. He had formed his style by degrees, and

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and when it had attained to the height of its mannerism, he began to perceive himself that it was too inflated. He shook his head when he had one day glanced his eye over a paper in the 'Rambler,' and exclaimed 'too wordy.' 'If the style of Robertson,' he observed on another occasion, 'be too wordy, he owes it to me—that is, having too many words, and those too big ones.' His maturer writings are masterpieces of composition. He became more familiar in his language, pruned his redundance, and varied his cadence. As his style grew less cumbrous it increased in vigour till it reached its climax in the 'Lives of the Poets.' But literary praise or blame sinks into insignificance before the tribute which the 'Rambler' affords to the moral greatness of Johnson. He was not a theologian or a recluse. He was a man of letters, mixing largely in the society of his fellows. The tone of conversation was lax, and his brother-authors were not remarkable for their superior nicety. In the midst of licence, both of language and conduct, he never relaxed the severity of his principles, and walked through miry ways without contracting the smallest stain in his passage. Writing for bread, he yet refused to accommodate his matter to the taste of his readers, and instead of attempting to entertain them for his private advantage, he persisted in instructing them for their own. Whether he is pictured in his garret, or mingling in the haunts of his acquaintance, we must be struck, when we turn to the 'Rambler,' with the heroism which could triumph over all these influences, and persevere in enforcing the maxims of wisdom upon an untoward generation.

Amongst the panegyrics bestowed upon the 'Rambler,' there was one which was especially grateful to its author. After a few numbers his wife said to him, 'I thought very well of you before, but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this.' Her cheering commendation was soon to cease. The 'Rambler' terminated with the 208th number on the 14th of March, 1752, and on the 28th Mrs. Johnson died. She expired in the night, and her husband sent immediately for his friend, Dr. Taylor, who found him in tears and extreme agitation. His sixteen years of marriage had not been years of felicity. He told Mrs. Thrale that he and his wife disputed perpetually. She had a passion for cleanliness, and Johnson, who, when on visits in his better days, would turn candles upside down to make them burn brighter, and allow the grease to drop upon the carpet, was not to be restrained in his own house. 'Come,' he would exclaim, 'I think we have had talk enough about the floor; we will now have a touch at the ceiling.' The food was a topic of dissension as well as the floor, and once, when he was about to say

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say grace, she begged he would not go through the mockery of thanking God for a dinner which, in another minute, he would pronounce not fit to be eaten. But these little broils would not of themselves have embittered existence. The real evil was in the ceaseless contest with poverty which deepened his natural melancholy, and had probably no very favourable effect on the temper of his consort. According to Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived with her for some time at Hampstead, she did not treat him with complacence, and indulged in country air and nice living, while he was drudging in London. The sum was, as he confessed to Boswell, that 'his gloomy irritability' had never been so painful as during his married life. The latter days of Mrs. Johnson were epitomised by Levett in a single phrase—'perpetual illness and perpetual opium.' In the sermon which her husband wrote on her death, she is described as passing through these months of sickness without one murmur of impatience, and often expressed her gratitude for the mercy which had granted her so long a period for repentance. Even at this distance of time, when the grave has closed for three quarters of a century over the sorrows of Johnson, it is soothing to know that, in the midst of his miseries, the final days of their union were tranquil and full of consoling recollections to the survivor. If the course of events had not been favourable to their happiness, it had never extinguished their fondness. For years they had mingled minds and habits; the death of his wife disturbed the whole routine of his existence, and whichever way he turned there was a woful blank. He endeavoured to dissipate grief by study, and it was observed that thenceforward he worked in a particular garret. When asked the reason he replied, 'because in that room alone I never saw Mrs. Johnson.' He outlived her upwards of thirty years, and to the last he kept the anniversary of her death with fasting and prayer.

Between March, 1753, and March, 1754, Johnson contributed a few essays to the 'Adventurer,' which he allowed Dr. Bathurst, a physician of inconsiderable practice, to publish for his own advantage. Johnson's poverty was then extreme, but his charity was never extinguished by indigence, and he loved 'dear, dear Bathurst better than he ever loved any human creature.' He repeated with strong approval an observation of Goldsmith, 'I do not like a man who is zealous for nothing,' and he liked Bathurst for being 'a good hater—he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig.' Swift was of the same mind, and avowed it to be a ground of sympathy with Oldham,

'That rogues and fools were both abhorred alike.'

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But Bathurst could love as well as hate. He afterwards went to the West Indies, and in a letter which he wrote to Johnson from Barbadoes in 1757, after stating that he prays to 'the Supreme Being to enable him to deserve the friendship of so great and good a man,' he says, 'excuse my dropping my pen, for it is impossible that it should express the gratitude that is due to you.'

Cave, with whom Johnson had been so long connected, died in January, 1754. One of the last acts of the dying man, while sensibility remained, was fondly to press the hand of his illustrious friend. A sketch of the life of this worthy bookseller was Johnson's only publication after the 'Adventurer' stopped, till the 'Dictionary' appeared in 1755. An incident which had little effect upon the current of his existence, but which is one of the famous passages in his history, was occasioned by the announcement of the work. He had dedicated the 'Plan' to Lord Chesterfield, and received from him ten guineas, which was the usual fee paid by noble or wealthy persons for the compliment. In an interview with Johnson he showed him particular courtesy and made great professions to him. He kept none of them, but for seven years took no notice of him whatever, and then, when the Dictionary was on the eve of coming out, wrote a couple of papers in the 'World' in commendation of the scheme and its author. Whether this was the conduct which was fitting from a man in Lord Chesterfield's position to a genius like Johnson, with whom he had entered into relations, whom he had promised to countenance, and with whose signal merits and depressed condition he was fully conversant, every person can determine from his own feeling of what is generous or just. The haughty independence of Johnson could not brook a slight, and he would not accept a little public praise as a compensation for deliberate and persevering private neglect. He wrote his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, and renounced a patron who 'could look with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he had reached ground, encumbered him with help.' Warburton, who was personally unknown to Johnson, sent a message through a common acquaintance to tell him that he honoured him for his manly behaviour.

He had undertaken to complete the 'Dictionary' in three years, and afterwards maintained that he could have done it easily in two if his health had not received several shocks during the period. The protraction of the work through seven years was trying to the booksellers, and when the messenger returned from carrying the last sheet to Millar, Johnson enquired what he had said. 'Sir,' answered the man, he said 'Thank God I have

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done with him.' 'I am glad,' rejoined Johnson with a smile, 'that he thanks God for anything.' Even to have finished the work in the time which he actually took was a prodigious feat. A book so vast upon a subject of indefinite extent, could not, as he was careful to proclaim, be perfect, and is to be judged by its general characteristics and not by particular defects. The etymologies are allowed to be the least satisfactory portion of the performance, though those who have remarked how little improvement has since been made upon them, will be inclined to rate them higher than is commonly done. The interpretations of the words, if faulty in some instances, are more uniformly admirable than could, perhaps, have been produced by any other person. Johnson excelled in lucid explanation and exact definitions. The thought required for the purpose was very great, and he asserted that his mind was more on the stretch in compiling his Dictionary than in composing his poetry. The selection of examples was made with such a regard to their intrinsic excellence that Lord Brougham says the work is as interesting to read as it is useful to consult, and Malone considered its 'Beauties' would form a pleasing volume by themselves. He was influenced in the choice of the authors he quoted by their religious opinions. 'I would not,' he said to Mrs. Thrale, 'send people to look for words in a book that might mislead them for ever.' He even refused to cite Samuel Clarke because he was not entirely orthodox, though he read his sermons much in his latter days, and recommended them when he was dying for their fulness on the propitiatory sacrifice. His Dictionary, with its manifold merits, was put together 'amidst inconvenience and distraction, amidst sickness and sorrow,' when the calls of the press would not permit him to linger, and supply the defects of to-day by the research of to-morrow. As no one man could be conversant with the vocabulary of every art, science, and trade, he prepared the public in his preface to expect 'a few wild blunders and risible absurdities.' A lady asked him how he came to define *pastern* the *knee* of a horse, and he answered, 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' After the Dictionary of the French Academy had for two centuries undergone the revision of successive generations of the famous 'forty,' M. Arago entertained the Chamber of Deputies by exposing the absurd explanation it contained of some of the commonest terms of science.

The glow of satisfaction which animates the mind at the conclusion of a laborious undertaking was not felt by Johnson. Since the death of his wife he seemed to himself broken off from mankind—a gloomy gazer on a world to which he had little relation.

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To this he made an affecting allusion both in his letter to Lord Chesterfield and in the preface to his Dictionary. 'The notice,' he said in the first, 'which you have been pleased to take of my labours, if it had been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it.' 'I have protracted my work,' he said in the second, 'till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or praise.' One of the departed friends whom he had wished to please was Edward Cave. Johnson had been countenanced by him in his obscurity, and was anxious that the publisher should witness his triumph. There had been reciprocal benefit and reciprocal obligation, which produced mutual esteem. Whatever might now be the lethargy of his mind, the pressure of poverty would not permit him to remain long inactive. The purchase-money of his Dictionary was all spent before the work was complete. The sum he received for it was 1575*l.*, which was at the rate of 225*l.* a year; but as he had to buy books and paper, and to pay the wages of six amanuenses who transcribed the authorities, the profit to himself was small indeed. His assistants often then, and afterwards, were pensioners upon his bounty, and encroached upon his own small share of the gain. 'He had little,' said his servant Francis Barber, 'for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress.' Johnson later describes one of these humble associates as sitting starving for years by the bed of a sick wife, condemned by poverty to personal attendance, and by the necessity of attendance chained down to poverty. His wife sank at last, and before she was in her grave her husband followed her. Both were buried at the expense of Johnson. It is only here and there that we catch a sight of the domestic interior of the poor journeymen of literature, 'who live men know not how, and die obscure men mark not when,' and what tragedies of life does the glance reveal!

Johnson did not complain of his bargain. Boswell once expressed a regret to him that he did not get more for his Dictionary. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'too. But it was very well; the booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men.' At another time he said of the principal proprietor, 'I respect Millar, Sir; he has raised the price of literature.' Far, indeed, from thinking himself underpaid, it was the boast of Johnson that the next generation should not accuse him of having let down the wages of authorship. He always maintained that he had met with his deserts. He asserted, with especial reference to himself,

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that he never knew a man of merit neglected, and that all the accusations which were made against the world were unjust. This may not be universally true, but it is certain that those who deserve the most whine the least. The man who cries out that he is neglected, usually merits the neglect with which he meets. 'I hate,' said Johnson, 'a complainer.' People of his stamp have minds superior to fortune, and as he observed of Shakespeare in his low estate, 'shake off its incumbrances like dew-drops from the lion's mane.'

Fortune was certainly not kind to him at this crisis. In March, 1756, he was arrested for a debt of 5*l.* 18*s.*, and applied for assistance to Richardson, the novelist, who immediately responded to the appeal. Never callous to the distress of others in the midst of his own, he in the same year contributed to the 'Universal Visitor,' for the purpose of helping poor Christopher Smart, who was one of the editors, and was then out of his mind. For a certain share of the profits of this monthly miscellany the poet bound himself to a bookseller to write nothing else for ninety-nine years; and Johnson was ignorant of the contract when he benevolently consented to hold the pen for his lunatic friend. 'I hoped,' he said, 'his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the "Universal Visitor" no longer.' He began, however, in May, to write on his own account for a new periodical, called the 'Literary Magazine.' It was here that appeared his masterly review of the essay of Soame Jenyns, on the 'Origin of Evil,' which he exposed with a force of sarcastic argument, that while it confuted the theory, rendered its author ridiculous. Jenyns kept silence as long as his antagonist lived; and thirty years afterwards, when he was dead, revenged himself in a puny epitaph in verse. In addition to his other fugitive pieces Johnson wrote discourses for clergymen, and prefaces and dedications for authors. His price for a sermon was a guinea, and it took him only from dinner to post-time to earn it. Fame is a luxury, bread a necessity, and he was willing to make money by any method, however humble, provided it was honest. All his contrivances did not prevent his sinking lower in his circumstances. The father of Mr. Langton offered, if he would take orders, to present him to a living of considerable value. 'I have not,' he replied, 'the requisites for the office, and I cannot in conscience shear the flock which I am unable to feed.' 'Sir,' he said to his old fellow-collegian Edwards, who was sighing for what he called the easy life of a parson, 'the life of a parson is not easy. No, Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.' The retirement

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ment would have been as fatal to Johnson as the occupation was distasteful. His malady required the dissipating influence of society to keep it at bay; and his melancholy, in the stagnation of rural existence, would have passed into madness. He preferred to endure the evils of the scholar's lot, and continued, as Murphy says, to pass his days 'in poverty and the pride of literature.' This, in the main, was the life he led for a quarter of a century; but what can enable us to form an idea of the units of misery which made up the compound sum—to realize the long-drawn bitterness of the waters of affliction as they fell drop by drop, day by day, without intermission or abatement?

He issued proposals in 1756 for an edition of 'Shakespeare,' to be published by subscription; and as he wrote little of any moment in 1757, he probably lived upon the payments which were made in advance by his patrons. A young bookseller, who carried him the stipulated sum, on behalf of a gentleman, asked if he would take down the address, that the name might be inserted in the list of subscribers. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'I have two very cogent reasons for not printing a list of subscribers: one, that I have lost all the names; the other, that I have spent all the money.' This resource, which might answer very well while the scheme was new, and names came in thick, could not serve him long, and in April, 1758, he commenced 'The Idler,' which appeared every Saturday in the 'Universal Chronicle,' a weekly newspaper. The demands upon his time were not near so great as when he wrote his 'Rambler,' and as his present papers were shorter, he had less than half the quantity to produce; but whether he was busy or at leisure, had to write little or much, his method was the same, which was to execute the work when it was wanted, and not an instant before. He asked Langton one evening, at Oxford, how long it was to post-time, and being told half-an-hour, he exclaimed, 'then we shall do very well.' Upon this he scribbled off an 'Idler,' which Langton expressed a desire to read. 'Sir,' said Johnson, as he folded it up, 'you shall not do more than I have done myself.' Company never checked his facility of composition. Mrs. Gastrell had often known the printer's boy come to a house where Johnson visited for copy for the 'Rambler,' when he would sit down at once in a room full of people and write an essay as readily as he would have written a reply to a note of invitation. A large part of the 'Lives of the Poets' was composed at Stow Hill, at a table where several ladies were talking, and much of the remainder at his London lodging when George Steevens was in the room.

The 'Idler' is traced with a lighter hand than the 'Rambler.' But

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But if the style is less tumid, the sentiments are in general less important. Far more passages embodying valuable truths in felicitous language could be collected from the early than from the later publication, which never attained the same reputation as its predecessor. While the series was in progress, he threw off in the evenings of a single week a work which far eclipsed the combined papers of the 'Idler'—the products though they were of two entire years. This was 'Rasselas,' which was written in the spring of 1759 to defray the debts of his mother and pay the expenses of her funeral. Ardent as was his affection for her, it is believed that he had never seen her since he removed to London—a space of more than twenty years. He told Mr. Langton, after the completion of the Dictionary, that she had counted the days for its publication, in the hope that he would then be free to visit her, and he expressed his resolution of going to Lichfield the moment he could extricate himself from his London engagements. The hour when he had spare time or spare money never arrived, and in January, 1759, she expired at ninety years of age. On hearing of her illness, Johnson wrote her a letter commencing 'Honoured Madam,' which was followed by others, in which he addressed her as 'Dear honoured Mother.' These touching effusions of his heart are a striking testimony to the tenderness of his affection, for they are not in the least in his usual style, and seem more like the infantine fondness of a child that has never left its mother's side, than the expressions of a strong-minded man of fifty, who had been beating from youth about the world. He was so disturbed by the news of her death that he sent for Dr. Maxwell, the assistant preacher at the Temple, to help him to compose his agitated mind. In the last week of his life he burnt the letters he had received from her, and when they were consumed he shed a flood of tears. She was waited on in her illness by one Catherine Chambers, who had served her for upwards of thirty years. To this faithful attendant Johnson sent grateful messages, thanking her for her care of her mistress, expressing his value for her, and promising her his protection. In 1767, when her turn came to die, the great man was on a visit at Lichfield, and went 'to take leave for ever of his dear old friend.' The scene which ensued is described by himself in a diary never intended to be published. He sent away the attendants, told her that as Christians they ought to part with prayer, and having offered up a brief and fervent petition on her behalf, kissed her dying lips. 'She said,' he goes on, 'that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hope. We kissed and parted—I humbly hope,

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hope, to meet again and to part no more.' Hardly a man could be found who, with his eminence and in his position, would have shown this fondness to an old domestic on account of the associations derived from her attention to his departed mother. Johnson hated the cant of sentiment, and the parade of feeling. He kept his griefs to himself, and we know them chiefly from the undesigned evidence of a few hasty memoranda.

If the same kind of interest were expected in 'Rasselas' as is found in a novel, it would be quickly flung aside. In its general structure it has all the defects of 'Irene.' There are not many incidents, and nothing which deserves the name of a plot. The story is laid in the East; but no attempt is made to impart a local colouring to the scene. The agents are speaking puppets, without distinctive attributes; for though Johnson had an insight into human nature, he had no capacity for making persons act and converse in character. All ranks and professions declaim in the same polished and ethical strain; the princess talks as sagely as the philosopher, the maid as elegantly as her mistress, and none of them talk the language of life. 'Rasselas,' in fact, is the 'Rambler' in dialogue. In this aspect it is a work of great beauty and power. There are fewer commonplaces than in his essays, and the style is more chastened and condensed. Aphoristic wisdom has seldom been delivered in such finished and pointed sentences. In a long work sententious maxims, unrelieved by moving accidents and the play of natural conversation, would produce satiety; but he luckily stopped before the force of his lessons was weakened by repetition. Description is not the characteristic of 'Rasselas,' but there is one example of it which is especially excellent. The languor and tedium of the luxurious life in the 'Happy Valley,' where there is nothing to hope or to fear, are painted with a power which realises the sensation to the mind, and creates an oppressive, stifling feeling. The purpose of the story was well summed up by a lady, who remarked to Boswell, that it was a 'Vanity of Human Wishes' in prose. It is a fault in the execution of Johnson's design, that he for the most part carries the Prince through scenes which do not exhibit the ordinary occupations of mankind, and he therefore fails to lay sufficient ground for his inference that happiness is nowhere to be found. The knowledge which he had acquired in his London life of the trials to which persons of all professions were exposed, would have enabled him to depict their hardships with unusual distinctness, and it is curious that he did not draw more upon his own ample experience, and add at once to the force of his moral and the interest of his tale. It is singular, too, that after showing the impotence of earthly

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earthly pursuits to confer peace, he should have omitted to proclaim, what we know was the dearest conviction of his mind, that religion would yield the felicity which is fruitlessly sought for elsewhere. 'The conclusion in which nothing is concluded' is the title of his final chapter, and is a barren result to which to conduct the enquirer.

Of all the examples of Johnson's rapid composition, 'Rasselas' is the most extraordinary, when the elaborate polish of the style is considered. In his Life of Pope, he observes that some authors shape a large amount of matter by continued meditation, and only write their productions when they have completed them. This is said to have been his own method. Bishop Percy had often heard him forming periods in low whispers when careless observers thought he was muttering prayers. His short sight, which obliged him to hold his paper close to his face, made it irksome to him to write, while his retentive memory made it easy for him to retain what he had once conceived. Thus Percy supposes that he brought his pieces to the highest correctness, and then poured them out in the mass. It is certain that he pursued this plan to a considerable extent, which takes something from the marvel of his apparent readiness; but nobody can imagine that he had all 'Rasselas' by heart, or that he did otherwise than clothe a large part of the thoughts in the language of the moment. As he was above the charlatanery of pretending to a facility he did not possess, a remark which he made to Boswell is decisive. 'When a man,' he said, 'writes from his own mind, he writes very rapidly. The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book.' If, however, he did not complete his compositions before he put them upon paper, he was gathering fresh ideas while his pen was idle, and his understanding was regaining its pristine vigour during his fits of inactivity. He wrote fast and well under pressure, because he did not come to his work with a jaded intellect, wearied and enfeebled by previous toil.

'Rasselas' answered its primary end of supplying Johnson with money. He sold it for a hundred pounds, and got twenty-five more when it came to a second edition. His expenses were reduced by the death of his wife and mother, and he appears to have diminished his literary labours in the same proportion. There is indeed the express testimony of Murphy, who knew him at this time, that he lived in total inaction. 'Want,' he says in one of his essays, 'always struggles against idleness, but want itself is often overcome; and every hour shows the careful observer those who had rather live in ease than plenty.' The 'Idler'

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'Idler' stopped on the 5th of April, 1760, and except a few slight pieces, such as a preface or dedication, he published nothing more till after the memorable period which placed him at last above the alternative of perpetual privation or perpetual toil. Mr. Wedderburne suggested to the Prime Minister, Lord Bute, to confer upon him a pension, and a grant was accordingly made to him, in 1762, of 300*l.* a year. It is a remarkable illustration of the lofty spirit he had preserved throughout his adversity, that the man who had asked the favour did not dare to communicate his success for fear the proud independence of Johnson should resent it as an insult. Arthur Murphy undertook the task at Wedderburne's request. The message was disclosed by slow and studied approaches. When Johnson at length comprehended the fact he made a long pause, then asked if it was seriously intended, and again fell into a profound meditation. He was thinking, we may be sure, of the terrible struggle he was maintaining with poverty, for his chambers, Murphy says, were the abode of wretchedness; he was thinking of the rare felicity of a competence which would enable him at once to exchange misery for comfort; and he was thinking, as we know, whether it was fitting for him to accept the proffered bounty, and whether he ought not to prefer the pittance which he earned to the pounds which were a gift. But he had earned his pounds ten thousand times over; he had been a benefactor to the nation, and it was not just that the nation should leave him to starve. A great general is pensioned because the laurels which are reaped by the sword seldom bear much substantial fruit. A great writer who instructs and delights mankind is certainly as deserving as he who slays them; and as literature had not brought Johnson an adequate reward, he had as indisputable a claim to the small annuity bestowed upon him as any man has to the wages he receives for the work he has done. Better days have since dawned upon authors, but if they were as needy now as they were a hundred years ago, the Johnsons are not so numerous as to create an apprehension that their pensions would impoverish the national exchequer.

In spite of his rags and his garret, his didactic matter and unfashionable opinions, the stately censor of morals had already become, both with authors and public, the acknowledged head of the literary world. He had won the station by the sheer force of a powerful intellect which paid tribute to nothing but its own conclusions, and made him march right onwards regardless alike of persons and circumstances. Murphy describes him some years before his pension, as being waited on day after day by a crowd of poor authors who looked up to him as their oracle. He heard

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heard their schemes and complaints, and dealt out from the chair of authority his criticisms and advice. What a testimony is this to his honesty, his benevolence, and his mental supremacy! What a proud position to be raised with tacit unanimity to the dictatorship in the midst of his beggary by the jealous population of Grub Street, who clung to him as their prop, like ivy gathered round an oak! His friendships with his great contemporaries may present a more imposing but not so touching a spectacle. His intimacies with these peers in fame had equally grown up in his needy time. Among his bosom companions, he could boast in Garrick the greatest actor England ever saw, in Reynolds the greatest painter, in Burke the greatest statesman and orator. He had Goldsmith, who had not yet published the works which have made him immortal, but whose genius with the intuition of kindred genius Johnson saw and encouraged. He had Langton, 'much renowned for Greek,' and Beauclerk much renowned for sprightly anecdote and satirical wit. Langton, when under twenty, had got introduced to him out of admiration for his 'Rambler,' and afterwards brought Beauclerk, who was a fellow-undergraduate at Oxford. He loved the society of these lively and well-informed men, whose youthful elasticity helped to dissipate his gloom. No one could venture to take such liberties with him as Beauclerk. The year after his pension was conferred he made the most important acquaintance of all, that of the inimitable biographer to whom he owes a large part of his fame. The clouds which hung about his fortunes, and the obscurity which enveloped his life, were dispersed together. From the hour of his prosperity he stands out in the broad glare of day, and we know him in the most private recesses of his mind, in his minutest actions, and his most familiar words. The treasures we have, make us lament the treasures we have lost —the strange scenes of Grub Street life, the years of vigorous talk, the dramatic social contests, and the countless witty repartees. But Boswell, who was unborn when Johnson came to London, did not make his appearance with his note-book till 1763, and what was probably the most curious chapter of his hero's history is buried in oblivion.

Johnson was fifty-four when his pension was bestowed upon him, and he lived to enjoy it for twenty-two years. One of the earliest uses he made of it was highly characteristic. He never went into the street without a store of small coin to give to the beggars. He rented a house in Gough Square before the death of his wife, which poverty subsequently compelled him to vacate. He had now rooms in the Temple, and soon exchanged them for a separate tenement in Bolt Court, where he collected a little colony of outcasts.

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In the garret lodged Robert Levett, whom he brought with him from the Temple. This humble practitioner of medicine began life as a waiter at a French coffee-house frequented by surgeons, who observing his interest in their conversation subscribed to get him educated to their own profession. When he was past fifty a woman of the town, whom he met in a coal-shed in Fetter Lane, persuaded him to marry her by pretending that she was heiress to a fortune. Shortly afterwards she was tried for picking pockets, and a writ was taken out against Levett for her debts. A separation ensued, and Johnson gave shelter to the poor duped husband to the end of his days. His appearance was uncouth and grotesque, his manner stiff and awkward. He rarely spoke when any one was present, and Boswell says his abilities were moderate, but Johnson described him as a man who took an interest in everything, and was always ready at conversation. He sat with his benefactor during the whole of his protracted breakfast, made the tea for him, and shared his roll. The practice of Levett was extensive, but it was confined to the lower orders, who sometimes paid him in victuals. Boswell wondered what could be the attractions of such a companion. 'He is poor and honest,' replied Goldsmith, 'which is recommendation enough to Johnson.' Levett died after living with him for thirty years, and his generous protector, who had always treated him with marked kindness and courtesy, wrote to Langton, 'How much soever I valued him, I now wish I had valued him more.' The lines which he composed on the occasion are among the most pathetic in the language. They are a faithful description of Levett's character and calling, and out of the very lowliness of his occupation, and the rusticity of his manner, Johnson gathers materials for dignified and affecting praise.

The room on the ground-floor of the house was occupied by Miss Williams, the daughter of a Welsh medical man, who, excited like hundreds of other projectors by the offer by Parliament of a reward for ascertaining the longitude at sea, had spent thirty years upon a scheme for the purpose. Johnson wrote the pamphlet for him in which his views were expounded to the public, and Mrs. Johnson contracted a friendship for his daughter. Miss Williams was afflicted with a disorder in her eyes which required an operation, and the good man took her home to Gough Square that she might be properly cared for. Instead of recovering she became totally blind, and she remained an inmate of Johnson's house till he was driven into chambers. She returned when his reviving fortune again enabled him to have a separate residence, and as Levett attended at the mid-day breakfast table, so it was her function to preside at the midnight tea.

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tea. Even when Johnson lived in the Temple she always sat up for him at her lodging, where he stopped on his way from his late conversations, and indulged, as he sipped his favourite beverage, in another spell of talk. She was well versed in literature, and expressed her ideas in good language, though a hesitation in her speech took something from the charm. Johnson said of her after her death in 1783, when she had been his companion for thirty years, 'that had she possessed good humour, and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all who knew her.' Her peevishness was excessive, and Boswell often wondered at the patience with which it was borne by her host. Her irritability increased with age, and Johnson, who endured it himself without a murmur, had to bribe the maid to stay with her by a secret stipulation of half-a-crown a week in addition to her wages. In early life she had been connected with Stephen Grey, the poor brother of the Charter-House, who has left a name in electrical science; and she says, in a note to a poem addressed to him, that while 'assisting him in his experiments she was the first who ever observed the emission of the spark from the human body' The piece in which the fact was commemorated bore evident marks of the same hand which produced 'London,' and Boswell intimated his conviction to Miss Williams. 'Sir,' said she, with warmth, 'I wrote that poem before I had the honour of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance.' When Boswell repeated the assertion to Johnson, he answered, 'It is true that she wrote it before she was acquainted with me; but she has not told you that I wrote it all over again except two lines.'

To these inmates were afterwards added a Miss Carmichael and Mrs. Desmoulins. Of the first nothing is known; the last was the widow of a writing-master and daughter of Dr. Swinfen, the godfather of Johnson. Besides her house-room she was allowed by her protector half a guinea a week, which, Boswell remarks, was more than a twelfth part of his pension. At the time when he resided much with the Thrales, he returned every Saturday to his adopted family to give them three days of good living before he went back to Streatham on Monday night. If he dined with Boswell at a tavern in town, he always sent home a ready-dressed delicacy to Miss Williams. While he was thus beneficent and considerate to all of them, they were all obnoxious to each other. 'Williams,' he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, 'hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them.' Levett hated Desmoulins so much that he begged Johnson to turn her out of doors. Poll was Miss Carmichael; she had been introduced

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duced into the circle in the expectation that she would enliven the rest, and was soon involved in the general fray. The negro Frank contributed to the discord. He had been in the service of Dr. Bathurst, and his present patron, when much too poor to indulge in the luxury of a footman, had received him out of love for his former master. Johnson treated him more as a friend than a domestic. He sent him to a boarding-school in his youth, and again after he had attained to man's estate. In the letters he wrote to him in his absence he addresses him as 'Dear Francis,' and subscribes himself 'affectionately yours.' Frank complained incessantly of the tyranny of Miss Williams, and Miss Williams complained of the negligence of Frank. 'This is your scholar,' she would exclaim, tauntingly, to Johnson, 'on whose education you have spent 300*l.*' That anything should be spent on one pensioner was always wormwood to the rest, and a common cause of their ceaseless enmities. Their generous benefactor, who, as Hawkins says, almost divided his income among them, was often afraid to go home and face the Babel of dissension which awaited him. When their blood was up, he himself was not always spared. Now and then he seems to have watched the contest with dramatic interest, for he once writes to Mrs. Thrale, 'To-day Williams and Desmoulins had a scold, and Williams was going away, but I bade her not turn tail, and she came back, and rather got the upper hand.' Much as he used to lament that his life was rendered miserable from the impossibility of making his dependants happy, if any one else spoke a word against them he would palliate their conduct, and would tell Mrs. Thrale that she could not make allowances for situations she had never experienced. Or sometimes, when his friends expressed their wonder at his forbearance, he would answer, 'If I did not shelter them no one else would, and they would be lost for want.' There may be persons in the world who would be willing to give as largely as Johnson, but how many would be found to make their abodes the residence of quarrelsome pensioners who should fill the house with clamour from kitchen to garret, and whose sole claim should be that nobody else would put up with them for an hour? Yet this Johnson did for twenty years, and did it as a simple act of course, without ostentation or boast. Who that had read his noble writings, or heard at some dinner his unrivalled talk, would have guessed that these poor creatures would be his chosen companions, the sharers of his home, his purse, and his time?

When Johnson, in 1756, issued proposals for his edition of Shakespeare, he promised that it should be published before Christmas, 1757. In the execution of every work of length hindrances are sure to interpose, of which the mind, after repeated

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peated experience of failure, takes no account beforehand. The principal hindrance with Johnson was indolence. His time was passed in the vacillation between intention and performance. Grainger wrote to Percy that he paid the subscription-money for the Shakespeare by instalments because the editor never dreamt of working while he had a couple of guineas in his pocket. The grant of his pension did not increase his disposition for labour, and his undertaking was at a standstill. Churchill, in his wretched piece of doggrel called the 'Ghost,' accused him of cheating. Johnson, who was indifferent to abuse, especially to such brutal ribaldry as was displayed in the character of Pomposo, where he is described as

'Not quite a beast, not quite a man,'

did not permit the attack to quicken his pen. His friends grew alarmed for his credit, and Sir Joshua Reynolds entangled him into laying a wager that he would complete his edition by a certain time. Pride then got the better of indolence, and the book appeared in 1765, nine years after it was ostensibly begun. Johnson wrote to Joseph Warton that as he felt no solicitude about the work, he felt no comfort from its conclusion. His sole satisfaction was that the public had no further claim upon him. A commentary thus reluctantly and hastily finished was of necessity imperfect. No force of mind can supply the materials which can only be derived from research. He was aware that the old copies had never been properly collated, and this task he undertook to perform. He was sensible that much of what was obscure in the text arose from the words and allusions having grown obsolete with time. The great excellence, he said, of Shakespeare was that he drew his scenes from nature, and reflected the manners and language of the world which was passing before his eyes. He was, therefore, full of colloquial phrases which succeeding fashion had swept away, and of references to the traditions and superstitions of the vulgar, which must be traced before they could be understood. Johnson promised to study Shakespeare through the works of his contemporaries, and explain the ambiguities by placing himself in the midst of his author's generation. When he came to execute his design, he neither read the old books nor was particularly nice in the comparison of the old copies. Yet he did much; his text was the purest which had hitherto appeared; his strong sense rejected the conjectural licence of Pope and Warburton, and his sagacity supplied some admirable emendations of his own. Though he had not gone for his explanations to the Elizabethan literature, he disentangled a variety of intricate passages by the force

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force of his understanding. In conciseness and perspicuity of expression his notes are a model, and one by which succeeding editors have not usually profited. His famous preface has never been relished by those whose idolatry of Shakespeare overpowers their judgment, and who canonise his faults out of admiration for his beauties. Exceptions may be taken to one or two of Johnson's positions, and he has certainly not done justice to the poetical side of his author's character; but he praises him to the height of his greatness as a delineator of nature, and in language which, though sometimes redundant, is still magnificent. But the crowning excellence of the preface is the passage in which he refutes the accepted dogma that unity of time and place was essential to dramatic probability, and by pushing the principle upon which the assumption rests to its extreme consequences, shows, with invincible logic and poignant wit, that it was not only false, but ridiculous.

The malady which preyed upon the mind of Johnson, and from which he was never wholly free, attacked him at this period with redoubled violence. He notices in his journal, on Good Friday, 1764, that he knows not what has become of the last year, that a strange oblivion has fallen upon him, and that incidents and intelligence leave no impression on his mind. He repeats this account on Easter Day, 1765. 'My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me. Good Lord, deliver me!' He was accustomed to seek in society diversion from his gloom. The disorder grew too strong for the remedy; and company is an aggravation when it ceases to be a cure. He secluded himself from all but his particular friends; and Dr. Adams found him sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. 'I would consent,' he said, 'to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits.' Though he had intervals of comparative calm, his malady continued to gather strength, till, in 1766, he kept to his room for weeks together, and protested with agony that he was on the verge of insanity. In the previous year he had made the acquaintance of the Thrales. They now carried him to Streatham, and in the comfortable villa of the wealthy brewer, and the cheerful society of his lively wife, Johnson recovered his equanimity and health. From this hour he was made one of the family. He came and went as he pleased. A room was appropriated to him, distinguished guests were invited to meet him, and he experienced what he had never known before—the blended charm of domestic luxury and intellectual society. He who had made his house the home of the destitute, found in compensation a retreat for himself.

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His life now passed in as even a tenor as his constitutional depression would permit. He laid aside his pen, and only wrote an occasional trifle to oblige a friend, till, in 1770, he produced his first political pamphlet, 'The False Alarm.' This was the term he applied to the outcry which arose after Wilkes had been expelled from Parliament in 1769, for the publication of obscene, impious, and seditious libels, and the House of Commons declared Mr. Luttrell to be duly elected, although he was in a minority at the poll when he contested the vacated seat for Middlesex with the ejected demagogue. Strong as were Johnson's political convictions, they would not alone have tempted him to interpose in the debate. A feeling that he ought to aid the government of the Sovereign to whom he owed his pension, undoubtedly weighed with him. His pamphlet, which fills thirty pages, was commenced at the house of Thrale one Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, and finished by 12 on the Thursday night. It is among his best productions, for few have ever equalled him in gladiatorial skill. He always began by stripping a question of its imaginary importance, and reducing it to its smallest dimensions. 'The freeholders of Middlesex,' he said, 'are deprived of a Briton's birthright—representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election, but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery, for there was one man excepted from their choice. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a jail.' But in thus ridiculing the declamation of the patriots he did not evade their more sober arguments. He stated them honestly, and grappled with them manfully. In the vulgar phrase, he takes the bull by the horns, and, whether he throws him or not, never turns from the real foe to wrestle with shadows. His tone to his opponents was bold and uncompromising. Sarcastic wit, taunt, irony, contempt, all abound in this spirited pamphlet, which has more ease of style and simplicity of language than anything he had written.

The 'False Alarm' had great success, and he followed it up the next year with his still abler dissertation on the 'Falkland Islands.' Spain had forced the English settlers to evacuate Port Egmont. England compelled Spain to disavow the attack, and to restore the post she had taken. In making the restoration she stipulated that it should not affect the question of her right to the islands; and the Opposition maintained that, rather than have allowed the reservation, the British Government should have gone to war. This narrow subject, when revolved in the mind of Johnson, becomes fertile in interest. He gives a history of the islands, shows the worthlessness of the possession and the insignificance

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insignificance of the objections to the arrangement which had been concluded, and then draws a picture of the horrors of war. He told Boswell that he thought the subtlety of disquisition upon constitutional points in the first pamphlet was worth all the fire in the second. But the impressive description of the miseries entailed by an appeal to arms entitles the last to the palm.

He twice again entered the lists. There was a general election in 1774, and he wrote one Saturday, in obedience to a request from some friends on the previous day, an essay called 'The Patriot,' in which he described the characteristics of the true patriot and the false. His final effort was his more ambitious 'Taxation no Tyranny,' to prove the right of the English Parliament to tax the Americans without their consent. This appeared in 1775, and is written with greater grandiloquence and less spirit than any of his pamphlets. He, as usual, goes straight to the mark, laughs at the doctrines of his opponents, and assumes a tone of triumph in his arguments. But the power is hardly equal to the pretension. It failed to make the American partisans as angry as he hoped. 'I think,' he said, 'I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is the re-action. I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.' Next to praise there were few things which he liked better than abuse. 'I hope,' he once remarked, 'the day will never arrive when I shall neither be the object of calumny nor ridicule, for then I shall be neglected and forgotten.'

The next important incident in Johnson's history was his visit to the Western Islands of Scotland. He always held that there was little to be learned from travelling, and once when Boswell urged him to make a tour to Ireland, and asked, in answer to the aversion he expressed to the project, 'Is not the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?' he replied by the admirable distinction, 'Worth seeing? Yes; but not worth going to see.' His desire, nevertheless, to go to the Hebrides had long existed. He had read in his boyhood Martin's account of these islands, and the impression it made on his young imagination had remained. He was curious in life and manners, and fancied that he should find a primitive people, with characters and habits as yet uninfluenced by the modifying effects of civilization. But his own impulses would not have got the better of his love of London and ease if Boswell had not employed his persuasions and those of his friends to set him in motion. The tour was made in the autumn of 1773, and the work which resulted from it was composed in the following year. His travels had answered expectation in the pleasure they afforded, for the constant change of

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place and company was the best medicine for his melancholy. In conversation he once asserted that the intellectual benefit had been equally great, that he had witnessed a novel system of life, and had gained a vast accession of ideas. In his book he acknowledged that the supposition that he should witness another phase of society was not fulfilled, and he concluded he had gone too late, when intercourse had already assimilated the inhabitants to the rest of the world. Man, however, is always man, and those who have visited remote countries have never had much to tell of him that is new. Disappointed in his anticipations, there was little left for Johnson to observe. Works of art there were none, and, if there had been, he had neither taste nor eyesight for them. Scenery was almost a blank to him, and he despised it in consequence. 'Never heed such nonsense,' he exclaimed when Mr. Thrale called his attention to a prospect in France; 'a blade of grass is always a blade of grass; if we *do* talk, let us talk about something: men and women are my subjects of inquiry.' But a few poor lairds and rustics could not supply many topics for a book. The theme was as barren as the islands, and to look for a throng of incidents and local discoveries in Johnson's 'Journey' was to demand from the subject what it could not yield. He compensated for the deficiencies by general speculations which form the real interest and value of the work, and bear the impress of his acute and vigorous understanding. He observed to Boswell that everybody commended the parts which were in their own line of study. Sir William Jones praised the portion which treated of language; 'all-knowing Jackson,' a member of Parliament, the observations on trade; and Burke the account of the dwellers in mountainous districts. Mr. Croker inferred that Johnson had fallen into the error of imagining Ireland to be generally mountainous, or else of supposing that Burke was from a mountainous part of it. The criticism must have been penned in forgetfulness of the purport of the passage, which is a description of the effect of natural barriers upon the habits and institutions of a people, and interested the great statesman as a philosophic politician, and not because he himself had been a resident among rocks. The 'Journey' contains some of Johnson's best composition, and the style is well adapted to the frequent disquisitions. For the trivial incidents of the narrative it is too formal and stately, and it is difficult to understand how a man of his literature should have been insensible to the defect, and not have felt the necessity of lowering his manner to his subject. He had a high opinion of his work, for when, in reply to his observation, 'that it had not had a large sale,' Boswell remarked, 'That is strange,' he answered, 'Yes; for in that

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that book I have told the world a great deal they did not know before.' Notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, the sale was considerable. Cadell, the publisher, told Hannah More that 4000 copies went off the first week. The Scotch, indignant at his representations of the backward state of the country, and regarding him as a malignant intruder, who had come to spy the nakedness of their land, were loud in their censures. He wondered at their sensitiveness, and made himself merry with their abuse. Mrs. Thrale relates that he was never known to bear the least ill-will to an opponent.

The journey to the Hebrides appears to have given Johnson a taste for jaunts. He accompanied the Thrales in a visit to North Wales in 1774, and to France in 1775. Neither tour produced any lasting result. A far more memorable event, and in its consequences one of the most remarkable in his career, was when a deputation from the booksellers waited on him in 1777, and requested him to furnish the lives for a new edition of the English Poets. He was delighted with the proposal, and when he was told to name his own remuneration he mentioned two hundred guineas. Malone wonders at his moderation, and says if he had asked a thousand or fifteen hundred guineas it would have been readily granted. But his original design was limited to a concise account of each author, and the scheme expanded in the execution. 'I always said,' he remarked, when his task was done, 'that the booksellers were a generous set of men. The fact is not that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much.' They ultimately gave him twice the sum for which they had agreed. Boswell thought it derogatory that he should provide a preface to any author they might be pleased to select, and inquired whether he would do it to the poems of a dunce. 'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'and say he was a dunce.' A portion of the work was published in 1779, and the remainder was completed in March, 1781. Altogether it employed him for nearly four years. 'I wrote it,' he says, 'in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.' The moral purpose to be served by his 'Lives' was always present to his mind, and he hoped they 'had been penned in such a manner as might tend to the promotion of piety.' Their success was immense. He announced to one of his friends that nothing he ever published had been more generally commended, and that the world was never more willing to caress him. A few persons were angry that a friend or a favourite had not been rated sufficiently high. Such objections he had expected, and told Boswell he would rather be attacked than unnoticed. 'The worst thing,' he went

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on, 'you can do to an author is to be silent as to his works. An assault upon a town is a bad thing, but starving it is still worse.' Even this was an abatement of his ordinary tone. He usually held, as we have seen, that the assault was an advantage. 'Fame,' he was wont to remark, 'is a shuttlecock, which must be struck at both ends or it falls to the ground.' The works which are killed by criticism are those which would speedily die a natural death. He heard the clamour which was raised against his 'Lives' with perfect indifference. 'I considered myself,' he said, 'as intrusted with a certain portion of truth. I have given my opinion sincerely; let them show where they think me wrong.'

The 'Lives of the Poets' were written in a happy hour, when Johnson was at the zenith of his powers, and just before his health began to give way. His understanding had gone on maturing, and his composition improving, to advanced years, when if the faculties of most persons do not decline, they are at least at a standstill. There is no other work in the language equally great that has been produced between the age of 68 and 72. Without having formed the project, he had been gathering materials for it all his days. He loved in conversation to descant upon the poets, to draw with nice discrimination the characters of men, and to enunciate maxims of conduct. By long experience and reflection he had stored his mind with a vast body of critical opinions and observations upon life. The project of the booksellers caught him exactly when the tide had risen to its highest and before it commenced to ebb, and enabled him to embody the accumulations of wisdom and literature which would otherwise have died with him. He had no turn for minute research, was negligent of dates, and was not eager to learn more of the history of his authors than he already knew. If he had been more laborious he would have added something to the completeness but nothing to the sterling value and interest of his work.* These consist in the skill of his narrative and in his views of books and men. It is not the novelty of the facts which makes in general a great biography; its greatness depends upon the style which adorns and the comments which illuminate it. Johnson is never guilty of the fraud which is practised by petty writers of attempting to hide his ignorance by an assumption of knowledge. When he criticises a poem from faint recollection or from casual glances, he is scrupulous in confessing it.

* In the elaborate edition of the Lives of the Poets, by Mr. Cunningham, which appeared in 1854, the dates are supplied, the mistakes corrected, and numerous facts added which had been overlooked by Johnson, or which since his time have been made known to the world.

Nobody

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Nobody could allege of him that his works were more learned than their author.

The style of Johnson in the 'Lives of the Poets' retains his dignity and classical polish, with hardly a trace of his cumbrous march. His periods, which from his mode of punctuation look long to the eye, are frequently a compound of short and pithy sentences, as animated as they are energetic. His metaphors, in which he was always happy, are apt and concise, and illustrate while they embellish. His wit is abundant, and of a kind peculiar to himself—a species of concentrated sarcasm, by which he exposes faults, whether of men or their writings. His censure derives much of its point and sparkle from its directness, from the uncompromising fearlessness with which he holds up errors and false pretences to ridicule and scorn. Without demanding heroic excellence from fallible beings, he is not upon the whole a tender judge. His prevailing love of truth would only permit him to see men as they were. He could not be an apologist of what he knew to be blameable, nor draw an ideal portrait of an author for the purpose of exalting him to the level of his works. No one had a more piercing insight into character than Johnson. He was not to be imposed upon by the smoothness of the husk; he went straight to the kernel, and is never more excellent than when he is stripping off the cloak from hypocrisy. This deep penetration and the sagacious reflections which everywhere abound make the human interest of his 'Lives' equal, if not superior to their literary criticism. In the latter particular indeed, to hear the language which is sometimes used, it might be supposed that they were an ignominious failure—a collection of blind prejudices and false decrees, which only exhibit his defective taste and dictatorial insolence. The sole ground of this absurd idea is that he did not admire sufficiently the minor poems of Milton, the 'Castle of Indolence' of Thomson, and the Odes of Collins and Gray. There have always been two schools of poetry—one which addresses itself to the imagination, the other to the reason. Few persons are possessed of the catholic taste which relishes both. Johnson belonged to the school of reason, and had little appreciation of rural images and the flights of fancy. Those who have attacked him for his insensibility did not perceive that their own was greater: that if they applauded what he condemned, they likewise condemned what he applauded, and that he did not depreciate a few of their favourite pieces so much below their real level as they themselves underrated the works of Dryden and Pope. No injustice committed by him approaches the injustice with which he has been treated. The parts of his book which are open to exception are only a fraction of the whole; the bulk of

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of it consists of criticism which for acuteness of discrimination, warmth of praise, justness of censure, and force of expression is still unrivalled. No one has discoursed of 'Paradise Lost' with such splendour of eulogy and a nicer sense of its grandeur and defects. No one has approached him in the combination of truth and power with which he has written upon Dryden, Addison, and Pope. No one has ever produced a more masterly analysis than that in which he takes to pieces the conceits of Cowley, and shows their talent on the one hand and their radical faults upon the other. There is not a single book in the whole range of English literature which contains so many original and irreproachable canons of criticism,* or which could be of equal assistance to students in forming their taste and directing them in the enlightened perusal of the best models from the end of the seventeenth century to the middle of the eighteenth.

The thoughts of Johnson towards the close of his existence reverted to its opening scenes. In a letter addressed to his old schoolfellow Hector he said, 'In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends, which in the bustle or amusements of middle life was overborne and suspended.' He had always retained a particular partiality for Lichfield. While he was there on a visit, in 1770, a parish rate-book was discovered a hundred years old. 'Do you not think,' he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, 'that we study it hard? What is nearest touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies.' He maintained that his fellow-townsmen were the most sober and

* Upon this point there cannot be a more unexceptionable authority than that of Sir Egerton Brydges, a scholar endowed by nature with a fine taste, which had been much cultivated by reading, and who was so far from leaning to Johnson that he belonged to the opposite faction, and by his own confession 'was too angry with him for his treatment of Collins and Gray to be able for many years to give him credit for the parts of his work which were so admirable.' Yet it is thus that he writes of the obnoxious critic when time had enabled him to read his works with impartial eyes: 'He was a very great man; a profound and eloquent moralist; a sagacious, discriminative, and elegant biographer; and an original, solid, and penetrating critic; though, sometimes, in light cases, a little capricious and humoursome. In that part of his "Lives of the Poets" which has no concern with his contemporaries, his taste is generally as sure as his observations are ingenious and deep, his disquisitions powerful, his distinctions acute and new, and his knowledge of life surprisingly piercing and just. His masterly development of principles; the order, clearness, and force of his mind; the readiness and aptitude of his applications; the strength of his argumentative powers; and the severe integrity of his judgments, have made the matter of those lives such a standard of wisdom, such a thick woven web of golden ore, that nothing can break it, compete with it, or diminish its value. His thoughts are all his own; everything has passed through the sieve of his own mind. Nothing in all the criticism of the world was ever written more profound, more just, more vigorous, or more eloquent, than that which he has given on "Paradise Lost." Nothing so new, so acute, so exquisitely happy, as that on metaphysical poetry.'

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decent, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest language of any in England. Boswell doubted the superior purity of their language, for their pronunciation was strongly provincial; and as for their sobriety, Johnson himself remembered the time when all the better class of persons 'got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of.' He asserted on another occasion, that there were no other people so orthodox in their religion, nor, we presume, so constitutional in their politics; for Boswell expressed his astonishment at discovering a Staffordshire *whig*, a being he had not believed to exist. 'Sir,' answered Johnson, 'there are rascals in all countries.' His belief in the singular virtues of the good citizens of Lichfield was only to be surpassed by the enthusiasm of the late Mr. Hargrave for the inhabitants of Liverpool when he was appointed Recorder of the borough. 'The magistrates,' exclaimed that eminent lawyer in the profusion of his gratitude, 'are humane and active, the attorneys respectable, the juries intelligent, the suitors fair minded.' 'But what,' he was asked, 'of the prisoners?' 'Why, really,' replied the Recorder, 'for men in their situation they were as worthy a set of people as ever I met with.' After his pension permitted him liberty of action, Johnson showed the sincerity of his praises by repeated excursions to his native city. He was there in the year in which he completed his 'Lives of the Poets,' and was met returning from a search for a rail he had been accustomed to jump over when a lad. He related with exultation his good fortune in finding it, and the rapture with which he gazed on an object which brought back to his remembrance his juvenile sports. He ended by taking off hat, wig, and coat, and leaping over it twice. Cowper, describing in his 'Tirocinium' the attachment which men feel for the 'play-place of their early days,' says that in viewing it we almost seem to realize

'Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.'

His manhood had been embittered by a cruel mental disease, and he therefore looked back with unusual fondness to the only period of his existence in which he had enjoyed composure of mind. So it was with Johnson. He could not endure to remember his birth-day, because 'it filled him with thoughts of a life only diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy discontent, or importunate distress.' There was no spot in the retrospect upon which his eye could repose except the early time before his dark distemper had extinguished 'the sunshine of the breast.' A presentiment that his business with the world was drawing to a close was probably the cause which, in the midst of his greatest literary triumph,

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triumph, turned his attention from present scenes, and fixed it with more than ordinary force upon the happy prime when he was an obscure and light-hearted Lichfield boy. He was already ill when he paid his visit in 1781, and with slight intermissions he continued to decline till disease had terminated in death.

His domestic companions preceded him to the grave. Thrale, 'to whom he bent his thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes,' and whose 'eye for fifteen years had never been turned upon him but with respect or tenderness,' was the first to go. He died in April, 1781, and was followed by Levett in January, 1782. Mrs. Williams, who had been to Johnson 'for thirty years in the place of a sister,' expired in October, 1783, and was already too ill to be social. The black dog, he said, was the companion which shared his desolate meals. He used to enforce from his own experience the precept with which Burton concludes his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,'—'Be not solitary; be not idle,'—and he was now suffering from the double evil. The death of his familiars had doomed him to solitude, the languor of disease had condemned him to idleness. Of visitors there was indeed no lack, but they could not fill the place of the well-tried confidants into whose hearts he had been accustomed to pour his own. The easy constant resource of inmates who had become to him as a second self could not be supplied, and he dwelt in pathetic language upon the cheerlessness and gloom which had fallen upon his habitation at the very moment when he was confined to it by sickness, and his wonted diversions were more needful than ever. His first disorder was a severe affection of the chest, which was succeeded in 1783 by a stroke of palsy. In the afternoon of the 16th of June he felt unusually easy, and began to plan schemes of life. The same night he awoke with a confused sensation in his head. He was alarmed, and prayed to God that however his body might be afflicted, his faculties might be spared. In this conjuncture he displayed that energy and presence of mind which were characteristic of him whenever an event occurred to call them forth. To try whether his brain was affected, he turned his prayer into Latin verse. Finding his understanding perfect, but his speech gone, he drank some wine, and put himself into violent motion in the hope of stimulating the paralyzed organs into action. As all appliances proved vain, he went back to bed, and fell asleep. In the morning he wrote a note to his neighbour and landlord, Mr. Allen, and though his hand, he knew not how or why, made wrong letters, he succeeded in penning a few lines to state that, since God had deprived him of speech, and might soon deprive him of his senses, he requested his friend to come and act for him as exigencies might require. The attack passed away,

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away, but the firmness and decision of Johnson in the crisis are not less worthy of note.

The respite was short. A dropsy began to develop itself, and it soon grew apparent that death was the only physician that could cure. With that spirit which animated him from boyhood he exclaimed, 'I will be conquered; I will not capitulate:' but suffering is suffering, however bravely it may be borne; and with so many ills increasing upon him from within and from without, he would naturally have been desirous to go to his rest had it not been for a horrible apprehension of death which pervaded the whole of his days—the dread, not of physical fear, to which he was a total stranger, but the dread of a humble and enlightened Christian, who knew how far what he was fell short of what he ought to be. His diaries, in which he reviews his life, are full of bitter self-reproaches. He accuses himself of neglect of religion, of waste of time, of utter uselessness to mankind. He said that the best men, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficiency to criminal negligence, could never dare to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled. In his own estimation he was not among the best nor even among the good, and he expressed with agitation the awe he felt at the prospect of having to meet his God. As the inevitable hour drew nearer it seemed increasingly terrible to him. But his heroic sense of duty rose superior to his fears. He vehemently urged every one who approached him to take warning by his agony, and not defer their repentance. To those who were unsettled in their faith he addressed long arguments upon the evidences of Christianity, which he made them write down. He impressed upon them the doctrine that there was no hope of salvation except through the mediation of Christ, extorted from them promises to read the Bible and to keep holy the Sabbath day. All heard him with emotion, most with tears. Many who understood less perfectly than himself the requirements of Christianity wondered that a man who had been pious from his youth should speak of himself with such extreme condemnation, and should be filled with alarms. The repentance which was impetuous at the outset with the agitation of fear was fervid at the close with the animation of hope. He inquired of the physician whether he could recover, and was answered 'Not without a miracle.' 'Then,' said Johnson, 'I will take no more opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded.' Apprehension of death was succeeded by a desire to depart, and humbly believing that he had been pardoned through the merits of the Redeemer, he calmly awaited an end which he now announced to be rapidly approaching. On the 13th of December, 1784, at about seven o'clock

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o'clock in the evening, he pronounced the words 'Jam moriturus.' He then fell into a doze, and shortly afterwards, without a struggle or a groan, his great spirit fled to Him who is the source of all intellect and all life. Sir Egerton Brydges well remembered the impression made by his death upon the public, and says that nothing like the sensation it created occurred again until the death of Byron. His remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, and of him may be repeated with literal truth the lines which Tickell wrote on the burial of Addison:—

> 'Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation, came a nobler guest.'

Among those who bore his pall was the only person in his generation who could compete with him in intellect—the wisest of politicians, the most upright of patriots, the most eloquent of orators—the illustrious Edmund Burke. Two such stars were enough of themselves to fill the firmament with glory, and it is delightful to reflect that they were warm admirers of each other, and old and intimate friends.

The appearance of Johnson is more familiar to us through the portraits of Reynolds and the descriptions of his biographers than that of any other person of past generations. He was made on a massive scale, and after early manhood grew unwieldy from corpulence. His face was scarred with the marks of scrofula, but his complexion was clear, and his features not ill-formed. His general aspect was strange and uncouth, for in addition to his form being bulky and ungraceful, his head shook with a nervous tremor, his body twitched with convulsive contractions, and his legs and arms were tossed about by involuntary movements. These peculiarities became exaggerated when his mind was at work. It was said by one of his friends that when he read his head swung seconds. Both in conversing and in meditation he would sway backwards and forwards till his hands almost swept the ground. A lady once edged her foot towards his chair, and in his beatings of the air he clutched and pulled off her shoe. He sat down to read Grotius on a log of wood in Twickenham meadows, and seesawed so violently over his book that some people at a distance came to see what was the matter with him. Either unconscious of his peculiarities, or thinking them excusable because they were undesigned, he condemned in others the contortions which he practised himself. He called out to a gentleman in company 'Don't attitudinise;' he seized the hands of a second gentleman who was enforcing his argument by action, and held them down; and he made it an especial subject of praise in old Mr. Langton, the father of his friend, that

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that 'he had no grimace, no gesticulation.' To add to the singularity of Johnson's conduct he constantly talked to himself. At the approach of Lent he would retire behind a window-curtain, and pray in so loud a whisper that every word was distinctly heard. In his ordinary mutterings fragments of pious ejaculations were frequently detected by those around him. Sometimes he murmured poetry or turned a sentence. Whatever, in short, strongly occupied his mind found a vent in this manner. In walking he rolled his entire frame from side to side, and appeared to work himself forward in a zig-zag direction by the motion of his body independent of his feet. His laboured gait looked, says Boswell, like the struggling efforts of a man in fetters. He constantly executed a variety of curious manœuvres. He always passed in or out of a door or passage by a certain number of steps from some particular point, and invariably made his exit and his entrance with the same foot foremost. If he failed to do this correctly, he went back to the starting-place, and began over again. Before he crossed a threshold he commonly turned round upon his heel, and often stopped in the street to whirl in these magic circles. He expresses his scorn in the 'Rambler' for the superstitions of old women, and says he has never been charged with such weakness by either friend or foe; but his twistings and measured marchings can hardly be imputed to any other cause, and it is probable that his imagination was a slave to some vague impression which his reason should have repelled.

His dress before he got his pension is said by Miss Reynolds to have been literally that of a beggar. As he was ascending the stairs, when he called on Miss Cotterel, the servant, supposing from the meanness of his appearance that he was some low person, exclaimed 'Where are you going?' and seizing him by the shoulder attempted to drag him back. Boswell, who did not know him till he was easy in his circumstances, found him sitting in a shrivelled wig too small for his head, a brown suit of old clothes, and a pair of old shoes which he wore like slippers. His shirt was unbuttoned at the neck, his breeches at the knees, and his black worsted stockings hung loose upon his legs. His wig was always uncombed, and the fore part burnt away by contact with the candle. At Streatham the butler kept in charge a smarter wig which was exchanged for the shabby one as Johnson passed through the hall to dinner. His dusty suit was rarely brushed, or his under garments changed, with his own good will. In relating that one of the charges brought against Smart to prove him a lunatic was 'that he did not love clean linen,' he added, 'and I have no passion for it.' He recollected the time when

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when it was customary to wear the same shirt for a week, and he leaned more to the old fashion than to the new. Under the guardianship of Mrs. Thrale he paid increased attention to his dress, but in his own mind he was always indifferent to it. Yet as men are not a little disgusted in their neighbours with what they tolerate in themselves, he was fastidious in his requirements when the case was not his own. 'I have often thought,' he said, 'that if I kept a seraglio the ladies should all wear linen gowns. I would have no silk—you cannot tell when it is clean. Linen detects its own dirtiness.'

His chambers and furniture were in keeping with the master. Dr. Burney went with him into his garret in Gough Square, and found five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. The chair with three legs and one arm Johnson took to himself, and gave the other to his guest. His manner never betrayed that he was conscious of these external deficiencies, and he apologised to no one either for the negligence of his attire or the want of common conveniences in his rooms. He often quoted with approbation the saying of the old philosopher, that he who wants least is most like the gods who want nothing. His slovenliness was at first the consequence of his poverty, and had become confirmed by custom. On particular points he was more nice than might have been expected from his general habits. A waiter in Scotland, when told that the lemonade was not sweet enough, took up a lump of sugar with his fingers and put it into the glass. Johnson indignantly flung the lemonade out of the window, and Sir William Scott was afraid he would have knocked down the waiter.

With these notions of delicacy his mode of eating was repulsive. His huge body required a vast deal of nutriment for its sustenance, and he devoured his food in a manner which resembled the voracity of a beast of prey rather than the usual moderation of a human being. The veins of his forehead swelled, a perspiration stood upon his face, his eyes were riveted to his plate, and his ears were closed to all which was passing. He would go contentedly for forty-eight hours without tasting a morsel, and declare that he did not suffer the least inconvenience; but whatever he did at all he did violently, and more like a giant than an ordinary mortal. He told Mrs. Thrale that his thoughts were less of dishes than his talk. His general bias, nevertheless, was to the side of good living. 'Some people,' he said, 'have a foolish way of not minding what they eat; for my part, I mind my belly very carefully, for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything.' In the same spirit he would remark, after his return

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return from a party, 'It was a good dinner enough to be sure, but not a dinner to ask a man to.' He sometimes accuses himself in his diary of too much addiction to the grosser pleasures of the table, and an observation he made to Boswell will explain the cause of the epicurism against which he struggled, but in which he certainly indulged: 'Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper; they are eager for gratifications to soothe their minds and divert their attention from the misery which they suffer.' There is hardly a trait that has been blamed in Johnson's character that cannot be traced to his mental affliction. He abstained from wine during many years of his life, for it aggravated his malady, and he could not take it in moderation. But he never cared for the flavour; it was only the result he desired. He thought claret poor stuff because a person would be drowned before it made him drunk, and he placed brandy at the head of all liquors, 'because it would do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him.' In the days when he took his bottle he preferred to be alone, that nobody might witness its effects. The largest quantities, however, of the strongest liquors rarely did more than slightly exhilarate him.

No one could be a greater stickler for politeness than Johnson; he called it 'fictitious benevolence,' and added that the want of it never failed to produce something disagreeable. He believed that he had cultivated successfully what he so strongly commended. 'I look upon myself,' he said, 'as a very polite man.' He had indeed a delicate perception of the principles of good manners, but he had not the art of executing the outward forms, and his temper often interfered with the essence. He told Mrs. Thrale he had not attempted to please till he was after thirty, from thinking it hopeless. When he was bent upon being courteous he overacted his part. His compliments, says Miss Hawkins, were studied, and in uttering them his head dipped lower, the semicircle in which it revolved was of greater extent, and his roar became deeper in its tone. Mr. Seward, who saw him presented to the Archbishop of York, spoke of his bow as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body as had seldom been witnessed. He valued himself upon his ceremonious conduct to ladies, and, in the disordered dress described by Boswell, he insisted upon attending them, when they called upon him in Bolt Court, to their carriage in Fleet-street, where a mob would gather to gaze at the strange apparition. In a fit of gallantry he took the hand of Mrs. Cholmondeley at dinner, and held it so long to his eye while

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while he admired its delicacy that she whispered to her neighbour, 'Will he give it to me again when he has done with it?'

As his politeness was too laboured and artificial, so his deviations from it were equally in an extreme. He could not brook a slight or suffer the least encroachment upon his independence, and in his poverty he assumed a defiant air to preserve his dignity. The homage of inferiors contributed to foster an overbearing style, which was further aggravated by a loud voice and stern countenance. He thought his imperiousness and dogmatism an advantage. 'Obscenity and impiety,' he said, 'have always been repressed in my company.' He was easily provoked by folly or heated by argument, and then a manner which even in his ordinary modes inclined to the harsh and dictatorial became violent beyond the usages of civilised life. He vociferated the severest things in his most stentorian tones, and only thought how to silence his antagonist. By the time he had got to the end of a period he was a good deal exhausted in his vehemence, and, in the phrase of Boswell, blew out his breath like a whale. He was so conscious of his infirmity that once beginning, after his interview with George III., to enumerate the benefits he derived from conversing with the Sovereign, he placed first among the advantages that he could not be in a passion. His principles were opposed to his practice. 'Sir,' he said to Mr. Fitzherbert, 'a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing, than to *act* one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.' He preferred a cold and monotonous to an emphatic talker, and when Burke, in proposing Mr. Vesey as a member of the Literary Club, commenced by observing that he was a man of gentle manners, Johnson stopped him: 'You need say no more; when you have said a man of gentle manners you have said enough.' He was always anxious after his outbreaks to make amends. He took the earliest opportunity to drink to his antagonist, or direct his discourse to him. He sometimes apologised with tears in his eyes. His rudeness and impetuosity were after all less frequent than might be inferred from the specimens preserved by his biographers, who naturally gave prominence to his most piquant sallies. Many people who were long acquainted with him had never heard a strong expression from him. Time exerted a mellowing influence upon his temper, and he confessed that his good-humour had increased with his years. Indeed, after dwelling upon the rarity of the quality, and denying it to all the persons whom Boswell named as examples, he said, 'I look upon *myself* as a good-humoured fellow.' He acknowledged that in his youth he had treated

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treated mankind with asperity and contempt, but that as he advanced in life he felt more kindness because more was shown to him.

Whatever might be his theoretical notions of decorum, he looked upon his breaches of it as a very venial offence. In his illness he requested Langton to tell him in what he was faulty. Langton, for reply, gave him a paper on which were written some texts commanding Christian charity. Johnson enquired in what particulars he had offended. On his friend responding 'that he sometimes contradicted people harshly,' he flew into a passion. 'Who,' he afterwards said to Boswell, 'is the worse for that?' 'It hurts,' said Boswell, 'people of weaker nerves.' 'I know,' retorted Johnson, 'no such weak-nerved people.' 'It is well,' observed Burke, when this was repeated to him, 'if, when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation.' Mrs. Thrale bore testimony that the roughness was confined to his words, and that all his actions were good and gentle. He treated lightly his verbal violence, because he judged by his own sensations, and was not aware how much pain he inflicted. When he and Goldsmith were represented in a newspaper as the pedant Holofernes and his flatterer, Goodman Dull, the sensitive poet came to him foaming and vowing vengeance against the printer. 'Why, who the plague,' replied Johnson, 'is hurt with all this nonsense? and how is a man the worse, I wonder, in his health, purse, and character, for being called Holofernes?' 'I don't know,' replied Goldsmith, 'how you may like being called Holofernes, but I do not like to play Goodman Dull.' This was the measure of the difference between his feelings and those of Boswell's weak-nerved people. What was anguish to Goldsmith was sport to Johnson. 'Poh, poh,' he once exclaimed, 'who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?' Criticism, as we have seen, never disturbed his quiet. He used to quote the proverb, that nobody throws stones at a tree that does not bear fruit, and he accepted censure as part of the general chorus in his praise. If, to use the metaphor which Burke applied to his style, he had the nodosities of the oak, he had also its strength. Deformity though it was, his ruggedness yet partook of the gnarled grandeur of the king of the forest.

His vehemence of language has sometimes been confounded with censoriousness of disposition, from which he was wholly free. His friends considered that both intellectually and morally he was inclined to think better of his acquaintances than they deserved. He did not conceive, like some people, that charity consisted in a violation of truth, or that it was a virtue to commend a man

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a man for qualities he did not possess. One of his sayings was, that 'he who praises everybody praises nobody.' But no one was less disposed to imagine evil until it was proved. 'He always maintained,' writes Mrs. Thrale, 'that the world was not half so wicked as it was represented, and he might well continue in that opinion, as he resolutely drove from him every story that could make him change it.' When poor Bickerstaff fled the country, and the remark was made that he had long been a suspected man, Johnson loftily replied, 'By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen: I hope I see things from a greater distance.' His worst dislikes seldom prompted him to say more than that 'the fellow was a poor creature or a blockhead.'

A few rude speeches sink into insignificance when compared with a charity which was only bounded by his means. 'He loved the poor,' writes Mrs. Thrale, 'as I never yet saw any one else do.' As he said of Levett, he was 'of every friendless name the friend.' Besides his in-door pensioners he had a number of out-door dependants, and when his own funds were exhausted, he wrote innumerable letters to solicit the contributions of his acquaintances. He frequently bestowed all the silver in his pocket upon the miserable beings who waylaid him on his passage from his house to the tavern where he dined. Even in his early London days he would go up at night to the destitute children who were sleeping upon the projecting stalls of shops or on the sills of doors, and slip a penny into their hands to buy them a breakfast, 'and this,' adds Mr. Croker, 'when he himself was living on pennies.' Sixpence, he once remarked, was then a great sum to him. When it was objected that it was useless to bestow halfpence upon beggars, because they only laid it out upon gin or tobacco, he energetically exclaimed, 'And why should they be denied such sweeteners of existence? Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding. Yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.' He one night found a woman of abandoned character lying exhausted in the street, and lifting her up, he conveyed her on his back to his own house, had her nursed till she recovered her health, and then obtained her a situation. A heartless man would have passed her by, a humane man might have given her money; but was there any second person in the whole of the vast population of London that would have taken up the forlorn, diseased, and dirty sufferer in his arms and carried her to his home? There are charities which from their very lowliness become sublime. He avowedly kept only 100*l.* of his income for his personal wants, and Mrs. Thrale calculated that he did not, in fact,

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fact, spend more than 70*l.* or 80*l.* at most. His kindness to dumb creatures was as conspicuous in its way as his benevolence to men. He used to go out himself to buy oysters for his cat, lest if he put the servants to the trouble they should take a dislike to the animal, and use it ill.

His acute sense of the real miseries of life made him intolerant of fanciful complaints. He upbraided Mrs. Thrale for wishing one summer, after a lengthened drought, for rain to lay the dust. 'I cannot bear,' he said sharply, 'when I know how many families will perish next winter from the scarcity of that bread which the present dryness will occasion, to hear ladies sighing for showers only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat or their clothes from the dust.' He had no sympathy for the pangs of mortified vanity any more than for the lamentations of softness and luxury. Nor while prompt to relieve distress, did he ever affect an exaggerated sorrow, and he blamed such false pretences in others. 'You will find,' he said, 'these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good; they *pay* you by *feeling*.' It would not have been surprising if a man who had experienced so much physical wretchedness had lost some of his sensitiveness to the griefs of the heart. Yet few could possess a more affectionate nature or be more deeply touched by the loss of friends and the pathos of sentiment. 'Want of tenderness,' he always maintained, 'was want of parts, and was no less a proof of stupidity than depravity.' He was thrown into an agony at the sight of an omelet shortly after the death of Dr. Nugent, because it was the dish they had had for supper the last time they met. He cried when he read the letter which described the death of Mr. Elphinston's mother. Tears were a tribute he often paid. Miss Reynolds related to him some mournful story of maternal affection, and she was interrupted by his sobs. He wept as he told that Dr. Hodges, the physician who remained in London during the plague when most of his brother practitioners fled, died soon afterwards a prisoner for debt. He burst into tears in repeating the Latin hymn 'Dies iræ,' and again when he recited the description of the English from Goldsmith's 'Traveller.' He read Beattie's 'Hermit' with similar emotion. There is a pathos in these pieces which cannot be fully apprehended except by minds refined by literary culture. Their power proceeds from an art which is lost upon untutored perceptions, and their effect upon Johnson is at once a proof of the acuteness of his feeling for poetry and the strength of his human sensibilities.*

* The noble traits of his character are brought out with great force and vividness by Mr. Forster in his 'Life of Goldsmith.' No one, it seems to us, has shown such a fine perception of the grand qualities of Johnson, or has described them with such genial sympathy.

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Of a man so tender and beneficent it might well be asserted that he had nothing of the bear except the hide. Bishop Horne compared him to a pine-apple, which was the most delicious of all fruit notwithstanding that it had a prickly skin. The kindliness of his nature was enhanced by its robustness. The bold front which he presented when battling with poverty and neglect was shown in all the other circumstances of life. He defied alike discomfort and danger—rarely complained himself, or allowed any one else to complain in his presence. If he got wet to the skin he would not change his clothes when he reached home, but would allow them to dry upon his body. He would stand in the coldest days and nights before an open window; and when Boswell shivered, as they came up the Thames from Greenwich one bitter evening in a boat, Johnson scolded him for his effeminacy, and roared out, 'Why do you shiver, Sir?' Sir William Scott complained of a headache when travelling with him in a chaise. 'At your age, Sir,' replied Johnson contemptuously, '*I* had no headaches.'

He was accustomed to maintain that the man who was afraid of anything was a scoundrel. 'He feared death,' says Boswell, 'but he feared nothing else—not even what might occasion death.' Though his convulsive movements would not enable him to guide a horse, and though he was so short-sighted as hardly to be able to see a yard before him, he would follow the hounds in a chase of fifty miles with desperate daring, while the sportsmen shouted to him not to ride over the dogs. He despised the occupation, and his sole motive for engaging in it was his determination to show himself as good a man as his neighbours. He laughed at the notion of caring for horses running away with a carriage. The event occurred when he was travelling in France with the Thrales, at a spot where the road was bounded by a precipice. They narrowly escaped with their lives; but he continued to ridicule the apprehensions of his companions, and exultingly exclaimed that nothing came of it 'except that Thrale leaped from the vehicle into a chalk-pit, and then walked out looking as white.' Having heard it asserted that if a gun was loaded with two or three balls, there was a risk of its bursting, he put in six or seven, and fired them off against a wall. The same spirit of defiance led him, when he was bathing near Oxford, to swim straight into a pool because he was cautioned against it by Langton as particularly dangerous. He protested that he was afraid of no dog in the world; and as two fierce pointers were fighting at the house of his friend Beauclerk, he cuffed their heads with his fists till they ran howling away. He cared as little for men as for dogs. Having left for a few minutes a chair which

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which was placed for him between the side-scenes of the theatre at Lichfield, a gentleman took the seat, and refused to resign it, upon which Johnson lifted up chair and gentleman together, and flung them both into the pit. Foote had resolved to personate him on the stage, and expected to derive large profits from the performance. Johnson purchased a stout oaken cudgel, and declared that he would break the bones of the satirist in the presence of the audience. The threat was enough for Foote, who only ventured to ridicule the unresisting. Johnson, it must be confessed, was no ordinary antagonist. A gang of four persons once attacked him at night in the street, and he kept all four at bay till the arrival of the watch. He united skill to muscular power, for he had learned to box from his uncle Andrew, who was a professional prize-fighter. If *not* to be afraid of anything is *not* to be a scoundrel, Johnson was certainly a very honest fellow.

The melancholy which saddened the whole of his days had an influence upon his habits. Miss Williams, on coming from a party where several persons had got intoxicated, exclaimed, 'I wonder what pleasure men can take in making beasts of themselves?' 'He, Madam,' replied Johnson, 'who makes a *beast* of himself gets rid of the pain of being *a man*.' This was more than a casual retort, for he deliberately maintained to Boswell that no one was happy in the present moment except when he was drunk. He held that whatever felicity was enjoyed must be borrowed from hope. When he first entered Ranelagh it gave him a gay sensation of mind such as he had never experienced before, but it speedily went to his heart to reflect that there was not a single being in all the brilliant circle around him who was not afraid to go home and think. These notions of the universal misery of mankind were derived from the generalisation of his personal feelings. However mirthful he might seem in company, he declared it was 'all outside.' On his return from a splendid assemblage at Mrs. Montague's, where he appeared more pleased than usual, in consequence of the marked respect which was paid him, Dr. Maxwell asked him if he had not been gratified? 'Not *gratified!*' he replied; 'yet I do not recollect to have passed many evenings with *fewer objections*.' The impossibility he found of 'razing out the written troubles of the brain,' made him catch at anything which would enable him for the moment to forget them. 'The great business,' he said, 'of his life was to escape from himself;' hence his passion for conversation and the late hours he kept. 'He was afraid to go home and think.' 'There is one time at night,' he wrote in the 'Idler,' in an essay which he avowed to be his own portrait, 'when he must return to his house that his friends may sleep; and another time in the

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morning when all the world agrees to shut out interruption.' These are the moments of which poor Sober trembles at the anticipation. That he might avoid both these periods of solitude, he was neither willing to go to bed, nor willing to get up again. He did not rise till twelve or one, by which hour his friends began to arrive. He sat a long while declaiming over his breakfast, went out about four to dine at a tavern, and seldom returned before two in the morning. He boasted on one occasion to Miss Williams that he was home for once before everybody was in bed, for that he had knocked against some bricklayers in the court. 'You forget, my dear Sir,' she replied, 'that they are just up, and are now beginning their morning's work.' To escape from moody meditation and the anguish of his own corroding thoughts, he often amused himself with practical chemistry. 'He has a small furnace,' he says of Sober, 'which he employs in distillation, and which has long been the solace of his life. With this he draws oils and waters which he knows to be of no use.' They were of use, because the employment was medicine to his malady. For the same reason he loved to be driven fast in a post-chaise. 'A man,' he remarked, when accounting for the fascination of hunting, 'feels his vacuity less in action than in rest.' He consequently delighted in the mere motion of travelling, and exclaimed to Boswell as the carriage rolled rapidly along the road, 'Life has not many things better than this.' The animation of the movement diverted his mind from preying on itself, and he found positive pleasure in a respite from pain.

As conversation was his main refuge from uneasy thoughts, no amount of it could make him weary. He would keep it up with unflagging spirit as long as any one would sit with him—his ideas never failing, his knowledge never exhausted, his wit never running dry. He maintained that a companion who talked for fame could not be agreeable, and that the real pleasure was in a quiet interchange of sentiments without rivalry or effort. Yet Burke asserted that he argued only 'for victory, and that when he had neither a paradox to defend nor an antagonist to crush, he would even preface his assent with 'Why, *no*, Sir.' He would commence a sentence with, 'Why, Sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing!' 'Now,' said Garrick, 'he is thinking which side he shall take.' He disliked hyperboles, and whoever praised anything extravagantly, or asserted anything confidently, was sure to be contradicted by him. His friend Dr. Taylor expatiated on the merits of a bull-dog, which he boasted was perfectly well-shaped. Johnson would not suffer even a point like this to pass. He examined the animal attentively, and having prepared himself for the contest, called out, 'No, Sir, he is *not* well-shaped, for there is not the

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the quick transition from the thickness of the fore-part to the slim part behind which a bull-dog ought to have.' In all the countless discussions he provoked he was rarely worsted, for if argument failed him, he won the victory by his wit. He once dreamt that he was engaged in a conflict of repartee, and was much depressed because his antagonist got the better of him. This he adduced to show that the judgment is weakened by sleep, or he would have known that the rejoinder which vexed him was as much his own as the observation it eclipsed; but the incident is equally an example of the mortification he always felt at defeat, though the annoyance and the ebullition of temper it produced were only momentary. Wit, in the estimation of his friends, was his most shining quality. 'Rabelais and all the rest,' said Garrick, 'are nothing compared to him. You may be diverted by them, but Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you whether you will or not.' No man that we know of ever had a quiver so full of arrows. His repartee seldom lay upon the surface; it was as original and unexpected as it was sharp and telling. He had a vast abundance, in addition, of that species of illustration which equally serves to cover sophistry and to set off truth, and an acuteness of discrimination which enabled him instantly to detect the fallacies of an opponent. He envied Beauclerk the ease with which he uttered his sallies, and the freedom from the look which announced that a good thing was coming, and from the look which betrayed a consciousness that it had come. But though his own elaborate manner did not please him so well, all his biographers testify that his deliberate enunciation and emphasis of tone added greatly to the force of his sayings. His delivery was as much more imposing than that of his antagonist, as his matter was more powerful; and nothing could resist the combined brilliancy of the flash, and the roar of the thunder.

Johnson, like Milton, thought,

> 'That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.'

Of this 'prime wisdom' there is a greater store in Boswell's work than any other book we can remember.* What Johnson might not unlikely have spread out in his 'Rambler' into a flat dissertation he condensed in his talk into a lively and idiomatic

* Mr. Croker's notes, which combine the gleanings from the numerous other memorials of Johnson, are often quite as valuable as the text. If his edition were published in parts it might find its way to a class who are, as yet, ignorant of the most entertaining and instructive book in the language.

aphorism.

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aphorism. Sketches of character, rules of conduct, literary criticism, and questions of morals and religion, were his favourite topics. The conversation which had no bearing upon man of the passing generation he considered lost to both pleasure and instruction. He expressed a hope that he might never hear of the Punic war while he lived, and when Mr. Vesey began to talk to him about Catiline's conspiracy, 'I withdrew,' he said, 'my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb.' There was one quality for which he was noted, whatever the subject on which he spoke—the minutest regard to truth. His own scrupulosity had made him particularly sensible of the general laxity. 'Nothing but experience,' he said, 'could enable any one to conceive that so many groundless reports should be propagated as every man of eminence might hear of himself.' He imputed the deviations from accuracy rather to carelessness than to falsehood, and he might have added, to the disposition to supply the want of knowledge by conjecture, and from a little that is known to infer a great deal that is not. He had thus grown to be extremely incredulous, and if the narration partook at all of the marvellous he would break in with a significant look and decisive tone, and exclaim, 'It is not so; do not tell this again.' Hogarth once remarked of him, that, not contented with believing the Bible, he believed nothing but the Bible, and said, like the Psalmist, 'in his haste, that all men were liars.' He was especially mistrustful of the tales of travellers. When a friend repeated to him some extraordinary facts related by the companions of Captain Cook, Johnson replied, 'I never knew before how much I was respected by these gentlemen; they told me none of these things.' He dined in company with Bruce, and Boswell found, on questioning him the same evening, that he gave no credence to the traveller's testimony. In this he was not peculiar. Horace Walpole was present when Bruce was asked what description of musical instruments were used in Abyssinia? 'I think,' he answered, 'I saw one *lyre* there.' 'Yes,' said Selwyn, in a whisper, 'and there is one less since he left the country.' The rudeness of which Johnson was sometimes guilty to the narrators of wonders solely arose from the excess of his incredulity. He firmly believed that he was rebuking falsehood, and serving the cause of good morals.

In the same way he would violate the common forms of society to mark his horror of sceptics. The Abbé Raynal was introduced to him and offered his hand. Johnson drew back and refused to take it: 'I will not,' he said to a friend who expostulated with him, 'shake hands with an infidel.' He would more easily pardon bad practice than bad principles. He had a strong feeling

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feeling against schismatics, and never grew more hot than when the discussion turned upon the points at issue between them and the Church. As he walked at Oxford in New Inn Hall Garden, Sir Robert Chambers picked up snails and threw them over the wall into the adjoining premises. Johnson roughly rebuked him for so unneighbourly an act. 'My neighbour,' pleaded Sir Robert, 'is a dissenter.' 'If so,' rejoined Johnson, 'toss away, toss away as hard as you can.' This was more than half a jest, for it was a common habit with him to indulge in humorous exaggeration, but a slight incident recorded by him in one of the pious entries in his diary is a serious and significant indication of his sentiments. 'Seeing a poor girl at the sacrament in a bedgown I gave her privately a crown *though* I saw Hart's Hymns in her hand.' Hart was a Presbyterian, and notwithstanding that the girl was attending the Communion in the Church of England, it is plain from Johnson's 'though' that he thought the mere fact of her reading Presbyterian hymns, which she probably valued for their piety, without the least knowledge of the ecclesiastical principles of their author, was a reason against the extension of his bounty to her. All distinctions were forgotten by him at the spectacle of distress, and that her possession of this book should have passed through his mind as a motive for checking his benevolence is a curious evidence of the strength of his convictions. His distaste, however, for their opinions did not prevent his partiality for individuals. He had friends among men of all parties, both political and religious.

He was as stout and energetic in his creed respecting the State as in matters which affected the Church. He was a Tory opposed to constitutional changes, and the licence of the mob. But those who have represented him as a bigot to abuses have not read his works. In many respects he was in advance of his age, or at least must be ranked among the foremost men in it. Years before Wilberforce had opened his lips against the slave-trade or slavery, Johnson in a company of 'potent, grave, and reverend signiors' at Oxford gave for a toast 'To the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies.' Boswell, who shared the common opinions of the time, boldly avers that 'he showed more zeal than knowledge' on the subject, and that to adopt his notions would 'be robbery of the planters,' 'cruelty to the African savages,' and in a word would be

'To shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

As early, again, as 1751 Johnson published a paper in the 'Rambler,' in which he urged with unanswerable arguments a mitigation

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mitigation of our bloody criminal code, and showed that humanity and policy alike demanded the change. A little later, in the 'Idler,' he demonstrated the cruelty of allowing creditors blinded by interest and inflamed by resentment to imprison at their private pleasure debtors guiltless of fraud, and whose only crime was misfortune. His own poverty and the arrests to which he had been subjected, together with the inhumanity he must have seen practised towards his obscure associates, had put him in a position to know and feel the injustice of the system. But in no shape did oppression find a friend in him, and he was not more zealous for order and authority than he was hostile to the ills which laws had caused and laws could cure.

The history of Johnson teaches a lesson of resignation to those who are straitened in their circumstances when a man so good and gifted languished for considerably more than half his life in abject penury; a lesson of perseverance to those who are desponding, when a toilsome and desolate road, which it took more than thirty years to traverse and which seemed to have no other goal than the grave, led him at last to competence and ease; a lesson of contentment to those who do not possess his mental preeminence, when Providence had coupled with it a disorder which saddened his days, and conjoined with the brightness of the flame the smart of the burn; a lesson of *intellectual* humility to those who are his inferiors in mind and knowledge, when he always spoke of his own attainments as slight, and a lesson of *moral* humility to those who are not possessed of his worth, when, in spite of his exemplary conduct and marvellous benevolence, he was almost enraged if anybody spoke of him as good; a lesson of the supreme importance of religion to those whose piety is less fervent than his when his repentance was so bitter at the close, and present fame and future renown were quite forgotten in the contemplation of eternity; a lesson to all of what can be effected in situations which appear to afford no scope for the exertion of abilities or the practice of virtues, when we see the learning he amassed in his youth with scanty aid from books or instructors, the works he wrote without ease or encouragement, the charities he exercised without gold or silver when he was living himself upon fourpence halfpenny a day, and the honesty and independence he maintained when not to lower his opinions or sully his conscience was to condemn himself to fare as coarse as that which was allotted for the punishment of crime. Whether we desire an example to stimulate us to the acquisition of knowledge under difficulties or the retention of uprightness under temptation, there is no more memorable instance

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stance of either than is presented by the life and character of this illustrious man. And whatever be the condition of him who seeks to profit by the story, none can be so low but he is in a position as advantageous as Johnson, and none can be so high but that with all his helps he will have enough to do to emulate his model.

ART. VIII.—1. *The English Bread-Book for Domestic Use, adapted to Families of every Grade, &c.; with Notices of the present System of Adulteration and its Consequences, &c.* By Eliza Acton, Author of 'Modern Cookery.' London, 1857.

2. *Rapport sur le Procédé de Panification de M. Mège Mouriès.* Par MM. Chevreul, Dumas, Payen, Peloun, et Peligot. Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris, Janvier, 1857.

3. *On some Points in the Composition of the Wheat-Grain, its Products in the Mill, and Bread.* By J. B. Lawes, F.R.S., &c., and J. H. Gilbert, Ph. D., &c. London, 1857.

4. *Pharmaceutical Journal.* Articles on Alum in Bread. London, May, 1857.

5. *Report of the Medical Officers of Health for the District of Holborn.* March 16, 1857.

6. *Géographie Botanique Raisonnée.* Par M. Adolp. Decandolle. Paris, 1855.

7. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* London, 1854.

8. *Annales des Sciences Naturelles.* 4me Série. Paris, 1854-6.

9. *Micrographic Dictionary.* By Dr. J. W. Griffiths and Professor Henfrey. Articles 'Yeast,' 'Vinegar Plant,' 'Fermentation.' London, 1856.

'IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat *bread*, till thou return unto the earth.' This was the fiat pronounced to the first man who tasted of the tree of knowledge, and learned to distinguish good and evil. Originally a curse, it has become in the present state of the world a blessing. Only in those countries where it is literally in force does the human race strive to raise itself above the beasts of the field. In the banana-plains or the bread-fruit islands of the tropics, where man has not to wrest from the stubborn soil the natural gifts of the Creator, the immunity appears to carry with it the seeds of decay and dissolution. The cultivation of corn and the manufacture of bread form the occupation of large sections of the population of all highly civilized nations; and so intimate is the dependence of

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of the remaining classes upon this industry, that a considerable share of many great political changes may be traced up to its varying conditions. Bread, however, albeit it has more than once afforded a war-cry in struggles of no little magnitude among ourselves, is now so accessible to those who are willing to labour, that the questions chiefly discussed at present relate rather to its quality than its quantity. We hear with some surprise from time to time, from over sea, of bread sold in towns below the cost price; and the visitor to Paris views with wonder the prison-like bars which commonly protect the bakers' shops; but the questions of government and political economy indicated in this state of things have little bearing on our English life.

The improvement which, in the lapse of centuries, has taken place in the condition of the people is strikingly exhibited in the history of their diet. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth wheat was nearly confined to the rich. Even their households were frequently fed on bread made from rye or barley. 'Of all joints,' says the proverb, 'commend me to the shin of beef, which contains marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristle for the servants, and bone for the dogs.' These distinctions have long since ceased. The servant no longer eats gristle for meat or rye for bread. The peasant in old times was often reduced to a loaf concocted of beans, peas, oats, and acorns; and because these were also the food of animals, there was a common saying, 'that hunger sets his first foot in the horse's manger.' At the present hour wheat is the sole grain used for bread throughout England, and beans are only employed in limited quantities, either fraudulently to adulterate flour, or in some instances to improve it when the quality is bad.

These adulterations have of late excited great attention. The question is not new. Smollett, in his 'Humphry Clinker,' had told the same tale in 1770 as has been repeated after the lapse of three quarters of a century. It is thus that he describes the atmosphere, victuals, and drink of London:—

'I am pent up in frowsy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat, and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction. If I would drink water I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. The concrete is composed of the drugs, minerals, and poisons used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality. As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cyder, corn spirit, and the

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the juice of sloes. In an action at law laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared, from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or the baker is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricassee of kidskin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn. As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butcher's meat and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees, and sauces of all kinds, so they insist upon having the complexion of their potherbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps you will hardly believe that they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true. Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dunghills from whence they spring. As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horseflesh and distillers' grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops.'

Except for its liveliness, this might pass for an extract from the Report of the recent Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Adulteration of Food. Bread is still pronounced to be a 'deleterious paste'; and such accusations of wholesale poisoning have been brought against the purveyors of the principal article of food of nine-tenths of the population of our towns as startled even our phlegmatic islanders from their habitual composure. As it is enough to cry 'fire' to make the whole of an audience rush to the doors, without waiting to ascertain whether there is any fire or not, so the public are easily alarmed by the charge of adulteration, and are ready to accept without inquiry the evidence for the prosecution. When a pestilence arose in the middle ages, the Jews were often accused of poisoning the wells, and were put to death in good faith for the imaginary crime. Many persons in our day are nearly as credulous. Mr. Campbell stated at the 'Society of Arts' that he had

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had been consulted three times in six months by individuals who had been frightened by the assurance of their medical attendants that to live in rooms papered with green paper was to subject themselves to a slow poison, because the green contained arsenic, the fumes of which were perpetually given off. The notion was altogether fanciful; and Mr. Campbell found that, even at a temperature of 140 degrees, no fumes of arsenic were emitted. In fact, it does not require the aid of science to raise some scepticism in any reflecting mind. Fontenelle was told that coffee, like a green-papered room, was a slow poison. 'Very slow indeed,' he replied, 'for it has been sixty years in killing me.' So when a medical man tells us that we have been all our lives swallowing poison every day at breakfast, dinner, and tea, we are apt to ask ourselves whether our experience is in accordance with his assertions. Miss Acton, in her 'Bread Book,' has undertaken the useful task of teaching housewives how to make good bread of every description. But she too is an alarmist, and she has injured her work by a number of statements, mostly borrowed from ignorant and interested persons, on what she calls 'the present system of adulteration and its consequences.'

The earliest accounts of the cultivation of corn constitute at the same time the beginning of the history of agriculture. The eldest-born of Adam was a tiller of the ground. When Abraham entertained the angels, he said to Sarah, 'Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.' In our translation of the Bible the grains referred to in the earliest periods are called wheat and barley (Exod. ix. 31, 32; Deut. viii. 8). Commentators on the Old Testament regard the word *kussemeth* as indicating the kind of wheat now called Spelt (*Triticum spelta*); but Decandolle has justly observed that this assertion is questionable, since Spelt is hardly ever cultivated in warm climates, nor are its seeds found in the Egyptian tombs, as they probably would be supposing it to have been the kussemeth of the book of Exodus. A supernatural origin was attributed to the cultivation of wheat by the Greeks, who worshipped Ceres as the author of this gift. According to M. Stanislas Julien, the Chinese have a record of its first cultivation in their country, which states that the Emperor Chinnong introduced it in the year 2822 B.C. Roxburgh and Pidding inform us that ordinary summer wheat has a distinctive Sanscrit name. It is probable that the cultivation of corn has been diffused from a centre lying between the mountains of Central Asia and the Mediterranean. What, however, was the actual locality of the wild plant, and how widely it had spread when human

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human industry was first applied to its increase and improvement, are questions far from settled, and involving many and various lines of inquiry.

In the first place we have no satisfactory evidence that wheat of any kind has been found in a wild state within the historical period. The authority of the Greek writers is not worth much. Diodorus speaks of it being found wild in Palestine, and states that the Greeks believed it to have grown spontaneously in Greece before Ceres taught the culture. Theophrastus and the naturalists do not appear to have held this opinion. Strabo says that it was self-sown in Hyrcania (Mazanderan), and reports a still more decided account of its growth in a country of northern India, 'in Musicani regione.' Most of the modern notices of the discovery of wheat supposed to be wild are from travellers in Western Asia. Linnæus reports the statement of Heinzelmann, that it is indigenous among the Baschkirs. Olivier, in his 'Travels in the Ottoman Empire' (1807), gives an account of a district, incapable of cultivation, on the right bank of the Euphrates, north-west of Anah, where, he says, 'we found, in a kind of ravine, wheat, barley, and spelt, which we had seen several times previously in Mesopotamia.' M. Balansa, a French botanist, has recently (1854) announced the discovery of wheat, in a botanising excursion to Mount Sipyla, in Asia Minor, under circumstances which rendered it impossible to suppose that it was otherwise than spontaneous. It might, however, in such a country have been spontaneous without being *aboriginal;* the remains of former cultivation being everywhere visible in the deserted regions of those ancient lands. Possibly the original area of wheat extended from Asia Minor to the north-west of India. In any case its wide diffusion must have occurred at a very early epoch, since it possesses a wonderful variety of names in the ancient languages of Asia and Europe, and plants spread by intentional transport almost always retain more or less of the appellation which they bore in the countries from whence they were derived.

These remarks apply to the ordinary wheat (*Triticum vulgare*) of botanists, which includes the 'winter' and 'summer' wheats of the agriculturist, with their numerous varieties. *T. turgidum* (turgid wheat) and *T. compositum* (Egyptian wheat) were cultivated by the Egyptians and by the Romans in the time of Pliny. Neither of them have a distinctive Sanscrit name, and they are not cultivated in India. This would indicate a probable origin in Africa. *Spelt* (*T. spelta*), an inferior grain, is one of the species which Olivier speaks of finding wild in Mesopotamia, and André Michaux discovered it near Hamadan, in Persia. But

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But it is unknown in Egypt: it has no Sanscrit name, and is not one of the five cereals introduced into China by the Emperor Chin-nong. If, therefore, it was originally a native of Mesopotamia, it must have been taken into cultivation at a later epoch than wheat. It appears to have been early known among the Celtic races, and its English name seems to have been derived from them. Both among the Greeks and Romans it appears to have been cultivated extensively, especially in the earlier times, and to have been gradually displaced by wheat; it was the ζειὰ or ὄλυρα of the Greek writers, while wheat was πυρὸς. *Far*, the Roman term for spelt, has given a generic name to flours of all kinds—*farina*.

In the time of Pliny six different kinds of wheat were cultivated by the Romans, three true wheats (*Triticum*) called *robur*, *siligo*, and *triticum trimestre*, or summer-wheat; and four spelts, viz., *Far vernaculum*, *rustilum*, *candidum* and *clusinum*. At the present time there are between 150 and 160 different races of wheat, most of which are distinctly referable to some four or five principal types. The minor varieties are by no means permanent in their characters, except under special cultivation, and when grown under unfavourable conditions they degenerate. In like manner, favourable conditions readily bring out improved qualities in inferior kinds. But it must not be concluded from this that Buffon and the other writers who regard the corn-grains as artificial products, are correct in their views. The principal types appear constant. Decandolle recognised the seeds of *Triticum turgidum* in specimens from the Egyptian mummy-cases; Loiseleur confirms this, and the Count de Sternberg in 1834 raised plants of the common wheat from a sample obtained from an Egyptian tomb. This is further confirmed by a note by M. Guérin Méneville, lately presented to the French Academy of Sciences. Some botanists, however, to whom the absence of wild wheat in most countries is a strong indication of the artificial origin of the corn of our fields, regard it as a product of long continued cultivation, and a new element has of late been brought into this question which has excited a good deal of attention among naturalists and agriculturists.

A few years ago a memoir was published by M. Esprit Fabre of Agde, giving an account of the supposed production of wheat by continued cultivation of a grass called *Ægilops ovata*, which grows wild in the south of France. This plant has long been known to afford a variety, which is called *triticoides* from its approach, in some degree, to the characters of wheat. The grass was grown in a garden by M. Fabre, the seeds annually saved being sown, year after year, for twelve consecutive seasons. The

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The question is one of such interest that we give a summary of the results.

Ægilops ovata is a grass never exceeding a height of about one foot; it has a short broad ear with but four spikelets, and only two of them are fertile. When the seeds, in its wild state, produce the variety called *triticoides*, a portion of the characteristic bristles or awns of the valves disappear, and the spikelets are generally barren. When the grain is ripe it is flattened, longer than that of *Ægilops ovata*, and silky at the top. Such were the seeds sown by M. Fabre. In the first year they produced plants three or four times as high as the original *Ægilops*. The awns of the valves were still further diminished, and they had a greater resemblance to wheat; the spikelets of the ears were more numerous, but most of them were sterile, and the fertile spikelets yielded only one or two seeds. The seeds, however, in the next year produced more perfect plants; the spikelets in the ears were more numerous than before, and they mostly furnished a couple of grains. The ears when ripe separated less early from the axis than is the case with *Ægilops*, and the grain was more farinaceous. A third year yielded still more perfect products. A fourth year presented no notable change. In the fifth year the stems grew to a length of three feet, and the grains were large enough when ripe to burst open the valves of the flower. In the sixth year none of the spikelets had less than two, and some had three grains; the plants had all the characters of a *Triticum* or true wheat, and this they retained under cultivation in an open field for four successive years, yielding a crop similar to the corn of the country.

These remarkable statements, corroborated by the testimony of Professor Dunal of Montpellier, gave rise to much discussion, and while some botanists were disposed to regard them as solving the problem of the origin of our cultivated wheats, others saw in them only an illustration of certain laws of hybridation, and a proof that *Ægilops* and *Triticum* were but divisions of one natural genus, within which crossing was possible. Great doubt at once presents itself to the mind of the English botanist, from the circumstance that neither *Ægilops ovata*, the supposed parent, nor *Æ. triticoides*, the transition form, are found in England, where, according to general principles, we should expect to find degenerated forms of the artificially produced wheat, still more commonly than under the more favourable climate of southern Europe. M. Godron of Nancy, whose observations led him to believe that the *triticoides* was a hybrid, fertilized an ear of the wild *Ægilops ovata* with the pollen of common wheat. The seed of this, when sown in the

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the following year, produced not the *ovata*, but the *triticoides*. By fertilizing with a beardless wheat he obtained a short-awned *triticoides*, and with a long bearded wheat a long-awned hybrid. Here was the true solution of the question. The primitive grass did not develope into corn, but the corn was the result of a cross between the grass and the wheat. A committee of naturalists appointed by the '*Société d'Emulation*' of Doub watched over the experiments, and attested their trustworthiness. M. Ad. Brongniart, celebrated for his researches in vegetable development, in his report to the Institute of France, expressed his conviction that the result demonstrated the hybrid origin of the form *triticoides*.

The experiments of M. Godron are the more interesting from the fact that they are the first direct proof of the existence of hybrids among the grasses, which are little liable to the production of crosses from the circumstance that fertilization commonly takes place before the valves of the flowers open. In *Ægilops*, however, the valves open before the fertilization, and thus give facilities for the operation. Still the attempt to produce the hybrids artificially only succeeded in exceptional cases, unless the stamens of the fertilized plant were previously removed; which is in accordance with the known rule in hybridation, that when the pollen of the same and a distinct species are applied together, a preference is generally manifested for the proper pollen.

The wild hybrids of the form *triticoides* are mostly barren, but occasionally bear seed sparingly. Godron in one instance found a single grain, and raised a plant from it, which was sterile. Hybrids are rarely fertile, but this is by no means a universal rule; and the appearance of seeds generation after generation in M. Fabre's plants may be satisfactorily explained by undoubted botanical laws. One possibility, amounting to a probability, is that the plants continued to be fertilized in successive seasons by the pollen of true wheat, which would necessarily lead in the course of a few generations to a complete assimilation to that type. Even supposing that no such repetition of the process took place, the hybrids may have become more and more fertile through the influence of cultivation; for Gaertner has stated that when hybrids do produce seeds through many generations, their progeny keep gaining in productiveness, sometimes exhibiting spontaneously a recurrence to the type of one or other of the parents, mostly the mother, but occasionally to the paternal form.

There is, in fact, an overwhelming argument against the artificial origin of the various descriptions of cultivated corn in the circumstance

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circumstance that they are all annuals, raised year after year from seed, which as physiologists well know constitutes an insuperable bar to the perpetuation of forms widely differing from the original parent. Where the progeny deviates greatly from the primitive stock, the altered produce can only be maintained in its integrity by cuttings, bulbs, and similar fragments of the exceptional plant. Moreover, there is no likelihood that wheat and the other cereals would have been fostered unless they attracted attention in the first instance by the superior weight and size of their grains. The millets of various kinds cultivated in Africa and in the East Indies have all large ears of seed; and we nowhere find any care bestowed upon the species of *Ægilops* —the genus which is supposed to have furnished the progenitors of the wheats by those who regard their origin as artificial. To this may be added that the idea of improving a comparatively useless plant by cultivation is essentially the thought of civilised races; and the remote antiquity from which the growth of corn dates is thus the strongest evidence that the cereals possessed an original superiority over the other grains.

The principal kinds of wheat in use are referable to the following types: 1. Common wheat, which has two classes of varieties,—summer wheat and winter wheat, spring wheat being a sub-variety of the latter; 2. Turgid wheat and Egyptian wheat, which are characterised by compound ears; 3. Spelts; and 4. One-grained wheat. Summer and winter wheat are very permanent varieties. They are distinguished by slight botanical characters, the former being 'bearded,' the latter 'beardless;' each variety has its 'red' and 'white' races, of which the red are generally more hardy and the white superior in quality.

Summer wheat, the prevailing crop of warm climates, appears to have existed, with its present characters, in the time of the Romans; winter wheat, which is the most important kind in a climate like our own, is of ante-historic origin. What is called spring wheat is merely winter wheat sown in spring; but the phenomenon which presents itself under these circumstances is interesting, as indicating the relationship of the winter to the summer variety. Winter wheat, sown in spring, ripens earlier than if sown in autumn, and this tendency is increased with the repetition of the process, and thus a habit of ripening more quickly is acquired, till it attains to the condition of summer or three-months' wheat. The explanation of this is, that wheat is not a true biennial, like the turnip, which does not flower by nature in the first season of its growth, but is an annual, made to live in two seasons by sowing it in autumn, and therefore readily resumes its first habit. Moreover, it is found that

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the beardless winter wheats, if cultivated in a light soil, gradually acquire the bearded character of the summer wheats; while the bearded races, continuously grown on rich and strong soil, lose their awns, and acquire the aspect of the winter wheat.

The varieties are farther distinguished, by the character of the ripe grain, into *hard* and *soft* wheats. In the former, the coat breaks with a horny fracture, and as the integument of the seed does not easily come off, the quantity of the external substance separated as bran is proportionably less, and the flour, although more in quantity, is lower in quality. In soft wheats, the coat of the seed parts more readily, and takes with it a larger portion of bran, leaving a whiter flour, less in quantity, but making a lighter bread. Such grains show a white mealy fracture when broken across. These differences are entirely the result of cultivation, and when soft wheats are cultivated on heavy soils they become gradually transformed into hard wheats. In the same manner hard wheats become soft on light soils. It is an admitted fact also, that the crops grown in this country on highly-manured, rich lands yield a coarse grain. The quantity of fine flour got from wheat is usually not more than 70 per cent., though 80 per cent. is commonly obtained of such flour as is used for ordinary bread. These proportions vary with the character of the grain, and the difference depends a good deal upon the condition in which the outer part of the grain exists at the period of harvesting. To understand this point, it is necessary to be acquainted with the structure of the wheat-grain.

The grain of wheat, like that of all other grasses, is popularly regarded as a seed, but, in the eyes of the botanist, it is a fruit, since in its ripe condition it is enclosed in the adhering shell or 'pericarp,' corresponding to the loose pod of such fruits as the pea or bean. This pericarp is formed of a much firmer substance than the body of the grain, and is separated in the process of grinding; but it takes with it the outer layers of the grain itself. These outer layers differ from the central mass. While the body of the seed is composed of 'cells,' densely filled with the white starch granules which give the characteristic appearance to fine flour, the superficial layers are devoid of starch, and contain oily and albuminous matters. Between the envelope of the seed itself and the pericarp occur the proper coats of the seed, the outer one of which is distinguished by its brownish colour. Bran contains all these external substances, the pericarp, the coats of the seed, and the envelope of the body of the seed. The flour which remains after these coverings are separated by grinding and sifting contains, in addition to the starch, a certain portion of albuminous matter or gluten, though the larger part of this

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this ingredient is conveyed away in the bran. The relative proportion of the albuminous substances in wheat appears to depend, to a great extent, upon the conditions under which it is grown. The corn of warmer climates appears, as a rule, to contain a higher percentage than that of cooler countries, and spring wheat often contains more than winter. But the state of the outer coats of the grain dependant upon the completion of its ripeness must materially influence the amount contained in the flour of commerce. In the harder wheats, the outer layers being more brittle, a larger portion is reduced by the grinding process into the finer description of meal. Hence the flour of these samples contains a greater quantity of the albuminous matters from the coats of the grain, and is found to impart more of what is called 'strength' to the dough, while it is inferior in whiteness.

Taking our grain now to the miller, he reduces it to powder under the millstones, and then transfers it to the 'dressing' machinery, by which it is sifted into portions of different degrees of fineness. The number of qualities into which it is divided varies in different mills and different localities. In some cases, the meal is separated at first into five sorts, which bear the following technical names:—1. Flour; 2. White-stuff, boxings, or sharps; 3. Fine pollard; 4. Coarse or hard pollard; and 5. Bran. The *white-stuff* is then dressed over again, and is parted into—1. Fine middlings, for biscuits; 2. Toppings, or sparks; 3. Dustings; and 4. Best, or turkey-pollard, or coarse middlings. According to recent investigations of MM. Millon and Peligot, it would appear that the quantity of membranous substance forming the cells, in which the starch and albuminous matters are enclosed, amounts to but 2 or 3 per cent. of the grain. In this country, however, from 20 to 30 per cent. of the products of grinding are rejected from flours dressed for making good white bread, and in France, the standard of good flour being higher, the average yield is still less.

If a portion of flour be now formed into a stiff paste, and thoroughly washed, a large part of the dough will be carried off in the water, which will assume a milky appearance. A tenacious solid will be left behind. This is the gluten. The milky liquor, if allowed to stand, will deposit a sediment. This is the starch. The liquid which remains, after the starch has settled to the bottom, is colourless, but holds in solution dextrine, grape sugar, and albumen. This liquid is called the extractive. These are the chief ingredients in flour. The gluten and albumen are what are termed nitrogenized substances, and chemically have a close resemblance to flesh. The human body is composed of various structures and fluids, into the composition of which the

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element nitrogen enters more or less extensively. Consequently food containing this substance is requisite for our nutrition. It is largely furnished by the lean of meat, eggs, milk, &c. In the process of respiration, however, by which the animal heat is sustained, we are constantly giving off carbon, in the form of carbonic acid gas. Material to supply this 'fuel' is afforded in numerous articles of food, such as starch, sugar, butter, and fatty substances generally. Bread combines the nitrogen which forms the flesh, and the starch which furnishes the heat. When the heat-forming food is taken in more abundantly than it is consumed, fat is deposited in the tissues. From such considerations it is inferred that nitrogenous articles of diet are the most nourishing, and, while the necessity of carbonaceous food is admitted, it is imagined that it is liable to be used in excessive proportions, inasmuch as the nitrogenous materials themselves contain a large amount of carbon. That the eatables which possess an abundance of nitrogenous substance, especially meat and eggs, produce the greatest vigour, seems proved by general experience. Those of our labouring classes who go through the most muscular exertion consume far larger quantities of meat than the generality of persons, and it is a *necessity* with them. The meat-fed savage races of North and South America, and still more the white men who adopt their habits with the advantage of a better-developed frame, form a striking contrast as regards bodily strength and activity with the rice-fed Hindoos. Vegetable substances which contain a more than usual proportion of nitrogen, approach in their nutritive qualities to animal food. The nitrogen of wheat is, as we have seen, chiefly comprised in the outer coats, which form the bran or coarser parts of the flour. Very naturally, therefore, it has been asserted of late years that the habits of this country are highly wasteful, and contrary alike to scientific principles and the dictates of economy, when we persist in eating white bread, and refusing the brown descriptions of wheat-meal. This both causes a higher price to be paid for the bread, since less flour is extracted from the wheat, and involves the rejection of the very portion which contains the highest percentage of nitrogenous matter. A sound basis, however, very often lies beneath widely spread habits, and it is not safe to neglect the practical sense of large sections of mankind. Is it a fact that bread made from flour from which the inferior products of 'dressing' have been separated is less nutritious? This is a question which has been raised lately by competent inquirers, and the further question is certainly yet unsettled, whether there may not be some peculiarities in the coarser meals which render it more advantageous to reject them for

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for human food, and use them only for feeding the animals which supply us with meat. As far as common experience affords evidence, white bread should be more serviceable than brown, since it is invariably preferred by the working classes, of whose food it forms so large a proportion. Still it is possible that this may be merely a preference for the taste and appearance of white bread. Whatever may ultimately turn out to be the truth on this point, the corn which contains the largest amount of starch or white flour has a higher market value than that which contains the largest amount of gluten. This will be apparent from the table furnished by Dr. Odling.

	No. I.	No. II.	No. III.	No. IV.
Gluten	9·30	10·05	11·81	4·99
Starch	66·55	64·58	62·52	61·21
Extractive	7·47	8·45	12·05	18·23
Water	14·66	15·50	12·85	15·96

Note.—Nos. I. and II. are fine well-conditioned flours; No. III. a cheap inferior flour; No. IV. a very much damaged flour.

Thus what is supposed to be the heat-forming portion of the food is more esteemed than that portion which is supposed to form flesh. 'With regard to the extractives,' says Dr. Odling, 'I think I may safely say that they are inversely proportionate to the good condition of the flour. A high percentage of extractives nearly always indicates some defect in the harvesting or storing of the flour.'

From a Memoir of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert we extract a Table, which shows how much of each description of meal is obtained by dressing good wheat.

Mill-products.	Flour, &c., from 100 parts of grain.	Substance remaining after drying at 212° Fahrenheit, in 100 parts of each product.	Mineral matter or ash of 100 parts of each product.	Nitrogen of 100 parts of each product.
1st. Wire-fine flour	51·2	85·5	0·71	1·63
2nd. Do. do.	24·8	85·6	0·74	1·69
3rd. Do. do.	1·7	85·0	0·82	1·78
4th. Do. tails	1·6	85·2	1·04	1·86
5th. Do. fine sharps or middlings	3·3	85·5	2·19	2·21
6th. Do. coarse sharps	3·3	86·1	3·93	2·58
7th. Do. fine pollard	1·8	86·5	5·46	2·44
8th. Do. common pollard ..	6·7	86·1	6·56	2·42
9th. Do. long bran	5·0	86·4	7·14	2·40

The first column of figures contains the proportion of each kind of

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of flour or meal derived from one hundred parts of wheat. The second column gives the amount of solid matter per cent. in each product, after the water originally contained in it had been drawn off by heating. The third column contains the amount of mineral ash remaining after samples were completely burnt. And the fourth column states the percentage of nitrogen. Here again it appears that the coarser parts, rejected in ordinary bread-making, contain the largest amount of nitrogenous matter.

In pursuing the examination of the structure of wheat it is found that the nitrogenous constituents do not consist simply of gluten, the form insoluble in water, but that there exists, especially in the outer layers, which form the mass of the bran, an albuminous substance soluble in water, called by M. Mège-Mouriès, who first pointed out its peculiarities, *cerealine*. It is found that its presence causes increased fermentation, and under particular circumstances renders bread soft, heavy, sour, and of bad quality. Nor is this all. Owing to its own decomposition and the influence it exerts in altering the accompanying gluten, it may leave even less nitrogenous matter in the finished loaf than when the bread is made with finer flour. To make these matters clear, we must now pass to the examination of the operations by which the flour is converted into bread.

When flour and water are mixed together, the glutinous matter associated with the starch causes the whole to cohere, and thus forms a paste. Pure starch, as we see in the case of arrowroot, settles down in the shape of powder to the bottom of cold water, because none of the cementing *gluten* is present. Dough would form a dense solid mass when baked, if in the process of making it a quantity of air were not diffused throughout the mass, the expansion of which by the heat of the oven renders the substance more or less porous. In pastry the crust is further lightened by the use of butter, which acts by its particles melting so as to leave cavities. The 'lightening' by the use of eggs is partly attributable to the increased viscidity arising from the albumen of the egg, which thus assists to confine the air-bubbles in the substance. Carbonate of ammonia (or salt of hartshorn), which entirely evaporates in baking, is used in confectionary to raise the paste by the bubbles it forms in volatilization. The 'unfermented' breads are rendered light upon the same principle: the usual method is to mix soda with the flour, and hydrochloric acid with the water, in the proportions in which they unite to form chloride of sodium or common salt. The effervescence, like that produced in mixing Seidlitz powders, converts the paste into a porous sponge, which, however, requires to be very quickly placed in the oven. The 'salt' formed by the mixture replaces that ordinarily added to the

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the dough in making bread. Whatever, therefore, be the method by which bread is made light, the object to be attained is to pervade the substance with numerous cavities which keep the particles of flour asunder instead of forming a compact and unyielding mass.

The science which gave an insight into the cause of the 'rising' of bread, and suggested substitutes for the ordinary fermenting materials, is but of recent date. These ferments operate by generating an infinity of gas bubbles, which honeycomb the dough. The earliest process was to employ leaven, which is largely used still in the manufacture of the black rye-bread of the Continent, and consists of dough which has become more or less sour by over-fermentation. This is kept from one baking to another, to 'inoculate' a fresh bulk of paste with its fermenting influence. No sooner does it come in contact with the fresh dough than it communicates its own properties as by contagion. Probably the discovery of leavening has been owing to accident in many countries through neglected paste having been attacked by the fungus which is the cause of the fermentation. The substitution of the purer and more controllable 'essence,' the yeast, upon which the entire operation depends, is of comparatively recent date. Leaven contains yeast in a state of activity, mixed with partially decomposed flour. The yeast causes a decomposition of the constituents of flour, and changes a portion of its starch into sugar, and next into carbonic acid gas, which converts the mass of dough into a sponge. 'Brewers' yeast' and 'German yeast' are the ordinary forms in which this substance is used; the former is derived from beer, and German yeast is the same product 'grown' in infusions of malt especially made for the purpose, and hence not contaminated with the bitters which accompany brewers' yeast, and render it necessary to wash it very thoroughly with water before using it for making bread.

The simplest method of preparing the dough is to mix the yeast carefully with a part of the water required, to stir this into the centre of the mass of flour, and then add more liquid until the whole is converted by kneading into a firm but flexible paste. This is put into a warm place until it has swollen to twice its original size, is once more kneaded, is then left again to rise, and is finally parted into loaves, and transferred to the oven. The object of the kneadings is to mix the materials, and to distribute the yeast equably through every portion of the mass. The purpose of letting the dough stand is to give time for the fermentation to be continued until sufficient carbonic acid has been generated.

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The mode we have just described of 'setting a sponge' is somewhat varied in ordinary practice. A process commonly employed in home-baking is to mix the yeast smoothly with a small quantity of gently-warmed water (sometimes a little milk is added, which promotes fermentation), and pour the compound into a hole made in the middle of the flour. A portion of the flour is next stirred into the liquid and a further portion strewed over the top. When left in a warm place, fermentation goes on, and the bubbles raise the sponge through the top coating of flour. The whole is then kneaded together with the addition of the requisite quantity of water, and left once more to rise. The kneading is again repeated, after which the dough is formed into loaves, and these are left till they have swelled to double their primitive size, when they are put into the oven. The object in this plan is to be certain of a good fermentation in a stage of the process when there is still time to add more yeast, that is before the kneading is completed. Those who prepare bread in large quantities for sale, carry out the principle of the 'sponge' or leaven in a still more complicated fashion, the flour and water being added, with additional yeast, in successive relays, at intervals of several hours. Instead of the addition of milk to the yeast, a cheaper substitute is said to be extensively used by bakers in setting the first sponge. This is a thickish paste made by mashing boiled potatoes with water, which from the softened condition of its starchy contents is more readily attacked by the ferment than pure flour.

Yeast is known to most persons merely as a creamy liquid, or in the German yeast as a tough semi-solid matter, which softens when placed in water. When the dough, through its influence, 'rises' into a spongy mass, it may be compared to a species of solidified froth. Froth arises from the entanglement of particles of air or other gaseous matter in a more or less viscid liquid. The air confined in 'soda-water' is a gas dissolved in pure water; when the pressure is removed it escapes very rapidly, so that no permanent froth is produced. In bottled beer and ginger beer, the carbonic acid does not escape so freely, since the liquids possess a certain viscidity which retains the gas in bubbles. We cannot blow bubbles from pure water, but soap and water is sufficiently tenacious for the purpose. The cavities or bubbles in dough are produced exactly in the same way as those of the froth of bottled beer or other effervescing liquid; but two circumstances concur in bread to render them permanent; first, the fact that they are slowly formed; secondly, that they are generated in a substance which, while it is soft enough to allow the bubbles to expand, is tough enough to retain them. One of the main objections to what is called 'unfermented bread,' in which the lightness

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lightness is produced by simple effervescence, arises from the sudden liberation of the gas on mixing the acidulated water with the flour containing a carbonated alkali. It becomes necessary to place the bread immediately in the oven, or its spongy character disappears.

It will surprise many persons to be told that yeast is a *plant*. It belongs to the class of Fungi, and in accordance with the general habit of its kind it differs from the green forms of vegetable life by feeding upon organic substances. The vegetative structures, mostly colourless and often undistinguishable without the aid of the microscope, are in many cases extraordinarily developed when their presence is hardly suspected except by the botanist. Gardeners are aware that the productiveness of their mushroom-beds is dependent on the healthy development of a mass of 'spawn,' of which the mushrooms are the fruit; but many persons are ignorant that the toad-stools upon rotten wood are the mere indices of an invisible but widely-spreading spawn carrying destruction in the form of 'dry-rot' as it extends itself among the fibres of the wood. Again, the appearance of moulds and mildews upon preserved vegetable substances or liquids is an index that the mischief is far advanced; for these are but the *fruits* of the fungi, produced in most cases only after the vegetative structure ('mother,' flocculent clouds, and the like) has extensively spread.

The Yeast-plant represents one condition of a species of fungus remarkable for the diversity of forms it exhibits, its wide, nay, universal distribution, and the magnitude of the effects, sometimes beneficial, sometimes mischievous, which it is capable of producing. The forms in which it is familiar to most persons, although its nature may be unsuspected, are yeast, the gelatinous vinegar-plant, the 'mother' of vinegar and many decomposing vegetable infusions, and the common blue or green 'mould' (*Penicillium glaucum*) which occurs everywhere on sour paste, decaying fruits, and in general on all dead organic matters exposed to combined moisture and moderate heat. Yeast and the Vinegar-plant are the forms in which it vegetates, under various circumstances, when well supplied with food. Mildew is its fruit, formed on the surfaces exposed to air, at certain epochs, like the flowers and seeds of the higher plants, to enable it to diffuse itself, which it does most effectually, for the microscopic germs, invisible singly to the unaided sight, are produced in myriads, and are so diminutive that ordinary motes floating in the atmosphere are large in comparison. When we know that the pollen-dust of fir-trees, which consists of particles upwards of six times the diameter of the spores of this mildew, sometimes

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sometimes falls upon ships distant many hundred miles from land, we cannot marvel at the ubiquitous character of the yeast-fungus.

Yeast, when examined under the microscope, is found to consist of globular vesicles, about 1-2500th of an inch in diameter when full-grown. They are multiplied by little vesicles budding out from the sides of the parent. These soon acquire an equal size, and repeat the reproduction either while attached to the parent globule or after separating from it. The multiplication goes on to an indefinite extent with a fitting supply of food, and at a moderately warm temperature (70°—90° Fahr.). The vesicles are nourished by sucking in a portion of the organic liquid in which they exist, decomposing this chemically, and either actually giving off or causing the separation at their outer surface, of carbonic acid in the form of gas, which appears as bubbles in the liquid. This, however, is not all. Some phenomena accompany the growth of yeast which involve one of the most abstruse and, at present, obscure questions of modern chemistry. The Yeast-plant is a wasteful feeder. Not only does it decompose so much of the liquid as it requires for its own nutrition, but it produces a similar decomposition in the liquid around it, which is referred by chemists to the same unexplained force by which many inorganic substances cause the combination or separation of substances without themselves undergoing alteration. An example is furnished by the action of spongy platinum upon a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, causing them to unite and produce water. This *contact-action* is at present a stumblingblock to natural philosophers, many of whom are earnestly endeavouring to surmount it, and, when this is accomplished, they will probably secure a 'point of vantage' whence they will gain an insight into a multitude of unexplained phenomena of vegetable and animal chemistry.

It must suffice at present for us to know that the action does occur, and exercises most important effects in decomposing organic matters for its own nutrition, and propagating this decomposition throughout its neighbourhood. This is the phenomenon which is called 'fermentation,' and which takes place in liquids containing starch, dextrine, or sugar, when a certain amount of albuminous matter is present. Infusion of malt, to which yeast is added, ferments, when kept at a certain temperature, into beer. The dextrine and sugar extracted from the malt by the water, increased during the fermentation by a further conversion of the starch remaining in the malt, pass by degrees into the form of alcohol, carbonic acid gas being set free. This constitutes *alcoholic fermentation.* If the beer, or fermented liquid containing

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containing a small percentage of alcohol, is exposed freely to the air, the fermentation advances into another stage or form: the alcohol disappears, and vinegar is found; this is the *acetous* fermentation, which takes place when beer turns sour. What are called *lactic* and *butyric* fermentations may occur in the same materials under certain conditions. It is not uncommon to find lactic acid abundantly formed in the refuse 'grains' of breweries in hot weather; but the *lactic* fermentation is still more readily generated in milk, which may be 'turned' by yeast. The lactic acid produced unites with the albuminous matter or caseine to form the curd. The *butyric* fermentation occurs frequently in butter and cheese and other putrefying organic substances, and communicates a peculiarly offensive taste and odour. All these fermentations may arise in the process of *panification*, or the converting of the paste of flour and water into raised dough. The bubbles of carbonic acid are formed, as in the case of beer, at the expense of a certain portion of the starch and albuminous matters in the flour. In making bread the *alcoholic* fermentation is that which is desired; and part of the skill of the baker is to allow it to continue till it has gone far enough, and to stop it before it has gone too far. The heat of the oven puts an end to the process. The acetous fermentation produces vinegar, which has a solvent action upon the gluten, and diminishes the consistence of the bread; and the lactic fermentation injures both the flavour and colour, while neither of them assists in 'raising' the bread. It is a well-known fact, that sour milk or butter added to dough, left to rise in warm weather, often renders it uneatable. The sour flavour of the Continental black bread is produced by lactic fermentation. The cheesy odour which is evolved from 'German yeast,' when it has been kept until 'putrid,' affords an illustration of the connexion of the lactic and butyric fermentation with panification. It appears from recent investigations that the colour of ordinary brown bread is not so much dependent on the colouring matter of the bran as upon the nature of the fermentation in dough containing meal derived from the coats of the wheat. There is then an evolution of ammonia, and a dark-coloured substance is formed related to the black products of decayed vegetable matter, to which garden mould, &c., owe their colour.

The alcoholic fermentation resolves part of the material into spirit, which in the baking is driven off in the form of vapour. Many persons may remember the attempts made in the metropolis about twenty years ago by a Patent Bread Company to save this alcohol by condensing the steam in a separate chamber, and distilling the spirit. The plan failed, for the spirit refused to be saved,

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saved, and many thousand pounds were sunk in the scheme. If our memory serves us rightly, the bread was dry and disagreeable; at all events, the popular prejudice was in favour of 'bread with the gin in it,' for such was the cry raised at the time by interest and believed by ignorance. Dr. Odling states that many calculations have been made to show the quantity of alcohol produced in the process of bread-making, and that the amount of proof spirit is estimated at less than one per cent. of the flour. Yet the total, he adds, is so enormous that the bread annually consumed in London yields 300,000 gallons of spirit, all of which escapes into the atmosphere.

The changes effected by the fermentation and the action of heat in baking, may be seen from the following analyses of 100 parts of flour and 100 parts of dried bread:—

Flour.		Bread.	
Starch	68·0	Starch	53·5
Sugar	2·3	Sugar	3·6
Gum (dextrine)	2·5	Dextrine	18·0
Gluten and albumen	25·8	Gluten (with some starch)	20·75
	98·6	Carbonic acid and ash	—
			95·85

In the course of the fermentation starch is converted into dextrine and sugar, and part of these products are consumed in the alcoholic fermentation. A portion also of the gluten is destroyed.

The quantity of water taken up by the dough and retained in the bread forms an important element when bread is sold by weight. The average quantity found by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert agreed with the estimates of Dr. Maclagan and the French chemists. These authorities rate the percentage of water in ordinary baker's bread at from 36 to 38 per cent. Professor Johnston calculated that it amounted to 44 per cent. in home-made, and to from 50 to 51 per cent. in baker's bread. The latter figures are probably too high. The power to take up and retain a large quantity of water indicates what bakers call 'strength.' Theoretically, a sack of good flour (weighing 280 lbs.) should yield 95 four-pound or quartern loaves; but the quantity of loaves obtained will be more or less in different cases, according to the character of the flour and the skill of the baker. This subject is by no means clearly understood at present, but we gather from the statements of various investigators the following particulars. The 'strength' of a fine description of flour appears to depend upon the high percentage of its gluten, which absorbs water freely, and gives greater consistence to the dough. The whiter flours are commonly deficient in nitrogenous matter. On the other hand, the finer products of hard and more nitrogenous

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genous wheat contain a larger amount of the outer layers of the grain, and, although 'stronger,' are darker in colour. These flours also pass more readily into violent fermentation, which produces discolouration of the bread, together with heaviness and wetness.

The cheaper, or, in other words, the inferior, flours are apt to ferment too much, and lose their tenacity, their lightness, and their white colour. In this circumstance we have the key to the use of alum, which is a compound of sulphuric acid with potash and alumina. 'Good white and porous bread may certainly,' says Mr. Accum, 'be manufactured from good wheaten flour alone, but to produce the degree of whiteness rendered indispensable by the caprice of the consumers in London it is necessary that the dough should be bleached. The smallest quantity of alum that can be employed with effect to produce a white, light, and porous kind of bread, from an inferior kind of flour, is from three to four ounces to a sack of flour, weighing 240 pounds.' The cry against what is called adulteration by alum is thus in substance a cry against converting heavy bread into light bread—unpalatable food into palatable. Nevertheless an unsavoury diet is better than a poisonous diet, and the clamour would be reasonable if the charges were true. Nothing, however, could be more unfounded than most of the statements which were put forth, and which Miss Acton has adopted. Dr. Odling, an able investigator, and a man of true science, has so completely exposed them in a paper which he read before the Society of Arts, that it would be superfluous to do more than refer to his refutation. No argument can be drawn from the ordinary effects of alum, inasmuch as it is decomposed in the bread and converted into phosphate of alumina, which is an insoluble substance, and in fact nothing more than so much earth. That it is hurtful in the small quantities in which it is usually employed is very improbable, and certainly it has never yet been proved to be injurious. Lime-water is another efficient agent for improving inferior flours, and has been recommended by Professor Liebig in the proportion of 26 to 27 pints to 100 lbs. of flour. Since there is only 1 lb. of lime in 600 pints of lime-water, the amount introduced is insignificant. It is less, for instance, than exists in the meal of beans, which is also often mixed with damaged flours to restore their bread-making qualities.

Alum probably acts by checking the excessive fermentation which results from the *cerealine* in the outer coats of the wheat; the *cerealine* being much more active in bad flour than in good. M. Mège Mouriès has discovered a method by which to neutralise its ill effects, and at the same time obtain much more bread-meal

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bread-meal from the grain than by any process in previous use. In this method only a single grinding and dressing of the wheat is required, by which he obtains from 70 to 74 per cent. of fine flour. The 18 to 20 per cent. of brown meal which remains is stirred up with four times its weight of water, in which sugar and yeast has been submitted to the alcoholic fermentation. The mixture immediately commences its fermentation, which is allowed to continue for six or eight hours. The liquor is then strained for the purpose of removing the bran, and is immediately used to knead the fine flour into dough. This process both separates the meal that was adhering to the bran and prevents the pernicious fermentation that would otherwise have been set up by the cerealine. The result is a loaf 'lighter' than that made by the ordinary process, and at a much lower price, in consequence of the greater proportion of the product of the grain being used, and the diminished amount of labour applied both in the milling and the making of the bread. Not only is more of the wheat converted into bread, but a greater quantity of the nitrogenous matters is also retained.

As a rule, bread requires a rather quick oven in the baking, or the colour is inferior; but, on the other hand, it is important that the outer part of the dough should not become scorched at first, since the heat will then char the outside while the inside remains uncooked. Dough made too wet requires a rather slow heat. When the inside is not properly baked, the chemical changes go on after the loaf is withdrawn from the oven, and in warm weather the bread soon turns sour and mouldy. In *keeping*, the utmost cleanliness should be practised, or the Fungus, so serviceable to us in the form of Yeast, becomes a pest in the shape of must and mildew. Baked bread undergoes a peculiar change in the course of twenty-four hours after it is cold,—becoming, as it is called, *stale*. This does not arise, as is often supposed, from its drying, for very little water is lost, and the character of new bread may to some extent be restored by heating the loaves gently over again, notwithstanding that this drives off a certain amount of water. The nature of the change has not yet been explained. When loaves have to be kept for several days in damp climates, the reheating them is very advantageous, since it not only improves the condition, but checks the development of mildew. Bread is preserved most advantageously in clean covered pans; but as the crust is apt to become soft by this plan, some prefer to keep it in a safe, placed in a current of air.

The details of the different descriptions of bread-making may be learnt from Miss Acton's useful little book. Those who have recourse

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recourse to it will do well to study her receipts and neglect her denunciations. In these she has been misled by half-informed people, who, taking advantage of the sanitary movement, hoped to advance their own reputation by attacking that of the bakers. There are persons who are said to be afraid to move after studying anatomy for fear of deranging machinery so fearfully and wonderfully made. Those who gave implicit faith to the statements of Miss Acton would, we should conceive, be afraid to eat. No doubt there is a good deal of roguery practised, but the evil is not so great as she represents it. Nor can we doubt that her charges against the bakers of want of cleanliness are much too sweeping. Her accusations, indeed, are hardly compatible with some of her own statements. 'The purity of bread,' she says truly, 'can be preserved (even when it is composed of *genuine* ingredients) only by the utmost cleanliness in all the details of its preparation, and the absence of every unwholesome influence in the locality where it is effected.' No persons are better acquainted with this fact than bakers themselves, who pay dearly for the neglect of it, knowing by experience that the fermenting agency is not to be trifled with, and that without cleanliness it is impossible to produce a saleable bread. There are, however, some practices in occasional use which it is very desirable should cease. 'I have never,' says Cobbett, 'quite liked baker's bread since I saw a great heavy fellow in a bakehouse, in France, kneading bread with his naked feet. His feet looked very white, to be sure; whether they were of that colour before he got into the trough, I could not tell. God forbid that I should suspect that this is ever done in England!' In England, nevertheless, we have seen it done; and it is hoped that mechanical agencies for kneading bread will soon supersede the use of both feet and hands.

ART. IX.—1. *A Letter to Mr. Bright on his plan for turning the English Monarchy into a Democracy.* From Henry Drummond. London, 1858.

2. *Parliamentary Government considered with reference to a Reform of Parliament. An Essay.* By Earl Grey. London, 1858.

WITHOUT any pressure from the public, the leaders of all parties in the House of Commons appear to have acknowledged that the time is come for revising and amending the Reform Act of 1832. The anti-constitutional party of this country,

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country, whose object is not rational and regulated freedom, but democratic ascendancy, have taken advantage of the admission to endeavour to awaken popular passion; and Mr. Bright has gone from town to town enforcing the most daring extravagance. His success, we are happy to think, has not thus far been commensurate with his ability. He has not succeeded in robbing the British people of their reason; and now that his new scheme of representation is before the public, its inconsistency, its gross partiality, and its contempt of justice, have called forth an almost universal condemnation. His scheme has, at least, one advantage, that it displays the objects of the revolutionary party without reserve. The basis of his representative system is numbers. 'The proportion of seats to population is the very soul of Reform.' Yet no sooner has he laid down this doctrine than he flings it over. Ireland, as Mr. Lowe showed in his honest speech at Kidderminster, should, on this theory, have fifty additional members. Mr. Bright gives it five! The English counties should have many more members than at present. Mr. Bright, out of 120 seats which he professes to apportion according to his principle, allots the English counties only eighteen. Even these eighteen are assigned to particular districts, for the avowed reason 'that there have grown up in them very large interests not exclusively connected with land.' In his opinion gentlemen, clergymen, yeomen, and farmers are not so capable of exercising the franchise as shopkeepers, hand-loom weavers, colliers, and iron-workers, and upon this ground, broadly stated by him, he declines to extend to them the same rule which he applies to the inhabitants of towns. He objects to some propositions which have been put forth by rival reformers, that they have been framed 'with the view of finding out modes by which to monopolise representation, instead of conferring it upon the citizens of the kingdom.' The sentence was hardly out of his mouth when he himself developed a plan of which monopoly was the essence. 'The proportion of seats to population, which is the very soul of Reform,' ceases to be its soul the moment he gets beyond the chimneys of Birmingham and Manchester. The fallacies, misstatements, and ignorance displayed in Mr. Bright's speeches, have been so effectually exposed, that to revert to his arguments would be like stabbing the dead body of Hotspur. The project in which his declamations have resulted is so full of inconsistencies and absurdities, that to pull it to pieces in detail would be waste of time. The principle upon which it proceeds is more worthy of notice, because it is a doctrine which has always been held by revolutionists, and is likely to have a permanence that does not belong to the ephemeral views and

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and reasonings of Mr. Bright. This principle is 'not the proportion of seats to population,' which Mr. Bright only enunciates to abandon. Pernicious and impracticable as is his pretended position, it would be less destructive than the plan to which it is a prelude. His real object is shown alike in the provisions of his bill and his open denial to the counties of their due share in the representation. He wishes to destroy territorial influence, and to give the power to towns. He would have England governed by citizens, and the upper classes by the lower. His ideas are the transcript of those which prevailed in the first French Revolution, and Mr. Burke's description of the views of the Republicans of that day might pass for a description of Mr. Bright's project of Reform: 'They are for totally abolishing hereditary name and office, levelling all conditions of men, breaking all connexion between territory and dignity, and abolishing every species of nobility, gentry, and church establishments. Knowing how opposite a permanent landed interest is to that scheme, they have resolved, and it is the great drift of all their regulations, to reduce that description of men to a mere peasantry for the sustenance of towns, and to place the true effective government in cities among the tradesmen, bankers, and clubs of bold, presuming young persons.' Mr. Bright, like these men, would abolish church establishments; he can see no use in a House of Lords, and believes that the public will arrive before long at the same conclusion; and it is the corollary, the necessary consequence of these doctrines, that he should desire to reduce the landed interest to a cipher, and get the government into the hands of cotton-spinners and mechanics. All who hate the nobility, gentry, and clergy—all who believe that property would be more secure, society more enlightened, religion more respected, liberality more extensive, if these orders of the community were supplanted by the multitudes of Manchester and Birmingham—will be consistent in cheering on Mr. Bright. Those who do not desire that everything which has been respected and venerated for ages should be swept away, and that the whole order of things should be turned upside down—the first put last, and the last first—will as certainly repudiate his revolutionary project. The scheme was tried in France, and all the world knows with what result. The measure of justice which would be dealt out to the conquered interests may be judged from the present demands of Mr. Bright. The daring defiance of all fairness in his treatment of the counties before he is triumphant, may be taken as an indication of what his dealings would be when success had crowned his efforts. He even violates his own principle of Reform the moment the landed interest is to have the benefit of it, and declares the counties undeserving of

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the suffrage with the effrontery which in all times has distinguished the demagogue. Well might Wilberforce say, 'Let us never hope to win the democrats; they have ideal grievances and ideal advantages; they cry for liberty, but what they want is power.'

The party in France who are the advocates of constitutional government look with eager and envious eyes to England as the proudest example of it that the world has yet seen. They have of late years more than ever observed it with attention, and commented upon it with intelligence. In their own country they have undergone both the evils of republicanism and the evils of despotism, and this has not only given them an ardent longing for the happy medium we enjoy, but a much more acute perception than commonly prevails in England of dangers which they themselves have experienced, and which seem less to us because we have hitherto escaped them. They are, therefore, of no light authority upon this question, and few among them deserve to be heard with greater attention than M. Montalembert,* who, from the circumstances of his birth, has a more intimate acquaintance with the people, language, and institutions of this country, than can often be possessed by a foreigner. He has pronounced beforehand on the scheme of Mr. Bright, and, though his words will be lost upon democrats, they will carry weight with thoughtful men. 'The small number,' he says, 'of electoral boroughs may still be reduced; but it will not be so without giving a proportionate equivalent to the agricultural representation; and as long as this proportion is preserved, nothing will have been fundamentally changed or shaken: but this would be different if the democracy should succeed in altering the present proportion by taking *population* for the only basis, and in conferring a preponderance of representation on the unsettled, over-excitable, and demoralised inhabitants of the towns; or, still worse, in assuming as the exclusive foundation of the national representation the delusions and extravagances of universal suffrage. Then, indeed, there would be a sure and early end of the Parliament and of the existing England. But let us hope that for this we have long to wait.' Nobody doubts that such 'unsettled and over-excitable' voters as M. Montalembert has described are fit instruments for a man whose avowed object is to overthrow the House of Lords and the Church. His means are in keeping with his ultimate aims, and all who do not desire to see 'the end of the existing England' will resist, unless they are afflicted with an intellectual infatuation, every attempt of Mr. Bright to put the entire country into subjection to the inflammable masses of the towns. The amount of their

* 'The Political Future of England, 1856,' p. 129.

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self-control has been shown again and again in the formidable riots which have arisen in times of political excitement and commercial distress. The wild outbreaks produced by want may be regarded with a lenient eye; but a mob liable to such convulsions is not the body to which to intrust the keeping of the welfare of England.

Mr. Bright asserts that he is willing to allow the House of Lords to remain, but his language betrays that he only grants them a respite till democracy has made a little further advance. The agitator who desires to pull down the aristocracy that he and his party may take their place and usurp their power will never be turned aside from his ambition and self-confidence. Men of this class attack whatever is above themselves, and by this symptom alone their true animus may be known. But there are others who, without any selfish and sinister end, overlook, from want of observation and reflection, the vast importance of an aristocratic element to the social fabric. Here again the enlightened portion of French politicians can testify how great is the blessing and how terrible the loss. M. de Tocqueville, one of the calmest and most philosophical of all the persons who have ever written upon the constitutions of empires, describes in his wise book on the French Revolution the consequences of the extinction of the order of nobility—describes it not from theoretical speculation, but from sad experience of the actual effects. He says that men in the countries which have suffered this calamity, being no longer connected together by any ties of caste, of class, of corporation, of family, are but too easily inclined to think of nothing but their private interests, and to sink into the narrow precincts of self in which all public virtue is extinguished. 'In such societies,' he goes on, 'every man is incessantly stimulated by the fear of falling and by eagerness to rise; and as money, which has become the principal mark that distinguishes one man from another, passes incessantly from hand to hand, and transforms the condition of families, there is scarcely any one who is not compelled to make desperate efforts to retain or to acquire it. The desire to be rich at any cost and the pursuit of material pleasure are, therefore, in such communities the prevalent passions. They are easily diffused through all classes, and penetrate even to those who had hitherto been most free from them, and would soon enervate and degrade them all if nothing checked their influence.'* This, we repeat, is a picture drawn from the life and not from imagination. As the shopkeeping and mercenary influence would predominate when the aristocratic influence was destroyed, so a shopkeeping spirit would overspread the land. As a general rule, men are compelled to respect them-

* France before the Revolution: Preliminary Notice, p. 20.

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selves in proportion as they are respected by others. From their titles and long descent a halo of dignity has gathered round our aristocracy which nothing could replace. Even the newly-created peer shares in it because the importance which belongs to the body at large is immediately extended to him. The result of the deference shown to our nobles is that in the majority of instances they endeavour to deserve it. The tribute paid to their position they return by the exercise of the graces and many of the virtues of life. Because they are noblemen in rank they are noble in their conduct, and for the most part set an example of generosity, good-breeding, and freedom from selfishness which leavens those around them and raises the entire fabric of society to a higher level. Theirs is an inherited chivalry of feeling, which the father learnt from the grandfather and teaches to the son. The proud retrospect of the past, and the desire to transmit their honours unimpaired to the future, combine with the motives which surround them in the present to keep them true to their lofty standard. There are exceptions, and always will be, for nothing can extinguish the lower passions of human nature in the entire mass of any set of men. There must be good and bad, competent and incompetent, in all classes, as in all professions. But the general tendency of an order of nobility is to produce a higher state of feeling and a more liberal disposition than would otherwise exist. The grovelling passion for lucre, the principle of every one for himself, will be sorry substitutes for the graces and charities of life, for the social benevolence and magnanimity which are the consequence of inherited honour and exalted position when erected on the basis of constitutional freedom.'

Yet this is only a part of the benefit which we derive from a peerage. It is the ballast which gives stability to the vessel. The great houses and estates scattered through England are so many centres to the surrounding districts, and assist in maintaining contentment and order. The personal respect which is entertained for the proprietor, the services he renders, the protection he affords, moderate in the masses the craving for change. The bond of good fellowship unites the various classes, and they move on together in a regulated harmony, instead of each man striving to break loose from his sphere. If dignities were abolished, this description of influence would undoubtedly be diminished. Estates would change hands more frequently than at present; the new proprietors, even if they copied the conduct of the old—which in the altered state of the country would not be the case—could not command the same respect. Every one acquainted with the agricultural population is aware with what dislike they regard the *novus homo*, and how strong is their attachment to ancient families.

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The real security for order is, on this very account, in the rural districts. The gentry combine with the aristocracy to maintain it; and as every democratic scheme avowedly aims at diminishing the power of the first even when it professes to spare the second, there would both be a loosening of the present cohesion, and the counterpoise to revolutionary projects would be gone.

The overthrow of the Established Church, which is an invariable concomitant of the scheme for getting rid of the nobility, would enormously aggravate the political and social evil. The rural parishes would pass into the hands of religionists little removed above the labourers themselves, upon whose scanty contributions they must depend for a subsistence. The respect which is now paid to position, to intelligence, to knowledge, to pecuniary assistance, must cease with the things themselves. Instead of the standard of pure faith which is kept unceasingly before the eyes of the people in our liturgy, and is day by day enforced by our clergy, they would fall a prey to the extravagances of rival preachers, each outbidding the other for their favour. Many Dissenters have admitted that nothing except the checks placed by the pervading influence of the church upon fanaticism, and by its toleration upon theological animosities, preserves the numerous sects beyond its pale from tearing one another to pieces. This is more than a supposition,—it is an historical fact. Every one read in the religious history of the Commonwealth knows what fierce dissensions, what blasphemies and follies, what violations of every notion of decency and solemnity, were rife throughout the land the moment the formularies of our faith were exchanged for the fancies of individual ministers, notwithstanding that the establishment itself was retained. The darkness, the ignorance, the delusions which would ensue in the course of a generation, if the clergy were swept away, would completely revolutionise the state as well as the church, and a species of chaos would reign supreme throughout the land unless tyranny stepped in to restrain the licence of miscalled liberty. M. de Tocqueville, fortified by personal experience of the governments both of America and France, maintains that 'the communities which will be least able permanently to escape from absolute government are precisely the communities in which aristocracy has ceased to exist, and can never exist again.' Anarchy grows out of the destruction of aristocracy; despotism out of anarchy. Men require then to be protected from themselves and from each other, and, unable to restore the gentle restraints which grew from institutions and opinions, they are compelled to submit to the restraints imposed by the power of the sword. Nevertheless, this despotism exasperates many of the vices by which it was occasioned.

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occasioned. If, says M. de Tocqueville, the ties of caste and family are broken when an aristocracy is thrown down, despotism deprives men still more of mutual dependence and of occasions for acting together. 'Already tending to separation, despotism isolates them: they were already chilled in their regard for others; despotism reduces them to ice.' So again he says that despotism increases cupidity. The mind, no longer occupied with public affairs and with noble aims, seeks private gains with redoubled greediness. The path of high aspirations is blocked up, and grovelling passions take their place.

Such are some of the services which an order of nobility renders in its social capacity, and some of the evils which would accrue from its destruction. Its services as a branch of the Legislature are still more signal, and since the passing of the Reform Bill have become more than ever indispensable. A House of Peers is needed to check popular delusions, of which our history affords numerous examples, until the public have had time to recover their senses. It is needed to protect the country from the tyranny of the Commons on questions in which the members oppose the understood wishes and interests of the community. It is needed to check the too hasty enactment of crude and immature projects, and to prevent any measure from being passed until it has been thoroughly considered. It is needed to supply the deficiencies, remove the contradictions, and correct the blunders of the bills which come up from the Lower House; and it is needed to obtain the services of those high functionaries whom it would be unseemly to expose to the turbulence of an election, as well as for those venerable men who could not be expected to solicit the suffrages of large constituencies, or to mingle in the turmoil of a popular assembly. These persons, by their great abilities, by their long experience, by the authority and veneration which attach to them, are among the most efficient servants of the public, and their place would be ill supplied by a fresh influx of bankrupt shopkeepers, low attorneys, briefless barristers, and small manufacturers into what, if Mr. Bright had his will, would then be the only legislative body. Even before the Reform Bill the Lords were essential for the causes we have enumerated. Though there was a certain number of their own nominees in the Commons who assisted to keep up harmony between the Houses, though there were far fewer changes proposed, and the Conservative element was vastly stronger than at present, the Peers sometimes exercised with undeniable advantage their controlling power. Without any check of the kind at present, and still more when the majority of the members of the Legislature were the representatives of the multitude, the mischief and confusion

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confusion which would arise from the hasty adoption of popular demands and wild innovations would be absolutely incalculable. The very knowledge that certain measures will not pass the Lords stifles many foolish and mischievous projects in their birth. Of old again the revision of bills by a second body was always found to contribute to their improvement, though the business of the House of Commons was then conducted in a more methodical manner than it is now, and there was not the same amount of confusion and blundering from the numerous alterations which are proposed and carried, with little regard to the consistency of the whole. The details of statutes, without the correcting hand of the Lords, would in our day be too faulty to be borne. The Peers in this respect fulfil in legislation the same ends that the finishing process does in many of our arts. But if none of these causes existed for the jealous preservation of our aristocracy, there is the overwhelming argument that the monarchy depends upon it. Nobody supposes for an instant that the Sovereign could remain in immediate contact with a single popular assembly, without any interposing power whatever, and not be exposed to encroachments and insults, which are fatal to the very idea of the office. England is loyal from habit and association, as well as from interest, and she is not prepared to be convulsed by elections of Presidents, and to submit to all the corruption and degradation which the plan has entailed upon America, for the purpose of obtaining a head to our State immeasurably less dignified, less respected, less impartial, and less tolerant than that which we already possess. The personal virtues of the Sovereign have happily in our time shown the virtues of the system to the best advantage; but the worst monarch that ever sat upon the English throne could not, within the range permitted by the constitution, cause half the evils during his temporary reign that are inherent in perpetuity in the republican scheme.

An argument which is sometimes alleged against the House of Lords, to counterbalance the enormous advantages which are derived from it, is that hereditary legislators do not possess hereditary talents. The assertion serves very well to point a sentence in a speech delivered to a mob, or to an assembly who like to be flattered by the belief that those who are superior to them in rank are below them in intelligence. But it is little dwelt upon, even by the Brights, since it is notorious that there is more ability in the Lords than the Commons, though the electors have their choice from the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland. Both in power of debate and in legislative skill the Peers have an ascendfancy which is undeniable and undisputed. Another objection which

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which is sometimes made is that it is unjust to suffer a knot of persons, from the mere privilege of birth, to oppose the will of the people. But this, too, is a charge refuted by the fact. The Lords have never stood out against the desire of the country when it has been emphatically and perseveringly expressed. They gave way upon Catholic Emancipation, upon the Reform Bill, and upon the Corn Laws. Their power of resistance is limited; and while they repress the irrational fancies of the hour, they neither can oppose, nor attempt to oppose, the settled convictions of the community at large. It is this happy operation of their influence which enables them to be a check upon thoughtless innovation without unduly restraining public opinion. A sure evidence of the 'meekness with which they have borne their faculties,' as well as of the ability with which they have exercised them, is that when they are assailed it is only by empty clamour, unsupported by facts.

Never were the House of Lords more respected than at present, and it may seem superfluous to touch upon the indispensable part they play in the constitution, merely because Mr. Bright has uttered 'a few wild and whirling words.' But though we see no danger at the moment to the upper branch of the legislature, there is fearful danger in the future if any Reform Bill should greatly diminish the territorial influence in the election of members to the House of Commons. M. de Tocqueville lays it down as an obvious truth that the men of our time are impelled by a force which they may hope to regulate, but not to conquer, to the destruction of aristocracy. It is, therefore, above all things needful that they should consider the inestimable benefits conferred by it, and not permit themselves to be dragged step by step to a point which will inevitably result in the destruction which M. de Tocqueville apprehends and deprecates. A House of Commons elected by the multitude would be in perpetual antagonism to the House of Lords, and the coexistence of the two assemblies would soon become impossible. When Mr. Bright did himself what he deprecated in others—devised a mode by which he could monopolise representation—he pretended that if the power in the Lower Chamber was handed over to the towns, the land would be sufficiently represented in the Upper. The erroneousness of this assertion is evident upon the face of it. Mr. Croker, in one of his admirable speeches on the Reform Bill, thus forcibly demonstrated the real working of the constitution:—

'Of all the fallacies,' he said, 'that have been promulgated by theorists about our Constitution, the grossest is that of the equi-balance of the three estates—independent and coefficient. It is a state of political society which would not exist a month. Supreme power (however nominally distributed) must, in practice, be vested in one authority. With

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With us that authority is the House of Commons; but, in order to prevent that authority being wholly popular and supreme over the other two, the Crown and the aristocracy have a disguised but well-known and acknowledged influence here, which preserves the real balance, and obviates those dissensions and collisions to which the same powers, operating in separate and wholly independent movements, would be liable. The present admixture of interests in this House creates a certain elasticity which has acted like springs, and has prevented violent collision with the Crown and the House of Lords. Take away these springs, and we must run the risk of jostling against each other.'

Nobody knows this better than Mr. Bright, and he is anxious to overwhelm the influence of the landed interest in the Commons by a horde of Radicals from the towns, exactly because he sees that when the territorial element is feeble there the House of Lords will be helpless. How much resistance he expects them to be able to offer is proved by his prophecy of the speedy downfall of the aristocracy.

In discussing the probable effects of a new Reform Bill which should take from the power of the landed interest, there are persons who maintain that all the mischiefs prognosticated in this journal and elsewhere from the original measure have been completely falsified. It is certain, on the contrary, that many of the predictions have been completely verified. The very projects now advocated are one proof among others of the fact, and, if carried, would be a further fulfilment of the evils we foretold. Lord Grey, who was an ardent supporter of Reform, has pointed out, in his Essay on 'Parliamentary Government,' several particulars in which the bill has worked injuriously. He acknowledges that experience has shown that the question asked by the Duke of Wellington, while it was in progress, 'How is the King's Government in future to be carried on?' deserved more consideration than it received. He admits that men in office can no longer command sufficient majorities to constitute a strong administration, and he thus describes the evils which are the consequence of a weak one: 'A weak Ministry has not the power of acting rightly; it must bring forward not the measures it knows to be best for the interests of the country, but those it can hope to carry; it cannot venture to conduct the executive government according to the dictates of its own judgment, and in the exercise of the authority and patronage of the Crown it is compelled to yield to every popular cry and to the unreasonable claims of its adherents; it is under a constant temptation unduly to court popularity and to exaggerate the faults of party government by striving in all its measures to promote the interests of its party rather than those of the nation. Such a Government has a tendency to become more than usually corrupt, because an evenly-measured contest of parties

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parties affords to unscrupulous men, desirous of using their votes or political interest for their own selfish advantage, peculiar facilities for driving hard bargains with the Administration.' The whole of Lord Palmerston's tenure of office was an illustration of this passage. He seemed to have imported into statesmanship the maxim of the theatres: 'He lived to please, and he must please to live.' The vice of the system is shown in its consequences. He became through it one of the most popular Prime Ministers that was ever placed at the head of affairs, and suddenly sunk as low in estimation as he had previously risen high. This result had been foreseen by many. They perceived that a Premier who acted upon no fixed creed of his own, and was ready to make any concession and adopt any opinion for the sake of securing a majority for the night, would soon lose that respect without which no one can long conciliate support. The very men who drove him to yield to their demands thought the worse of him because he yielded. A degree of pliancy is necessary in a Minister; he must follow as well as lead; but the moment it appears that he obeys every impulse from without, and has no guiding principle within, he is despised and deserted. Nor is the loss of moral dignity the only reason why he falls into contempt. The public have no confidence in a governor who does not see his own way, but takes every casual ebullition of popular will for his rule of conduct. They are too sensible of their incapacity to speak authoritatively upon many of the questions which arise, to be easy under a man who is all obedience, and who shifts the responsibility from himself to them. When he has continued to tack the vessel for a while upon no other principle than to fill his sails with every puff of wind from whatever quarter it may blow, the crew discover that he has no definite course, is bound for no port, has neither chart nor compass to direct him; and feeling that he is unfit to command, even if they do not dread that he will run the ship upon the rocks, they take the conduct of it out of his hands. Thus things have come to that pass in the House of Commons that a Ministry is likely to fall if it does not yield, and to fall if it does, though in the first case it falls with dignity, and in the second with disgrace. But whichever of these alternatives be the cause of its discomfiture, the question remains, 'How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?'

A second evil generally felt, and which Lord Grey specifies as a consequence of the Reform Bill, is 'the want of facilities for bringing into the House of Commons some of the classes of members who were formerly returned by close boroughs.' The number of distinguished persons that had passed into Parliament by this door was a plain indication that it could not be closed without excluding many who had been accustomed to enter by it.

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it. Many men of great talent have not the fortune to enable them to contest the representation of large constituencies, nor are the most exalted and statesmanlike qualities those which are appreciated by a motley body of electors. The supporters of the Reform Bill were again and again warned at the time that this difficulty would occur. Lord Grey states that many bad appointments have been made from the sole circumstance that the man who was best fitted for an office had not a seat in the House. He especially dwells upon the fact that the characteristics which in general distinguish the most learned and upright lawyers are not those which recommend them to the favour of the populace. The Attorney and Solicitor-General are therefore not unfrequently taken from persons of inferior acquirements, who make the House of Commons the road to the bench, instead of rising through a profound acquaintance with their profession. The public are not only worse served in Parliament, but the judges are less learned and high-minded: and thus in the issue laws are both worse made and worse administered. A system which narrows the choice of able functionaries must in fact be felt in every department. The Ministry is weakened because its executive and legislative duties are not so well discharged, nor so well defended. Already feeble from the even balance of parties, it is rendered feebler still by the want of that imposing array of talent which wins confidence and extorts respect.

Mr. Drummond, in his able letter to Mr. Bright, has pointed out a third blot which indeed has long been patent to all observers. 'Wherever,' he says, 'the state of the House of Commons is discussed, every one agrees in testifying that the character of its members has greatly deteriorated since the Reform Bill. It is much worse now than it was ten years back. There is a want of honesty in members to declare their real opinions. They speak to please their constituents, not from conviction. Many of the most violent advocates for reform in public, declaim against it in private.' This gradual decline in the class of men who are sent to Parliament has probably not yet reached its limits. The towns at first, influenced perhaps by old traditions and habits, rarely dreamt of returning people who could not pronounce their h's, or utter a sentence of grammatical English. They in general thought that a legislator should be a gentleman, and a man of good education. 'The persons who rule,' Mr. Drummond wisely says, 'must always be persons whose minds are sufficiently enlarged to be enabled to take in the interests of the whole nation viewed as one body. Their minds must have been thus enlarged by instruction, and by mixing with various classes. They must not be persons whose minds have become contracted by being absorbed in the pursuit of some one object.' Representatives of an inferior grade

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grade have no comprehension of the principles of politics, and none of that instinctive fine feeling which goes a long way towards supplying the place of knowledge and reflection. A gentleman can do nothing that is coarse, violent, or unjust. A man who is ignorant, narrow-minded, and vulgar will of necessity act according to his disposition. The favoured towns of Mr. Bright returned such an immense proportion of this description of persons at the last election, that the liberals themselves freely express in private society their disgust and alarm. The increase of their numbers in each successive Parliament is fraught with danger, for the stream cannot rise higher than its source, and the doings of the House of Commons will be in keeping with the nature of those who compose it.

The reason repeatedly urged for making the Reform Bill a sweeping measure was, that it was desirable that it should be final. Its opponents maintained that so extensive a change would give rise to further change. The prophecy has received a remarkable fulfilment. At a time when the immense majority of the community, who think on the subject at all, are opposed to the introduction of any further innovation, a reform of the old reform is to be attempted, because the mere fact that the precedent has once been set invites imitation. The legacy was bequeathed to the present Government by their predecessors, and we heartily wish they had declined to accept it; but if a Reform Bill there is to be, no Conservative can do otherwise than demand as its basis that the power of property, which is too much diminished already, should be preserved intact. Concession after concession can only end in realising the plans of Mr. Bright, and in handing over the Government of England to the mob. To give and to give is soon to lose the power to refuse. There are evils which, if it were possible, it would be desirable to correct, but every one knows that reform with most persons means a further advance to democracy, which could only aggravate the evils which at present exist, and imperil the constitution.

The ideas of the Radical Reformers are those of the French Revolutionists, who proclaimed the doctrine of the 'Rights of Man.' 'It is said,' wrote Burke, when commenting upon the theory, 'that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True; if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic. This sort of discourse does well enough with the lamp-post for its second: to men who *may* reason calmly it is ridiculous. The will of the many and their interest must very often differ; and great will be the difference when they make an evil choice. A government of five hundred country attorneys and obscure curates is not good for twenty-four millions of men, though it were chosen by eight-and-forty millions.' The end

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end of representative government is not that every man should be governed according to his own will, but that the country should be governed well. A man has no more claim to a vote unless he has the intelligence to use it wisely than he has a claim to be Lord Chief Justice of England without possessing a knowledge of the laws. The same rule applies to the selection of the classes who are to return the members of Parliament as to the selection of judges. The persons in each case should be fitted for the office they are called upon to discharge. Not only are the masses disqualified by their ignorance of what is most conducive to their own welfare and that of the community, but to enfranchise the many is in reality to disfranchise the few. The votes of those who are possessed of property and intelligence will be swamped by the votes of the multitude, as is already the case in the metropolitan boroughs and a large part of the towns. The inhabitants of the better houses in Belgravia, Tyburnia, Marylebone, and Westminster have no influence in the choice of a member; and is there any one except the most extravagant democrat who would wish to see the majority of the representatives in Parliament composed of such men as are returned by Finsbury, Lambeth, and Westminster? As either the upper classes or the lower must have the turning weight in the Commons, the question is, whether the interests of the State will be best served by giving the preponderance to the first, or transferring it to the last. Mr. Bright objects to allowing the medical profession a special representative, because the occupation of the doctor is so onerous that he cannot pay much attention to politics. How much knowledge then of politics can be obtained by mechanics of very inferior education to the doctor, and who work full as many hours at their trade? They may talk of state affairs, but they do not understand them. To think much of politics, and not to think rightly, is merely a motive to be mischievously active. Those who have mixed with working men know how wild are many of their notions, from their never having mastered the most elementary propositions upon which the well-being of society depends. There will always be some who are gifted with an ability beyond their fellows, and whose mental energy overcomes the obstacles opposed by their position; but in the aggregate they are not, and by the ordinances of nature cannot be, qualified to give the law to the kingdom. To pronounce upon the questions involved in legislation requires as much a particular training as the trade of the mechanic himself. He is nearly as incompetent to form sound opinions upon politics as the members of the House of Lords would be to construct a steam-engine or a musket.

But men are not all intellect, nor are their conclusions often the

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the deductions of pure reason. Reason and knowledge regulate the understanding without absolutely subduing it, and if the impulses of the lower orders are considered, we are equally led to the inference that they ought not to be the predominant power in the State. Mr. Drummond has put the point with his usual force in his 'Letter to Mr. Bright:'—

'Your chief panacea is that the members of the House of Commons should represent men, and not property. Now since property always was, always is, and always must be, in the hands of a few, and distress, poverty, starvation, wretchedness, suffering, cold, hunger, sickness, improvidence, and desperation the lot of the many, your plan, which you have taken from the Socialists and Chartists, is, that the members of the House of Commons should represent poverty, and not wealth. The necessary and inevitable consequences of this must instantly be that the poor will take possession of and divide the wealth amongst themselves: and the Chartists honestly avow and declare that all property is robbery. A feeling that this division ought to be made has been growing up amongst all classes of labourers in this country for several years; how long I do not know, but I first became aware of it about thirty years ago. In talking with some agricultural labourers, who in their youth had been smugglers, and were employed by persons on board the ships of the East India Company, I found them very sharp-witted gentlemen; and they informed me that in their opinion the country would never be happy until all the poor had their rights, and that these rights were, that each man should have five acres of land. I have since followed up these inquiries in other places, and have found that the same notion exists everywhere. Amongst the operatives in the manufacturing districts the object is, not five acres of land, but a share in the profits of their employers; they have adopted the French expression, and say they will be no longer *prolétaires*—that their masters are merely fellows with money, and that these masters are making money out of their brains—that the improvements which are daily made in machinery are never invented by the masters, but by the operatives, whilst the masters reap all the advantages. You are going to give 1,000,000 of these men equal power to send members to the House of Commons with the 1000 masters who possess the mills.'

That these socialist ideas have spread at home as well as abroad is an undoubted fact. As manufacturers do not mix with their men, as landlords do with their poorer neighbours, they know little of what the operatives say or think, but they are sufficiently informed of the views of the persons they employ, to be terrified at the proposition of Mr. Bright. He speaks to the mob; the majority of the mill-owners, we are informed, regard his scheme with alarm. Unfortunately, manufacturers are so absorbed in mercantile pursuits that, with the exception of a few busy agitators, who advocate change, they are usually inert on political subjects, and they will not act with a vigour proportioned to their fears. They forget too, perhaps, that the greatest danger

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danger is not in prosperous times. The crisis would be when a general election fell, as in the natural course of events it sooner or later inevitably must, in a period of distress. The pressure of poverty would then prevail over every other consideration, and no scheme would be thought too wild and no remedy too desperate. What sort of House of Commons would then be returned? What incurable wounds would be inflicted on the Constitution, and the whole order of society, in those moments of frenzy! When the vessel is riding in smooth waters, it may hold together, but it is the storm which tries the ship. There are many who profess to trust in what they call the unfailing good sense of the people of England. The good sense of the multitude nevertheless is liable to interruptions, and on various occasions the property of the mill-owners has only been saved from destruction by the employment of force. The same causes would produce the same dissatisfaction, and the towns would send representatives to Parliament who, to use the expression of the Duke of Wellington, would revolutionise the country by due course of law. Even if it were admitted that the instinct which seeks to preserve property was as selfish as the instinct which seeks to seize it, it would still be true that the one instinct is honest, the other immoral; that the one is safe, the other destructive; that the one is conducive to the welfare of mankind, and that the other would result in universal confusion. This confusion, indeed, is a condition of things which can never subsist long. A nation prefers despotism to the liberty which means freedom to plunder, and it is for the sake of security to property that France not only endures but welcomes at this moment an absolute ruler. So it is that extremes meet. In the attempt to extend freedom further than the circumstances of mankind permit, it is lost altogether. America, which as yet has escaped any other despotism than that of the mob, is already a warning and not an example, and, except for the outlet which is afforded by her vast territory for enterprise, the results would be probably disastrous to her stability. It is when her unquiet spirits and needy adventurers are pent up in boundaries which admit no further extension, that her constitution will be put to its real strain. Mr. Roebuck admits that we are the best governed nation in the world. To what purpose, then, should we assimilate our system to that of a country which is far worse governed than our own?

For what practical end, indeed, we may ask, is Reform demanded, and what are the advantages we hope to obtain to counterbalance its dangers? The former Bill, combined with the power of the press, has proved effectual to secure every popular concession which had a plausible reason for it. Municipal Reform followed immediately upon general Reform. Slavery has

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has been abolished, the limitation of the hours of Factory labour has been enforced, the Corn and Navigation Laws have been repealed, the Income Tax and Succession Duty have been imposed, the Stamp on newspapers has been done away, education has been promoted by large annual grants—all of them measures which were designed, together with several others, for the especial benefit and relief of the lower orders. So much are the working classes considered in our system of finance that they are more lightly taxed than any people in Europe. What hardship continues to exist from any indisposition of the legislature to remove it? If abuses are dragged into light, are they not immediately redressed? Is there a social grievance which Parliament, as at present constituted, is not anxious to remedy, and which it does not rectify as soon as the disease has been demonstrated and a cure has been found? That able men cannot get into the House of Commons with the same facility as formerly, that the character of the members is lowered, that Governments are weaker and are less able to act upon their convictions, are great disadvantages, and may become much greater still. But these are not the evils which trouble Mr. Bright or his disciples. Their proposals can only extend and intensify the mischief, and any measure will be hurtful in the same degree in which it proceeds in the direction he has indicated, or, in other words, which takes the power of returning members from those who possess property and education, and gives it to those who have neither.

A readjustment of the representation may be unobjectionable, if, as we have before observed, the balance between the towns and the counties be not destroyed, but the attempt will be attended with innumerable difficulties, and nothing will be gained in the end. Anything approaching to a democratic measure would certainly fail to win the support of those who are seeking to overthrow the Ministry, and would as certainly provoke the opposition of a large section of the Conservative party. Parties cannot exist unless they show some submission to their leaders. Combination, without compromise, is an impossibility. It is only when the fundamental principles of the party are violated that it becomes indispensable for its adherents to abandon those who have abandoned them. The Conservatives have never displayed either a want of docility or a want of independence. They would not support Sir Robert Peel when he proposed his bill for Catholic Emancipation or the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and neither, without belying all their acts and opinions, could they support a Reform Bill which would diminish what remains of territorial influence. Recently broken up and split into sections, there is a natural desire to re-unite and to avoid every

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every semblance of captiousness and dissension, but no set of men can continue to act in concert for the purpose of carrying measures opposed to their convictions. That a New Reform Bill will be proposed by the present administration in contradiction to the known principles of the Conservative party we do not believe. Lord Derby, who is as chivalrous in honour as he is brilliant in talent, is not the person to break through the obligations he has contracted by assuming the lead of a body who, before all things, are pledged to resist the encroachments of democracy. That any plan he would sanction would be opposed by the other sections of the House is probable enough, and it is not unlikely that they might succeed in defeating it. But if an appeal must be made to the country on the subject, it is better that issue should be joined at once on the question, whether mere numbers or property and intelligence are henceforth to prevail in the election of members of Parliament. It would then, we are convinced, be found that the country was adverse to organic change, and that we are not prepared to run frightful risks without the possibility of advantage. Certain parties of the House of Commons may demand a Reform Bill for party purposes. The nation is indifferent to their intrigues, and will not consent to be sacrificed to personal interests. There is at present none of that madness of the many for the gain of the few which has so often prevailed; and from all the inquiries we have made we are satisfied that a large and influential body of old Whigs, both in and out of Parliament, desire on this occasion that Conservatism should triumph.

That this conservatism consists in the retention of abuses, no one who has observed the course of events can for an instant maintain. The desire of its adherents is for safety to the great institutions of the country—the throne, the aristocracy, and the established church—and for security for that property without which civilization itself must be extinguished, and relapse into barbarism. They know that the prosperity of the nation is dependent upon a rational freedom, and that freedom and prosperity would both be marred by the inroads of democratic tyranny. They are as much opposed to oppression as any men, and are as anxious as any men to promote the welfare of the entire community. None have been more forward in their places in Parliament to advocate measures for the benefit of the lower orders, and none have done more—we should speak the truth if we said that none have done so much—to effect the same end in their private capacities. They have been zealous to promote the education of the people, and have given their hearty support to the amendment of the law. In the administration of

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the finances they have always been better economists than their opponents, and it is notorious that the Duke of Wellington, without any pressure whatever, had been so zealous in retrenchment, that Lord Grey, who made it one of his watchwords, found it difficult to discover anything in which to retrench. Lord Derby has a noble career before him in the continuance of wise remedial measures, and he will earn the gratitude of the country by supplying useful work for the machine instead of pulling the machine itself to pieces.

There may be some sanguine persons who, inferring the moderation of the people from their present contentment, may think that the suffrage may be safely lowered. But we reiterate that the kind of representatives sent to the Reformed Parliament by the towns is a proof that the suffrage has already gone too far in that direction. The multitude, stirred up by demagogues at an election, vote for him who makes the largest promises; and if they do this when they are prosperous, they will be still more readily deluded when they are suffering from want. There may be others who are desirous to make concessions for the sake of a settlement, and who may hope that a second Reform Bill will prevent the desire for a third. Let the present demands of Mr. Bright open their eyes to the truth. The trade of the agitator will never cease while ambition exists. There will always be people who will endeavour to rise to influence by appealing to the passions of the mob, and the mob will always listen to doctrines which favour their own pre-eminence. Whatever is granted, the same causes will be at work, and demand will only follow demand in continual succession. Reform is a road which conducts to a precipice. At the first halt there arises a cry of 'Advance.' Another stage is passed, and reasonable men hope that they have reached the gaol; but suddenly they find the numbers greater than ever of those who cry 'Advance, advance!' In vain the wiser heads endeavour to stop; an irresistible force impels them onwards. They become still more conscious that they are approaching the brink; and they eagerly desire to retrace their steps while yet they tread upon the solid earth. But on they must go in spite of themselves, and although they know that they are hastening to ruin.

Let the middle classes of this great country, the manufacturers, the respectable tradespeople, the farmers—all, in short, who employ labour and pay wages—pause before they put themselves and their property under the dominion of their men. Unless they offer a steady and timely resistance the fatal boundary will be passed, when they will no longer be able to control the movement and save the State.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. Second Edition. 1858.

IT is not surprising that the biography of Frederick II. of Prussia should have had considerable attractions for Mr. Carlyle. The triumph of the monarch's strong and self-relying will in doing battle with adverse circumstances was in itself enough to command the sympathies of a writer with whom success and the practical assertion of power have always been the chief claims to fame. The tragic elements too of Frederick's early life could not fail to touch other feelings of the best nature, which in certain moods belong to no one more largely than to Mr. Carlyle. But even here it seems that the disposition to side with the strongest will has exercised its habitual sway over the mind of the historian; for during the life-time of Frederick's tyrannical father this potentate of the hour is the person for whom our approbation is asked, while the Crown Prince is made to play almost as inferior a part in his own biography as he actually did at his father's court. King Frederick William is in fact the hero of the two volumes which purport to be the history of his son, and the present instalment of the work is in great measure devoted to placing a man who has hitherto been considered to be little better than a ruffian in the rank of one of the best and wisest monarchs of Christendom, and proving him to be one of the kindest and most judicious parents that ever adorned domestic life. To exhibit the great military commander of the middle of the preceding century—the supposed last representative of the lost art of king-craft in Europe—in a truer and clearer light than has yet been done, which is the avowed aim of Mr. Carlyle, however, is a task which remains almost entirely to be accomplished in future portions of the biography.

Since the days of Frederick, and the transactions among which he played so conspicuous a part, other vast agencies have been at work, and other great names have for their time filled the public ear with the sound of exploits of arms and policy. In par-

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ticular, the volcanic energies of the great French Revolution came into play, and streams of lava from that huge centre of disturbance have partially covered the previous surface of events: but the proportions of the great King of Prussia have been sufficient to maintain him in undiminished eminence, and the figure of the victor of Rosbach was never lost sight of, even in the fullest blaze of Austerlitz and Wagram. The lofty position of the very highest names in every department of human exertion is only confirmed by comparison with subsequent, as well as with antecedent celebrity. The military genius of Frederick is in no more danger of suffering eclipse from the later campaigns of a Wellington and a Napoleon than from the earlier battles of an Eugene and a Marlborough. It cannot be truly said that his memory is likely to be forgotten, or that it requires vindication from neglect. His picture has been painted often enough; the colours are still bright, and a new artist has no room to excuse his choice of the subject on the ground that a fresh portrait is necessary in order to save the lineaments of its original from the risk of oblivion. But it is sufficient that the painter is fascinated by the figure he attempts to portray, and that he has some striking abilities for the task, to justify him in the attempt to add one more to the existing series of likenesses of a well-known historical personage.

This must, however regretfully, be pronounced to be Mr. Carlyle's worst work. It should be his best, because he has been long occupied in the collection of materials from sources which, although accessible to every one, are from their multitude enough to repulse any attempts to master them, unless the research was prosecuted with the utmost enthusiasm and industry; and it has the additional merit of containing many passages in which he has put forth all his strength. It must, nevertheless, be called his worst, because, although composed after the completion of a collected edition of his former writings, the publication of which must have compelled him to pass them carefully in review, the present work outdoes its predecessors in those faults of style, and still graver occasional aberrations of thought, which have always given as much pain to Mr. Carlyle's admirers as they have afforded amusement to the world at large. Before the field of art in this country had been invaded by what we cannot avoid thinking is a similar perversion of taste, Mr. Carlyle had in the field of English literature long indulged in those peculiarities for which he is perhaps now more notorious, than he is famous for the merits which should win him an enduring reputation. The (so called) Præ-Raphaelite school of painters have professed the same abhorrence of the merely conventional. They too have claimed

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claimed a monopoly of what they call truth to nature, which, in their judgment, has hitherto been falsified by too much attention to art: they too, in following their own humour, and despising the remonstrances of all who disagree with themselves on questions of truth and beauty, have been led into a wilderness of delusions and ugliness from which few of them can now hope ever to escape. Both in Mr. Carlyle's writings and in the pictures of this school there are to be found happy effects, and some intense expression of local and particular truths. But in both cases this power in minute parts is attained by the sacrifice of the subject considered as a whole. There is in both cases the same tendency to an affectation of peculiar veracity, which is among the worst of all affectations; and the same cant against cant, which is itself the perfection of cant. The perpetual exclamation against shows and unrealities is sure to end in being the most monstrous show and unreality of the whole. In both again there is the same habitual avoidance of established and recognised types of fitness, apparently because they are recognised and established. This has driven the painters to expound their own idea of the beautiful under forms which are often positively ugly; and with Mr. Carlyle the desire to get away from the common regions of accepted moral conclusions seems to have betrayed him into maintaining some very questionable positions on the limits of right and wrong. In both, it must be allowed, a certain earnestness of purpose redeems in some degree much that is wilful and wayward, and which otherwise might be passed by as unworthy of notice. But the parallel must not be too closely pressed. On the one hand, we cannot accord to the new school of art that sense of humour (in which they are totally deficient), that large sympathy with humanity, those deep and stirring passions, which, with a strange crust of caprice, and with some moral obliquities, underlie even the wildest and most objectionable portions of Mr. Carlyle's writings. On the other hand, the most promising of the Præ-Raphaelite painters have already moved onwards, and have shown themselves capable of distinction in a larger arena than they at first proposed to themselves, while Mr. Carlyle has degenerated from the better, though peculiar, style of his earlier writings.

In fact, in reading the History of Frederick II. of Prussia, we are almost led to doubt whether the volume which we supposed was open before us has not been playfully removed, and a volume of the Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel substituted in its place. Rabelais never rioted in greater licence of style, or has more completely set decorum at defiance. The old

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humourist of Chinon has told us, among other qualities of King Shrove-tide, that 'when he whistled it was whole scuttles full of green apes.' Mr. Carlyle in the present work calls the French Revolution 'that whirlwind of the universe—lights obliterated—and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean—black whirlwind which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad.' Then we find such expressions as 'Mudgods' and 'Cesspools of the Universe,' the old 'Apes of the Dead Sea;' Frederick himself, in his old age, on the terrace at Sans Souci, is 'like an old snuffy lion on the watch;' the Wendish idol Triglaph was a three-headed monster, 'something like three whales' cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead drunk.' And we have of course the old vocabulary repeated which is destined to try so severely the temper and the judgment of future lexicographers of the English tongue. With all this we have an astonishing number of individual portraits, and at times we may fancy that we are sitting at one of the late Mr. Mathews's entertainments; so ready is Mr. Carlyle in his varied impersonations of the different historical characters. But like the theatrical performer, he relies too often on the most obvious external characteristics of his personages. This may be necessary to produce a rapid effect upon the stage, but it is without excuse in writing. Those, for instance, to whom Leibnitz may be introduced for the first time do not get a very profound notion of that philospher, when he is only described as 'a rather weak but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs.' Mr. Carlyle again dives for a moment below his table, and re-appears as Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau with his 'gunpowder face' and his 'iron-ramrod;' or as 'Margaret Pouch-Mouth,' alluding to that facial peculiarity. Then we have the Countess of Darlington and the Duchess of Kendal, George I.'s fat and lean mistresses, one of whom is always laboriously designated and distinguished as 'a cataract of fluid tallow,' and the other as 'the May-pole,' or 'lean human nailrod.' Both of them indeed had been better omitted altogether from a tableau already crowded, and in which their presence is of no significance whatever.

Again we encounter the old unworthy device to excite attention—the comic business of our old friends Dryasdust and Sauerteig; the former an imaginary personage, who comes on like the pantaloon in the pantomime to be thwacked and rendered ridiculous as the representative of old-fashioned history; the latter the pseudonym under which are introduced such fragments and extracts from Mr. Carlyle's own note-books as cannot be well incorporated with his main text.

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The proper business of the book is ushered in by some three hundred pages of antecedent history. With an extensive violation of the Horatian precept, not to begin the history of the Siege of Troy with an account of the accouchement of Leda, it has been thought necessary to lay the foundation of the work so deep as in the tenth century, and the history of the house of Brandenburg is traced from the days of Henry the Fowler. Probably no other Englishman, competent to the task, would have encountered the labour of going through the voluminous masses of German history which have been conscientiously studied for this summary. Original documents do not appear to have been much consulted for any portion of the work; but the accumulated stores of many an old German Dryasdust have been rifled, and we cannot help remarking that the poor Dryasdusts have been very badly treated. They have been first laid under contribution, and then outrageously vilified by their whimsical persecutor.

What is most seriously to be regretted is the waste of time involved in this mode of writing history. Mr. Carlyle has traversed eight hundred years of German annals, and has shown in flashes an acquaintance with his subject which has astonished the most learned of the Teutons themselves. It is not likely that the same task will be speedily undertaken again, and we cannot help deploring that such an opportunity has been lost for throwing a steady light, in the shape of a good English history, upon the Germanic centuries through which Mr. Carlyle has taken his glancing and irregular flight. A vast deal more valuable matter might surely have been sifted out, and been rescued from the 'dust-bins of creation,' to which Mr. Carlyle has, with groanings and despair, returned so much of the contents of his sieve. A good service might thus have been done, for which both Germany and England would have been grateful.

We have no desire to insist too strongly upon the duty of maintaining the dignity of historical writing. That style is best which most effectually fulfils its purpose in the truthful representation of incidents, of the actors, and of the motives and mutual relations of the various agents. But we have a right to expect that the fittest use shall be made of materials; that nothing shall be capriciously rejected; and that the reader's attention shall not be distracted by the antic gestures of the exhibitor, who has undertaken to pass before him the panorama of events. Yet among so much that is rather to be lamented than to be admired, there are many passages which both for thought and style are worthy of a great writer. The supposed origin

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origin of the name of the Hohenzollerns is amusingly mentioned, in this quaint and picturesque, yet exact manner:—

'Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its lake, but well aloft near the springs of the Danube; its back leaning on the Black Forest: it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood, which is still called the *Schwartzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees. Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name *Zollern* is equivalent to *Tollery*, or place of tolls, whereby *Hohenzollern* comes to mean the *High* or upper Tollery, and gives one the notion of antique pedlars climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their pack-horses here, and chaffering in unknown dialect about *toll*. Poor souls! it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us.'—vol. i. p. 98.

Grand old figures are made to start up from their darkness under effects that would be always fine, if the grotesque were not made so often to predominate. Barbarossa, the Knights of the great Teutonic Order, Saint Elizabeth, and others, cross the field of view in the wild phantasmagoria. A striking, and at this moment opportune, point is made of the well-known event of the poisoning of Henry of Luxemburg, in the sacramental wine, by a Dominican monk, when he was entering Italy to support the Ghibelline cause in 1313:—

'Poisoned in the wine of his sacrament: the Florentines, it is said, were at the bottom of it, and had hired the rat-eyed Dominican:—"*O Italia, O Firenze!*" That is not the way to achieve Italian Liberty, or Obedience to God: that is the way to confirm, as by frightful stygian oath, Italian Slavery, or continual Obedience, under varying forms to the other Party! The voice of Dante, then alive among men, proclaims, sad and loving as a mother's voice, and implacable as a voice of Doom, that you are wandering, and have wandered, in a terrible manner!'—vol. i. p. 148.

But the feelings raised by such a passage as this are presently altered by the sudden entrance of Zisca, described as 'a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad.' Such strange forms of expression are incessant. The nickname of Sigismund, *super grammaticam*, given to the Emperor of the Council of Constance, may be forgiven for the sake of the anecdote which accounts for it:—

'He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance by way of healing the Church, which is sick of three simultaneous Popes, and of much else. He finds the problem difficult; finds he will have to run into Spain to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it cannot); all which requires money, money..... This passage of his opening

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opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: "Right Reverend Fathers, *date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian schism well dealt with, which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, "*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius*" (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty), Sigismund loftily replies, "*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam*" (I am King of the Romans and above grammar)! For which reason I call him in my note-books, Sigismund *super grammaticam*,' to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.'—vol. i. p. 187.

In other places some slight circumstance is rendered intolerable by excessive iteration. There is a story of Frederick of Hohenzollern, Margrave of Nuremburg, and the first Elector of Brandenburg (in the fifteenth century), who has to deal with a contumacious baron, and brings against his strong-house a piece of artillery of large dimensions. This cannon got to be called '*Faule Grete*'—Heavy, or Lazy Peg; and the name of Lazy Peg has so strongly commended itself to Mr. Carlyle's fancy, that it is mentioned six times in one page (p. 197), and often afterwards. The only other gun famous in literature to which it can be compared is the gun in the 'Critic,' which was fired so often, and which made Mr. Puff say—'Give those fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it.' Further onwards such expressions as 'Kaiser's spectre-hunt,' 'Tobacco-Parliament,' 'big wigs wagging,' and 'a poor little brown woman' applied to the Czarina Catherine, together with many other stock phrases, are repeated over and over again, and become tiresome beyond all powers of endurance.

The Reformation, the great event of the sixteenth century for all Europe, and greatest of all for Germany, gives occasion for some fine reflections on its significance, and upon the subsequent fate of the countries which accepted or rejected it:—

'Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere—"Is there anything of nobleness in you, O nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death and all else to living under Falsehood—who once for all will not live under Falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul, Come on then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!"'—vol. i. p. 264.

Only one more specimen of a lucid interval, and in a different manner, shall be given from this region of the book. The Duchy of Cleve of 1609, or rather its members, the Duchies of Jülich and

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and Berg, with their disputed succession, are to play so large a part hereafter upon Frederick William's confined stage, that its earlier history is not inappropriately elucidated, and its general condition at that time is described in a few words which, if all were like them, Mr. Carlyle's new work might rank not only as the most precise, but as the most fascinating of historical narratives :—

'It amounted perhaps to two Yorkshires in extent. A naturally opulent country, of fertile meadows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills, and, at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish war, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries, and rising to be, what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany. A country lowing with kine; the hum of the flax-spindle heard in its cottages, in those old days—"much of the linen called Hollands is made in Jülich, and only bleached, stamped, and sold by the Dutch," says Büsching. A country, in our days, which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.'—p. 302.

On the whole, however, we cannot say that Mr. Carlyle has been very successful in laying out his short cut from the tenth to the eighteenth century through the alleged intervening jungles of German history. The reader is gratified by some good prospects and bird's-eye views; but the general impression derived in the course of the journey along the new route is confused. The vehicle offered is an uneasy one—the drive is a succession of jolts, and the grumblings of the driver do not assist to alleviate the natural difficulties of the road. We are glad when the Great Elector at last comes in sight, and we feel that we are approaching the district through which alone any one in search of the facts of Frederick II.'s life could much expect or desire to be carried.

Perhaps no historical personage of modern times is more familiarly known than the second King of Prussia, the father of Frederick II.—the *virtuoso* whose taste lay in the collection of gigantic specimens of humanity for his famous grenadier guards. Dressed like the old Duke of Cumberland, or the Marquis of Granby, on an English sign-board, and with the manners, tastes, and temper of Squire Western, his external appearance has always been easily realised. His character and policy are not less well known from the numerous memoirs in which he figures, and from the pains taken by Prussian writers to do ample justice to whatever good qualities he possessed. Notwithstanding his many deficiencies, it is not for Prussians to deny merit to the sovereign whose administration of its army and finances kept his country in a respectable, if not formidable, position in Europe, at the time when it was young as a kingdom, and when every

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every means of strength required the most careful development. The main point of his policy lay in the maintenance of the army, by which alone Prussia, surrounded by jealous and powerful neighbours, could succeed in preserving her station among nations. He had no intention of commencing a war; but if he was attacked, he wished to have the means of defending himself. During his reign he raised the number of his soldiers from thirty-eight thousand to eighty thousand; and this was done without neglecting other means of national advancement. The giant grenadiers were at once the glory and the absurdity of the system. But the tall regiment, besides gratifying the personal fancy of the King, had its use as an advertisement, and probably did more to create conversation, and turn attention upon the growing military power of Prussia, than ten times the number of ordinary troops. It can hardly, however, be supposed, as has sometimes been suggested, that Frederick William was not indulging a real passion, but was merely simulating a foible for tall soldiers, in order to disarm the jealousy of neighbouring powers, any more than that his love of money was feigned, in order to furnish an excuse for his accumulation of treasure without rousing the suspicion that he had the deeper motive of subsequently applying his resources to the aggrandizement of Prussia. Mr. Carlyle chooses to call his gigantomania one of the whims of *genius*, and tries to apologise for it under cover of the privileges of genius. For indeed it wants an apology. No advantage to be derived from the cultivation of procerity at Potsdam could justify the methods taken to recruit the giants. Every kind of violence and fraud was used by the King's agents all over Europe to collect men of extraordinary stature to serve —or rather to be imprisoned for life—in his guards. A tall ambassador, taking exercise along the road at a distance from his carriage, was liable to be seized and retained until his rank was explained by the coming up of his attendants. Professional giants were coaxed from their booths in fairs, and made to exhibit themselves in uniform to more distinguished circles upon the parade-ground at Potsdam. There is a well-known anecdote of a poor carpenter, whose misfortune it was to exceed the usual height of men, and who received an order from a stranger to make a chest long enough to hold the artisan himself. When the box was finished the customer challenged its dimensions as falling short of what had been ordered. The honest carpenter, to prove that he had given full measure, lay down in the trap which had been set for him and was immediately locked in and carried off. The device was ingenious, but unfortunate in its result:

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result: the carpenter was suffocated, and the story getting wind, the leader of the kidnapping party was confined by his ungrateful master for the rest of his life. The detestable plans pursued to gratify this whim were more than once on the verge of leading Prussia into war with countries whose territories had been poached on in pursuit of the King's favourite game. To obtain money for his hobby, he was guilty of the most mischievous parsimony. The salaries of his councillors and servants were scandalously low; and every one about him, from his prime minister to his negro valet, was in the pay of foreign powers. But Mr. Carlyle can see nothing in this but genius; and he even compares the King, in his fond attention to his tall regiment, to a poet polishing his stanzas to the last point of perfection.

Of science and literature Frederick William knew nothing, and invariably expressed the utmost contempt for them. He always had about him some absurd representative of learning, whom it was his delight to make ridiculous. The Academy at Berlin languished in his reign, and, according to the current story, the only occasion on which it was noticed by him was when a discussion had arisen at the royal table on the cause of the foaming of champagne, and it was suggested that the Academy could explain the mystery. The King was eager to profit by an institution in which he said he had previously never seen any use, and he desired an application to be made to it accordingly. But the prudent philosophers returned for answer that they could determine nothing without experiments, and that they must have a hamper of wine sent to them for the purpose. The royal inquirer returned for answer that he kept his champagne for his own drinking, and dropped the further prosecution of the subject.

His amusements were hunting, drinking, smoking, and practical jokes. His jokes were all of a coarse and unfeeling kind. He kept pistols, loaded with salt, to fire at his servants if they committed any blunders. Once he chose to insult a French clergyman, whom he passed in public. 'See,' he said to his companion, 'how I will astonish that person;' and, as he approached him, asked, 'As-tu lu le Tartuffe de Molière?' But in this instance he got as good as he brought, and received for reply, 'Oui, Sire, et l'Avare aussi.' The magnanimous King confessed that he was on the point of caning the wit on the spot—a gratification which he did not usually deny himself. He was indeed in many points like a stage-king in one of Mr. Planché's admirable burlesques, and had his stick always in his hand for prompt use. If his victims took to their heels, it was all the worse for them. A Jew pedler once endeavoured to escape him. 'Why

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'Why do you run away?' 'Because I was afraid.' 'You ought not to fear me; you should love me,' rejoined the paternal monarch, with a shower of blows.

On the other hand, it is clear that, without a strong sense of duty, and without some considerable abilities of a practical kind, Frederick William could never have done the work he did. If his regulation of expense had not descended into too petty a detail, and had stopped short of half starving his family, and paying the persons in his service so ill as to leave them exposed to the temptations of bribery, it might have been praised as well-timed economy. But it certainly amounted to something worse than 'honourable thrift, verging towards avarice here and there.' If his personal attention to business had not savoured so much of the jealousy of a suspicious and narrow nature, it would have deserved all commendation. Due credit must be accorded him for the desire to do the best for the education of his eldest son, with a view to his future position in the state, however mistaken he may have been in the means he adopted, and however disastrous the result. In his family relations his own life was in many points well regulated; and he was an example of conjugal fidelity to a wife in whose society he does not appear to have taken much pleasure, and whom he never admitted to his confidence. But what Mr. Carlyle chiefly admires in the King's moral nature is his love of truth. To his son he admits him to have been 'a harsh master, and half mad;' yet maintains he was 'a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others.' He was also a just man, according to his present biographer, and would not play false to any one; and 'there was no man of equal veracity, except Samuel Johnson, in that epoch.' All the truth-telling men of a century are slandered for the sake of this paradox, and to gratify the humour of bringing together two individuals who have really nothing in common to justify such a collocation. Without referring to the King's double-dealings with England and Austria, for the purpose of showing how little he regarded truth except as a thing to be observed to himself, we may turn to a smaller matter for a sample of his pre-eminent veracity. To place the instance beyond suspicion we give it in Mr. Carlyle's own words:—

'If the occasion is inevitable, and yet not quite worthy, I have known him have recourse to strange shifts. The Czar Peter, for example, used to be rather often in the Prussian dominions, oftenest on business of his own: such a man is to be royally defrayed while with us; yet one would wish it done cheap. Post-horses—"two hundred and eighty-seven at every station"—he has from the community; but the rest of his expenses, from Memel all the way to Wesel? Friedrich Wilhelm's marginal

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marginal response to his *Finanz-Directorium*, requiring orders once on that subject, runs in the following strange tenor: "Yes, all the way (except Berlin, which I take upon myself); and observe, you contrive to do it for 6000 thalers (900*l*.)"—which is uncommonly cheap; about 1*l*. per mile—"won't allow you one other penny (nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu); but you are (sollen Sie)"—this is the remarkable point—"to give out in the world that it costs me from thirty to forty thousand!" So that here is the Majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one! Alas, yes; a kind of lie, or fib (white lie, or even *grey*), the pinch of thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner-man of his Majesty, even that *grey* fib—not done by oneself, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper!'—vol. i. p. 424.

Thus we have one of the only two great veracities of a century doing a shabby thing, and then by a shabby lie trying to make capital out of it! The advertisement of the army, by the tall guards at Potsdam, with which all Europe was virtually placarded, was also in truth a great stroke of sham veracity. But although on a larger scale, and although (so to speak) it was kept standing in type for years, it is not equal to the affair of the Czar's travelling expenses as an index of the man's nature and keen eye to business. For Mr. Carlyle to give the anecdote as he does, and to comment on it as he does, is to disclose a moral sense which, however acute on some occasions, is in others considerably perverted. His power of distinguishing right and wrong is indeed occasionally suspended by a defect of mental vision. The colours of good and evil lie before him, but he cannot discern between them. The two things which never fail to operate in destroying his ability to discriminate are success—the might which makes right—and a certain sense of humour, like that which lends enjoyment to practical jokes, turning the laugh against the dupe; and which may be itself resolved into a variety of the former. It is, in fact, fundamentally identical with it, and consists in the love of being on the winning side, or on that which in common phrase is the last to laugh. This disposition pervades the whole of Mr. Carlyle's writings, and it is one of the defects which disqualifies him from ever being a trustworthy guide. It may perhaps be urged in his defence, that no one has manifested more sympathy for the oppressed, or has with greater energy declaimed against tyranny. But it may be observed that his historical sympathy is always for successful resistance to oppression, and his denunciation is for tyranny that has been overthrown, or is tottering to its fall. Tyranny which can maintain itself is right. It is order and good government keeping down anarchy. Sufferers who cannot redress their own wrongs,

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wrongs, or get it done for them, must continue to submit to the stronger will; and these are poor creatures to be pitied, if at all, in the most scornful way.

Any account of the private life of Frederick William would be very incomplete which did not include a description of that considerable portion of it which was spent in his *Tubagie* or smoking-room; and it is accordingly a conspicuous feature even in the shortest biographies of him. There was one of these rooms in each of the royal residences. Here the King usually passed the evening surrounded by a familiar circle, to which strangers were sometimes admitted, and where the most important affairs might be occasionally discussed. The furniture was of the plainest: a long deal table, with wooden forms on each side, and an arm-chair for the King—all more fitted for a barrack-room than an apartment in a palace. Here his love of buffoon humour, and his dislike for show and etiquette, found full vent; and here he was, in unsuspicious freedom, at the mercy of the chief actors in the intrigues which Seckendorf, the Austrian envoy, and his own minister Grumkow, were perpetually carrying on against him. Mr. Carlyle, however, has given an undue prominence to the smoking-room scenes in his drama of 'The Life and Death of Frederick William of Prussia,' and his readers are sometimes in danger of being fairly smoked out by them.

The beginning of Frederick II.'s education was infelicitous. A French lady—Madame de Roucoulles, a Protestant *émigrée*—who had before been nursery-governess to his father, had the first guidance of the young Prince. The early preference for the French language, and the French tastes, continued by one of his tutors, also a French emigrant, led to much of the mutual dislike which afterwards existed between the father and the son. His tutors were officers in the army, of distinguished merit; but no persons of good literate habits were placed about the Crown Prince. The King drew up for their instruction a sort of educational code, characteristic of himself, and of his own strong and weak points. There was to be sound and orthodox teaching in religious duties, which is immediately followed by an express injunction against learning Latin. The only proficiency desired in languages was to write and speak French and German. Arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, and economy, were commanded, as were geography and modern history, especially what bore upon Prussia. To these were to be added fortification and other military sciences. Such an education (apart from its army specialities) is what might be given in a second or third-rate commercial academy; and it does not

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not seem probable that Frederick had the opportunity, unless by stealth, of reading any book worth reading for its own sake. German literature had then no existence; and although the French language had been illustrated by some of its finest writers, it was chiefly through Latin or Italian (putting Greek out of the question) that a polished education could at that time be obtained. This was denied to the young Prince; and the want of an early acquaintance with good authors is plainly shown in his subsequent literary tastes and performances.

But his military education was not neglected. The King, whom Mr. Carlyle calls elsewhere 'a great national drill-serjeant,' was also a domestic drill-serjeant to his son. There was a miniature regiment for him, a little uniform dress, and a toy arsenal in one of the halls of the palace. A very rigorous economy regulated his money allowances. He had eighteen pence per month for pocket money, and 3*l.* 10*s.* for all personal expenses. At ten years old, when at the country palace of Wusterhausen, his tutors received a paper of minute instructions from the King for the work of every day in the week, and for every hour in the day. On Sunday morning get up at 7—his own 'prayers, with washing, breakfast, and the rest to be done within fifteen minutes'—then family worship—church—dinner—rest of the day his own—evening prayers—and bed at half past ten. On Monday and other week days, get up at 6—prayers, toilet, and breakfast to be over by ½ past 6—family worship—lessons to begin at 7—7 to 9 history—9 to ½ to 11 religious instruction—then another toilet, and to go to the King till 2, dining at noon—2 to 3 geography—3 to 4 morality—4 to 5 German letter writing—after 5, air and exercise—with other occupations for the different hours of the rest of the days of the week, and half holidays on Wednesday and Saturday, if he is a good boy—all ending with strong injunctions to make him quick in dressing and undressing, and to keep him clean.

The efforts to obtain the practical by the exclusion of the learned and imaginative elements, were not altogether successful. In the matter of French spelling at least the young Prince was not an adept. In a pretty enough letter, by which he promises an annual allowance to his sub-tutor Duhan, and assures him of his lasting affection, he spells rather phonetically than according to received orthography—'j'aurai' is 'j'aurez,' 'donnerai' is 'donnerez,' 'écus' is 'ecu,' and 'qu'à cette heure' is 'q'asteure,' and this was when he was fifteen years old. In the matter of Latin, notwithstanding the paternal prohibition, a surreptitious pursuit of the language was carried on, no doubt with the sympathy of the tutor Duhan, whose views were not so intensely

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intensely practical as those of his superiors. The pupil and teacher were once surprised by the King engaged in the forbidden study. One of the books contained the *Aurea Bulla* or famous Golden Bull, the instrument which regulated the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, and so called from the golden seal attached to it. The elder culprit explained what they were reading, and that he was expounding the Golden Bull to the Prince,—'I'll Golden Bull you,' cried the King, and the Latin lessons ended for the time. Mr. Carlyle, like previous narrators of this anecdote, has omitted to call attention to what seems an important point in it. By the last chapter of the Golden Bull, it is ordained 'that the sons and heirs of the Electors of the Empire, at the age of seven years, should be instructed in Latin, Italian, or Sclavonian, so that when they arrive at their fourteenth year they may be skilled therein, according to the talent that God hath given them.' The King's dislike therefore to the subject of the Latin lesson may have been a special one; and his rage at the teacher's answer must have been the greater, because he must have fancied that it was intended to justify his disobedience by the authority of the Magna Charta of the empire.

What sort of fruit these imperfect seeds of Latin bore in Frederick's after life is seen from his use of such phrases as 'De gustibus non est disputand*us*,' 'Beat*us* pauperes spirit*us*,' and 'Tot verb*us* tot *spondera*.' So that on the whole perhaps he had better have left the Latin altogether alone. Other recreations he found from the severe and stolid discipline of the paternal curriculum in verse-making, flute-playing, and the private doffing of his uniform, and wearing in its stead the fashionable clothes of France, with hair dressed out in correspondence. The last was condemned by the King to be cropped off, and reduced to close military regulation, but the kind or courtly barber so managed to do his work as to leave hair enough to return to the interdicted fashion. Thus the Prince's yearnings after some variety of pursuit finding no better occupation than in these youthful coxcombries, by degrees occasioned a settled dislike on his father's part, which was afterwards to increase into decided hatred.

The first affair of public importance with which the name of the young Prince was associated was that of the well known 'Double Marriage' project—an affair designated by Mr. Carlyle as 'in fact, a first-rate nuisance in the history of the century, as written hitherto. Nuisance demanding urgently to be abated—were that well possible at present.' Nuisance enough it was indeed to poor Frederick and his sister Wilhelmina, and a great plague to all who came within its reach at the time, whom we may now very well compassionate, without feeling compelled to share

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share their misery. The previously existing relations between the houses of Brandenburg and Hanover naturally suggested a fresh alliance on family grounds, which was further supported by political considerations. Frederick, Prince of Prussia, was to marry Princess Amelia of England, and Frederick (afterwards) Prince of Wales was to marry Wilhelmina, Princess of Prussia. Thus it stood arranged, but without any formal treaty, from the childhood of the intended spouses. At last, in 1723, George the First, the grandfather of all four, came to complete the long pending understanding, and was received at Charlottenburg, Wilhelmina being then only fourteen, and her brother four years younger. The treaty with England for the double marriage was duly completed so far as it then could be, and soon afterwards the four young people became joint sponsors at the baptism of the next born Prussian Princess.

At fourteen Frederick practically entered his father's army, with a commission in the great Potsdam Guards; but meanwhile the double-marriage scheme was no further advanced, and it became very much the interest of Austria that it should be broken off in the course of detaching Prussia from the English-Hanoverian alliance. A very fit agent was selected for the purpose. This was Count Seckendorf, a Protestant, a distinguished soldier, an able diplomatist, gifted with considerable powers of amusement, and an old comrade in arms of Frederick William's. His other qualities were not the most commendable. He has been described by Frederick II. himself as uniting to the most sordid interestedness the coarsest and most rustic manners—as being by habit so inured to lying, that he had lost all sense of truth—and as having the soul of an usurer sometimes animating the body of a soldier, sometimes that of a negociator. The pen of that great historian who described the career and genius of a Jonathan Wild could alone have done justice to this character; and the pencil of a Hogarth only could have properly depicted the scenes of modern midnight conversation which he joined in the tobacco-rooms of King Frederick William. What a subject too for both author and painter would have been the famous drinking-bout between Augustus of Poland and the Prussian minister Grumkow, at which the first partition of Poland was discussed; and when each of those old hands at after-dinner diplomacy strove to drown the other deeper in drink than himself, to gain a greater power of pumping him! It was the last transaction of the kind in which either of them was engaged, for the night's debauch killed Augustus, and it was said that Grumkow never recovered from its effects.

It was contrived with Grumkow, now known to have been in the

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the pay of the Emperor, that Seckendorf should make his first appearance at Berlin as if accidentally. He was seen by the King, invited to the palace, stayed for a grand review, dispatched in haste the business, real or invented, in Denmark, which was supposed to take him through Prussia, and returned to Berlin to remain as Imperial minister, to stick close to the King in pleasure and in business, and to manage him in the interests of Austria for the next seven years. The King was kept constantly entertained; he was propitiated by the present of a batch of giants from the Austrian dominions; and in less than five months the secret Treaty of Wusterhausen (12th October, 1726) was signed, by which Frederick William transferred himself from his former allies to Austria.

Next year died George the First, not living to see the double-marriage scheme carried any further towards completion. It seems hardly likely that this event should have plunged his son-in-law into deep grief; drinking was a far more probable cause of the confirmed hypochondria from which every one around the King of Prussia began about this time to suffer. There had been disputes with Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, on the subject of recruits forcibly taken by Prussian crimps on his ground. To make up these dissensions, and to dissipate Frederick William's low spirits, a visit to the splendid court of Dresden was proposed by the pair of managers, whose business it was to keep their puppet amused. The King's melancholy had taken an alarming turn for them, and he spoke of retiring to Wusterhausen and abdicating in favour of his son. The visit—of four weeks—was paid in Carnival time in 1728, and the Crown Prince, now sixteen, was of the party. It was his first entrance into the world, and in that outrageously licentious place he was exposed to stronger and more direct temptations than he could resist. Mr. Carlyle gives both from the memoirs of Pöllnitz, and from the still better known volumes of the Margravine of Bareith, their several versions of a story, which it seems hardly necessary to have repeated in this double detail. Here and in other places (as where an incident is related of the Czar Peter, and afterwards much too frequently alluded to, having no bearing on the life of Frederick, and if true only useful to illustrate the licence permitted by the manners of the time) the due bounds of decorum have been without sufficient excuse exceeded, and scenes have been reproduced in quotation which no writer of the present day would venture to describe, in the first instance, on his own responsibility. But we add with satisfaction that Mr. Carlyle afterwards protests with bold and righteous energy against those false principles of morality in the relations of the sexes which can easily

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tolerate as venial in the one, what it sternly denounces as wholly ruinous to the other, as if purity of life were not a thing of divine duty to be observed by all human beings alike; and he deplores the destruction of character in Frederick arising from this early initiation in the profligate habits of King Augustus' court.

King Augustus returned the Prussian visit in the same year, and a marriage was talked of between him, who was now fifty-five, with a diseased foot, and prematurely broken down by his way of life, and poor Wilhelmina. Perhaps nothing in Frederick William is more odious than his promotion of this match, which fortunately went off, but only for want of the necessary consent to the arrangements of the marriage-settlement by the eldest son of the intended bridegroom. Yet Mr. Carlyle has no word of remark to make on the iniquity of this design, nor on her father's compliant deference to the eager desires of Seckendorf and Grumkow to get the Princess married to anybody else, and safe out of the way of the Prince of Wales. Meanwhile the mother remained strong for the double marriage, and took the unjustifiable step of getting Frederick to write on the subject to Queen Caroline of England, to express his constant affection for the Princess Amelia. The combined disobedience of the wife and the son to his wishes was a not unreasonable ground of offence to the King. The Crown Prince was never in his father's sight without being ill-used,—'Rascal of a Fritz' and 'the English baggage' were the names he commonly gave to his son and daughter. He starved them at dinner, or made them eat what they disliked; nor were actual kicks and cuffs wanting to complete the perfection of royal wisdom and parental judgment. Wilhelmina had been an early favourite with her father, and it was probably chiefly for the sake of additional torment to her brother, who really loved her, that she was included in the same system of habitual ill-treatment.

Again in 1728 the double-marriage scheme was officially discussed, but now Frederick William was only ready to let his daughter conclude the advantageous match with the Prince of Wales; but would not agree to the other half of the bargain upon which it was the interest of England to insist. Foreign politics were troublesome; and drove the King nearly distracted. The ill-usage of the Prince continued, and during a fit of the gout which attacked the King in the following year, became almost insupportable. He gratified his dislike of Frederick and his favourite sister by compelling them to stay from morning to night in his own room, where he amused himself by ill-language and savage behaviour. The Princess says that purgatory could not have been worse,—plates flew at their heads, he struck at them

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them with his crutches, and tried to chase them in his wheel-chair. Mischief-makers did their best to incense the King still further against his son, and matters seemed rapidly coming to a crisis. The height to which they had arrived is shown by a letter written at this time by Frederick (now eighteen) to his mother.

'I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his son. This morning I came into his room as usual; at the first sight of me he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness that made him give up. I am driven to extremity. I have too much honour to endure such treatment; and I am resolved to put an end to it one way or another.'—vol. ii. p. 114.

Other marriages were pressed upon the much troubled Wilhelmina, and some progress was made towards a final arrangement for her union (which afterwards took place) with the eldest son of the Margrave of Bareith.

In April of 1730, a special envoy from England, Sir Charles Hotham, arrived at Berlin, and it appeared as if the double-marriage was at last about to assume a penultimate state of completion. The Prussians at least were of this opinion, and Wilhelmina was saluted as Princess of Wales. But Frederick William hung fire as to the other part of the compact, upon which it was more than ever the wish of the English Government to insist. He was hampered by his secret relations with the Emperor, and he may perhaps have doubted whether the marriage was the best for the future independence of Prussia, or for his own immediate convenience. He might, in addition, with the jealousy of a mean and avaricious nature, be afraid of an expensive daughter-in-law arriving at his parsimonious court. No doubt too Frederick's expressed preference for the English Princess may have been obtained by his sister's influence, with a view to the completion of the other half of the arrangement in which she was most directly interested. But on the other side, the greatest treachery and the most disreputable methods had been employed to prevent the Crown Prince's alliance with England. Reichenbach, the Prussian Minister in London, was kept privately informed by the confederates Seckendorf and Grumkow as to what the tenour of his dispatches to Berlin should be, and he had been desired to represent the intentions of England in the sense which was certain to be most offensive to the King, and principally to the effect that it was hoped to make Prussia a province dependent upon England. Some of this correspondence

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was discovered by the English Government, and copies were taken of it which have been disinterred from the British State Paper Office by Mr. Carlyle; but he is probably right in his opinion that it had little or no influence in perverting the King's judgment of England. With him the disputed succession to Jülich and Berg, now as before, was always uppermost; and he seems to have been at all times ready to take the side of whoever would best help him in this matter. He used to say, 'If they want the double-marriage, and to detach me from the Emperor, let them propose something about Jülich and Berg.'

Another document which Mr. Carlyle has published from our State Paper Office is of more biographical value than the proofs of Reichenbach's dishonesty. It is the copy of a remarkable letter from Frederick himself to Sir Charles Hotham, and must have been written in the midst of the negotiations of the latter at Berlin. The Prince begs for the single marriage as all that is possible, and adds that,—

'The King wishes to keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life; thus he never will give his consent. If it were possible that you on your side could consent that your Princess too should be exposed to such treatment, you may well comprehend that I should be very sad to bring misery on a person whom I esteem, and to remain always in the same state as now.'—vol. ii. p. 175.

He goes on to press the immediate conclusion of his sister's nuptials, and gives a promise never to wed any other person but the Princess Amelia of England. Subsequently Frederick seems to have opened his mind to Guy Dickens, a member of the English embassy, and to have expressed a wish to take refuge in England from his father's persecutions. It may be supposed that neither the prayer of the letter nor this desire could receive a favourable reply. The final explosion of the double-marriage was at hand. Sir Charles Hotham had requested to be furnished with some specimens of the clandestine correspondence between Grumkow and Seckendorf at Berlin, and Reichenbach in London, to be shown to Frederick William as conclusive proof of the treachery of his minister and the intrigues of Austria, of which complaint had already been made. There were probably spies in the pay of both sides, and this design reached the ears of Grumkow, who thereupon wrote a special dispatch and sent it, in order that it might be intercepted and transmitted to Hotham. Hotham in an interview with the King produced this letter, which alluded in an unconcerned manner to the private correspondence, supposed to be so important, but as in reality of a trifling nature. No sooner did the King see that the

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the hand-writing was that of Grumkow, than he exclaimed, apparently without reading the letter, 'I have had enough of this,' threw the paper on the ground, and immediately left the room. According to the Princess Wilhelmina's memoirs, George II. had stipulated for the removal of Grumkow, as a condition in the negotiations at Berlin, on the ground of his being entirely in the interests of Austria. The point had been pressed by Hotham in previous audiences: it had naturally roused the King's jealousy as an attempt to interfere with his right to choose his own ministers; and this feeling rose to the highest pitch of ungovernable rage on the production of the letter, for which the King had probably been prepared by Grumkow himself. Hotham, personally insulted by the King, left Berlin, and the treaty of marriage, to the great triumph of Seckendorf and Grumkow, was thus brought to an end.

The Crown Prince now seriously began to devise the means of escaping from the ill-treatment of his father. His plans were discussed in concert with his friends Keith and Katte. A letter from the latter to the Prince came to the knowledge of a cousin of Katte's, who suspected something wrong and gave information, which led to the close observation of the Prince and Katte. Another frightful scene with his father decided the Prince to take immediate flight. Preparations had been made for it by arranging a place of meeting, and by leaving money and valuables in the custody of Katte, who was on duty at Berlin. Keith was in garrison at Wesel. The Prince was with his father on a journey returning homewards from a visit to Anspach. On the morning of 4th August, 1730, the party was still sleeping at the village of Steinfurth, the last stage before Mannheim. The King with Seckendorf and his small suite lay in a barn on one side of the road, the Prince with Colonel Rochow and his other attendants, or rather guards, in a barn on the other side. It had been announced by the King that they were to start at 5 A.M. the next day, instead of at 3 A.M. as was usual. Frederick at this juncture relied on a younger brother of his friend Keith, who was with them as one of the King's pages. He was to procure horses for a start before the others were up. Frederick, dressed in his new red travelling cloak, was standing by one of the carriages, when Keith appeared with the horses; but Colonel Rochow, roused by a vigilant servant, was there also. Though a supposed mistake in the hour of starting accounted for the Prince and the page being ready so early, the intended escape was at an end.

At Mannheim the page Keith confessed to the King the design which had been unconsciously frustrated in the morning. The

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The King communicated the intelligence to the Prince's attendants, who were threatened with death if he succeeded in getting away before they reached the Prussian soil at Wesel. The party crossed the territory of Hanover and Hesse Cassel, lying between Wesel and Berlin, in as private a manner as possible, the King evidently thinking an attempt at rescue not impossible. Arrived at Berlin, his brutality surpassed all former excesses, and his rage was especially directed against his wife and daughter as suspected accomplices in the plot. In his assembled family circle, with young children present, he accused the Princess of an infamous amour with Katte, knocked her down, and if not prevented by the interference of the Queen and the rest, would have kicked her when on the ground. The only person for whom Mr. Carlyle bespeaks any pity in this and similar scenes which followed during the next six months, is the King himself, who forsooth 'was often like to be driven mad *by the turn things had taken.*'

Frederick was sent under arrest to the fortress of Cüstrin, to be clothed in a prison dress, to be fed at tenpence a-day, his room to be opened, morning, noon, and evening, four minutes each time, his lights to be put out at seven, and no books to be allowed him except the Bible and some devotional manuals. Poor Wilhelmina was in close confinement at Berlin. Keith, warned in time, had got away from Wesel, and by way of the Hague, and with help from Lord Chesterfield's embassy there, had secured a safe retreat in England. Katte had contrived to convey the Prince's writing-desk, which had been consigned to his custody, to the Queen, before he was himself arrested at Berlin, from whence he had unaccountably made no effort to escape. How the Queen and Wilhelmina took out the dangerous letters from the desk, and burned them; how they wrote others to replace them till their fingers ached, so as to restore the case to its former bulk, before it came to be opened by the King, is well known to the readers of the Margravine's account of these transactions. Frederick and Katte confessed everything, but the King chose to see a deeper meaning in the plot. It was simply a scheme for relief to the Prince from a life which had been long intolerable. Frederick William, however, was jealous of his heir-apparent and of the interference of foreign powers. He conceived that the conspiracy comprised treason and danger to his crown. His wrath fell on all who had had relations of any kind with the Prince. He fancied every one, except Grumkow, was in a conspiracy against him—became wild and restless—shifted his room—ordered his carriage for Wusterhausen at two o'clock in the morning—'has not gone to bed sober for a month past,'

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past,' as Guy Dickens reported to his government—and might well pass for actually mad if his apologist would but allow that excuse to be entered for him.

It was not easy to decide how the truant Prince should be dealt with. There was already a public opinion in Europe; and as a Prince of the Empire at least Frederick had rights which his father even could not overlook. But he was a colonel in the Potsdam Guards; and the expedient occurred of trying him by court-martial as an intending deserter from the Prussian army, a course which would make it possible to include Katte and Keith in the same method of procedure. The court-martial sat; and transmitted its finding to the King at Berlin. As regarded the Crown Prince they declared they could not take cognizance of matters peculiar to the royal family. Some members were of opinion that there was no ground for considering what had occurred as an attempt at military desertion, and they recommended him to mercy, as having already submitted himself to the King. But they did not interfere with the natural consequence of a finding that the Prince had attempted desertion—the punishment of which, in the military code, was death. Keith had fled from Wesel, and was innocuously enough sentenced to be hanged and quartered in effigy. Katte, for his intention to leave Berlin and join the Prince abroad, was sentenced by the court-martial to two years' imprisonment. The King disapproved of the finding, and remitted it to the court-martial, with the observations that Katte's crime in plotting with 'the rising sun,' and in concealing the Prince's design from his Sovereign, amounted to high treason, and must be punished by death. Katte was well-connected and young. Fruitless efforts were made to save him, and ten days after the court-martial had assembled he was executed upon the judgment of the King in defiance of the more merciful sentence of the tribunal by which he had been tried. The court-martial met at Cöpenich near Berlin; the execution was to be at Cüstrin. The King ordered that Katte should wear a brown dress like that now worn by the Prince, who should be compelled to see him beheaded. Whether he was put to death directly under the eyes of Frederick, or whether, in their greater humanity, those engaged in carrying out the royal commands led him past the window and out of the Prince's sight to receive the headsman's stroke, makes no difference. The King's order remains the same, that his son, then only eighteen years of age, should see his dearest friend die by the hand of the executioner. Frederick called out, and begged Katte to pardon him—he was the cause of his death. Katte, whose end was worthier than most of his life had been, returned for

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for answer, he knew of nothing he had to pardon him for, and if he had a thousand lives he would give them for the Prince. Frederick, unable any longer to endure the tragedy, swooned away. Such was '*the turn things had taken.*' Upon Katte's death, Mr. Carlyle presents this singular and extravagant passage:—

'That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth, and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude of little dogs, in all countries; and could never yet be responded to in austere *vox humana*, deep as a *De Profundis*, terrible as a chorus of Æschylus, for in effect that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease.'—Vol. ii. p. 298.

What is meant by 'humanly set forth'? Mr. Carlyle's own account of the transaction only differs from that formerly current by raising a doubt whether Katte's execution took place immediately under the Prince's window. Even this statement had been corrected for English readers in the Life of Frederick II. which bears the name of Thomas Campbell, as well as in the translation from Vehse's Court of Prussia. But Mr. Carlyle does not and cannot question the King's alteration of the sentence on Katte, nor his intention and written order that his son should see Katte die. The more 'humanly the scene is set forth,' the more emphatic to our thinking must be the 'response.' The comment of Mr. Carlyle is unworthy a place in the saddest part of what professes to be an earnest history of events, so near to our own time, and which should rather be regarded by the light of modern Christianity, than justified by reference to the morals and feelings of the ancient world. The facts are mournfully distinct, and cannot be modified by any varied mode of presenting them.

Whether the King at any time intended that his son should follow Katte's fate is what cannot now be decided. It is certain, however, that great fears were entertained of it, and remonstrances came to him from the King of Sweden, from Augustus of Poland, and from the Emperor in favour of the young Prince. These were supported by Seckendorf on the spot (who afterwards had not much reason to be glad that he had assisted in saving Frederick's life); and upon the further submission of the Prince, the severity of his prison discipline was relaxed, and he was allowed to occupy a house in the town of Cüstrin. But he had passed through the bitterness of death, and for some time had been allowed to suppose that the fate of Katte would also be his own—a refinement of torture, something greater than any actual physical suffering that could have been devised for his punishment, and which must have left an impression on him never to be forgotten.

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Some deeper motive may have been at work to prompt this severity than the desire to punish the offence of meditated desertion, coupled as it was with much personal profligacy and filial disobedience of long standing, and which the father might have desired to take the same opportunity of repressing. There seems hardly evidence to support the suggestion which has been sometimes made that Frederick intended on his escape to go to Vienna, to turn Roman Catholic and marry Maria Theresa, a design by which his father's strong Protestant feelings would have been roused to a greater degree of indignation than by all his son's other offences. Such a marriage is said to have been a favourite scheme with Prince Eugene, but without insisting upon a change of religion on the Prussian side. If he had succeeded in effecting his escape, Frederick, who had received no encouragement to seek a refuge in England, might possibly have been compelled to look for an asylum with the Emperor; but the project of a marriage between the heirs of Prussia and Austria, with the probable arrangement for the devolution of the Crown of Prussia upon a younger brother, in order to prevent the dynastic union of two great states and to preserve the balance of power in Europe, must have been, to some extent at least, known to the King, if it seriously existed. Austria could not have thought of it if it had been merely a Quixotic project of the Prince's own. Some notion of it, more or less definite, was certainly floating in the mass of intrigue of which Frederick both before and after his confinement at Cüstrin was the object. What changes would have taken place in the subsequent history of Europe if such an alliance had been actually formed is matter for the largest speculation.

Frederick remained for a year under surveillance at Cüstrin, making good progress in learning the details of administration in the management of crown lands, for which purpose he occupied a seat at the local board. In the art of dissimulation too he made equal advances. Watched as he was; obliged to appear to submit to his father; treated as he had been; it was perhaps too much to expect honesty or straightforwardness in him; but it is remarkable in what manner Mr. Carlyle writes of the creeping of this shade over his character:—

'Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences I perceive the Crown Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life; the art of wearing among his fellow creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are; a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential

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to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the two or three thousand *letters* we yet have of Frederick's to all manner of correspondents; letters written with the gracefullest flowing rapidity, polite, affable; refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.'—Vol. ii. p. 383.

It is strange that the great prophet of veracity should have found no stronger comment to make on this part of Frederick's temperament, whether natural or induced; but it must be supposed that because his practice of dissimulation and reservation was successful, as being 'consummately done,' it has on this account met with condonation.

Wilhelmina at last was married to the young Prince of Bareith, and on the occasion of her nuptials her brother was for the first time allowed to reappear at Berlin, and was soon afterwards restored to the army with the command of a regiment of his own. His own fate was finally fixed to wed a Princess of Bevern, a niece of the Empress. Austrian influence thus succeeded, not only in breaking off the matches with England, but in providing a bride of its own nomination for the heir of Prussia, which being done, there was not much more to be gained by professions of friendship; and the great 'veracity' lived to know how great a dupe he had been made. The lady was uninteresting, and Frederick's own letters on the occasion are far from edifying. He was ready to do anything to secure the King's favour, but declared he would rather have a clever courtezan for his wife than a virtuous but commonplace woman; and he protested against being married without liking, or any prospect of happiness.

Before, however, the Brunswick-Bevern marriage was celebrated, and at the very last moment, when it suited Austria that Prussia and England should be on close terms of alliance with each other, as well as with itself, in resistance to France, proposals were made by Seckendorf to renew the English match, which it had been so long his object to destroy. These were honestly and angrily rejected, but coupled with some subsequent indiscreet revelation from Seckendorf, it disclosed to the much be-managed King how grossly he had been played with by the Emperor, and he left a legacy of revenge to his son, which, as later history tells, he was not slow to discharge.

After the crisis of Frederick's young life the narrative flows more smoothly. The times of residence at Ruppin and Rheinsberg, and the campaign on the Rhine, are presented in a more agreeable and

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and lucid manner than that which prevails in the earlier portions of the work. A life of Voltaire is inserted, in which the writer's powers of combining, when he pleases, the interesting and the accurate are shown to great advantage. As Johnson and the old King of Prussia were the only two true men of the last century, according to Mr. Carlyle's notion of things, so with equal paradox were Frederick and Voltaire the only two original personages in that unfortunate centenary period upon which he has always been so fond of heaping abuse. Its 'bankruptcy, with Jew brokers sorting its effects' (Mr. Carlyle himself being a Christian broker, and putting a very low appraisement on them), its rottenness and purblindness, are all favourite terms with him; and with that general view of the time, it may be consistent to call Johnson and Frederick William its only veracities, and Voltaire and Frederick its only originalities.

Thus far at least the new biographer of Frederick II. can hardly be congratulated on having made much way in the clearer exhibition of a character which he announces as remaining to this day undeciphered, or in supplying for the understanding of his life 'a sacred poet' instead of 'a bewildering Dryasdust.' Indeed by the end of the work the Nemesis of Dryasdust is complete. He may be well pleased to see the discomfiture of his enemy. No history that was ever put together could, with few exceptions, be more chaotic and unintelligible than this work of Mr. Carlyle's. Without the help of the index at the end, it would be almost impossible to read the book through with profit, for want of continuous connexion between its parts, and the reader is sometimes tempted to indulge in a kind of Irish wish, that the index was in the body of the book. As a whole, the edifice which is now in course of erection by Mr. Carlyle is notably deficient in completion and finish. The scaffolding still remains standing round many portions of it; heaps of materials, in various stages of preparation for use in the structure, lie confusedly in all directions; and the wanderer through some of its dark and unfinished passages is always in risk of stumbling over a basket of the workman's tools. Here and there particular cantles of the work have been turned out in so workmanlike and perfect a manner as to make it the more to be lamented that the rest has been left in its present rude condition. The book is rather a collection of sketches, in different degrees forcible and accurate, for the composition of a picture, than a picture in which the rough contents of his portfolios have been brought under the complete mastery of the artist, and composed into a perfect and pleasing whole upon his canvas. The strange

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strange and opposing elements of Frederick William's character have always made it difficult to elucidate it, except by anecdotes, of which there has never been any lack; and Mr. Carlyle, who has not exempted himself from the usual mode of treating this part of his subject, by any original course of his own, has fallen into the track of his predecessors.

In the more important region of general European politics, as influencing and influenced by the intrigues at the court of Berlin, Mr. Carlyle cannot pretend to have discovered much fresh matter. With the exception of some documents of no great value, obtained from the Prussian correspondence, preserved in the London State Paper Office, nothing new is offered by him. The old memoirs and collections have furnished him with his supplies of raw material, as they have others before him; and thus far little or nothing of consequence is to be found in this account of Frederick William and Frederick, which was not already accessible to readers in England. Yet it may be doubted whether any reader not previously acquainted with the historical outlines of the period through which he may now be for the first time carried could succeed in gaining a clear idea of them from Mr. Carlyle's mingled facts and commentaries.

There is a want of proportion, which can only be accounted for by the same erratic perversity which deforms so many of Mr. Carlyle's former writings, leading him to an apparently capricious omission of really important details in some places, while they are without mercy or evident reason accumulated in others. Even when an original document is set forth, it is so garbled by admixture with the editor's running comments, that it is not easy to separate the old text from the infiltration of the new gloss into all its crevices. There is certainly no intention to mislead, but this practice impairs the integrity of the writer's vouchers, communicates an air of romantic history to the whole, and so destroys the tone of reality which it is a special object to maintain. The new matter may be pertinent—it may be explanatory—it is often amusing—but the habit of appearing to give *verbatim* and *in extenso* that which, in fact, is coloured in almost every line by the peculiar tincture of the transcriber's mind, is unfavourable to historical accuracy, and cannot be recommended for imitation. Neither does there seem to be any adequate reason for altering the nomenclature with which we have been long familiar in England, as, for instance, in using the words 'Kaiser' and 'Kurfurst,' instead of the well-known names of Emperor and Elector; 'Donau' for 'Danube,' and so forth. This is a different thing from restoring the ancient spelling of proper names

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names as done by Mr. Grote and Mr. Merivale, in their Histories of Greece and Rome, in favour of which much may be urged, although it is by no means clear that even this is desirable.

One of Mr. Carlyle's peculiarities is, that he collects his materials in the view of his readers, and allows them to view him while engaged upon them. He may be seen as he moves about among them; sometimes venting his spleen upon them, but never wilfully attempting to make them appear something different from what they are, and rarely subduing them so as to make them fairly his own. In these respects his workmanship stands in remarkable contrast to that of another eminent living historian. Lord Macaulay's endeavour seems always to be to fuse his matter together to the utmost, and to exhibit only a finished performance of the highest polish. The covering is not withdrawn from it until it has received the last touches of the master, nor until every trace of the means employed in its production has been removed from sight. He, as it were, absorbs his material, and makes it part of himself, to be afterwards reproduced, cast in his favourite mould, and thoroughly impressed with the fresh shape he desires it to assume and retain. The artist may enjoy for the time the triumph of having created masterpieces of composition, but they represent rather what he wishes to be accepted as the truth than the truth itself. Mr. Carlyle has the merit of making no statements which cannot be tested, and, if he is wrong in his deductions, he supplies the means for his own correction. With too little perhaps, in this respect, of art, he invites the public to be fellow-labourers with him in his study—to turn to his authorities, and consult his note-books. There is no attempt to group the figures with dangerous skill—to determine which shall occupy the back and which the fore-ground—to throw the specious and well-adjusted light so as to bring as much into illumination, and to banish as much into shadow, as may suit the artist's ideas of the effect to be produced, and leave the spectator the least able to judge for himself of the real positions and characters of the personages exhibited. With all its faults, Mr. Carlyle's way of composing history is, of the two, the most faithful, and the most likely to be of use to his successors.

Perhaps on the whole this instalment of the Life of Frederick may be more fairly regarded as a vehicle for the expression of the author's opinions on men and things, than as a valuable contribution to a history which has been so often written, and which thus far he leaves much in the same condition as he found it. It is now long since Mr. Carlyle began first to deliver his message

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to mankind. It would at any time have been difficult to ascertain the precise and positive purport of it; but it has been always couched in the same kind of language, the phrases of which have been so frequently used that they almost seem to have lost any meaning they may ever have carried with them. The 'wind-bags' and 'shams,' and other stock property of words, have long served in the wars against impostures or supposed impostures of various kinds in which their employer has been engaged, and they seem now entitled to some repose.

So far as it is possible to extract the essence of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, and reduce it to the narrow compass of a few words, it may perhaps not unfairly be described as a system of protest in favour of work against talk—of earnestness against trifling—of sincerity against pretension. But when applying these principles, with which all must agree, in commenting on historical events, or in offering practical advice on the existing duties and difficulties of human society, Mr. Carlyle is constantly led into confounding the means with the end. He seems almost to hold it better to be working in a bad cause than only talking in a good one—to be more commendable to be earnest in vice than to be merely making a show of virtue—to be more praiseworthy to be energetic in wrong views than to be feeble with right ones. This philosophy leaves the great boundaries of good and evil undecided. It pronounces everything to be right, or the contrary, according as it is prosecuted earnestly and with vigour, or the reverse. Success is seldom not justified: failure is always wrong.

Mr. Carlyle's own nature, ever ready to sympathise with what is noble, and to scorn what is base—his deep-seated instinct of reverence for Divine authority in the government of the world—his love of duty and order, and his hatred of anarchy and Mammon-worship—sustain him for the most part on a lofty eminence above the demagogues, the sceptics, and the dealers in persiflage, who can unfortunately so often find passages suited to their purposes in his works. It is to be lamented that he should ever descend from this intrinsic superiority, and afford a pretext to the enemies of wisdom and truth for claiming him as a friend of themselves.

ART.

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ART. II.—1. *The Ballads of Scotland.* By William Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L. 1858.
2. *The Modern Scottish Minstrel.* By Charles Rogers, LL.D. 1856.
3. *Scottish Ballads and Songs.* By James Maidment. 1859.

NOT the least interesting feature about the ballads and songs of Scotland is that they represent—and stand almost alone in representing, to the mind of Europe—the native and indigenous literature of the ancient kingdom to which they belong. People in the South of tolerable cultivation, and the scholars of the Continent everywhere, are no doubt acquainted with the fact that Scotland has a body of writers as distinctively Scottish, as Shakspeare or Rabelais are English or French; using a language which is as naturally a growth of the soil of the Lowlands as the ash or the fir; and reflecting a nationality as clearly defined as that of any historic nation on record. But if it were not for the ballad section of that literature we suspect that this knowledge would go for little. The 'History of the Reformation' by Knox—the translation of the Æneid by Bishop Douglas—the Poems of Dunbar and Sir David Lindsay—are no more familiar to the Southern reader, than the literatures of Scandinavia or Russia. Eminent writers of Scottish birth—a Hume or a Scott—do not yield in celebrity to any writers in Europe; and Sir Walter especially, as much by deliberate intention as by instinct, has stamped his nationality on his works with an energy like that with which one of his favourite old barons sealed a charter with his sword-hilt. Yet what would Europe have said if Sir Walter had written his 'Napoleon' in the language in which the venerable Scottish Reformer has described the burning of Scone or the landing of Queen Mary in Leith? But the Songs and Ballads, and those modern imitations of them which every Scotsman of genius thinks himself bound to produce, are as thoroughly living as the graver old works in the same tongue are hopelessly dead. Brave youth and fair girlhood kindle at their strain. They make Scotland's fame smell sweet, as the breezes of the Levant smell of the lemon-groves; and embalm her nationality as the honey of the North tastes of heather. Scotland can never become a prosaic country while such a literature survives to keep alive the romance of her reputation.

This, indeed, is a feature about the Ballads and their popularity which we should be sorry to see lost sight of by our generation. These Ballads represent feudal Scotland—not the Scotland which the satirists of England have taught us to associate with a too eager pursuit of money and a too keen grip of it—but

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—but the brave old romantic Scotland of Sir James Douglas, the Admirable Crichton, and the Marquis of Montrose. So long as they are read, or sung, or talked about, so long will young Scotsmen feel that they must not give way entirely to the Utilitarianism in thought and action to which too much in the present national character and position inclines them. For, if it be true, that Scotland retained more of the antique life than most countries, to a later period, it is also true that, once having begun to change, she is changing and has changed more rapidly. One of the most marked characteristics of the *ingenia præfervida Scotorum* is that they never do things by halves. Their history lies in light and shadow, and is conspicuously picturesque. Froissart, who tells us that the French knights found their poverty of living intolerable, admits that at Otterbourn they won the most brilliant chivalry-fight of the day. At the Reformation, they changed the most aristocratic for the most democratic church in Europe. In the seventeenth century they began the revolt against Charles, and produced the greatest of the Cavaliers at the same time. They had only just abolished heritable jurisdictions, when they inaugurated political economy. And this is the way in which they have gone on down to our own time. The English Church has been vexed by dissent; the Scotch Kirk in the disruption was torn in half by it. A Montgomery holds a tournament, and a Napier sits for Southwark. Accused of drinking too much whisky, they pass an Act to check it, which in London would cause a revolution. Nor let it be thought an extravagant supposition that the unusual beauty of their ballad poetry, infusing its influence from childhood, should have power to stand against a tendency to deify material prosperity which threatens to abolish all respect for antiquity and all romance of sentiment throughout their land. Luckily, the smoke from their chimneys has not yet blotted out the whole sky. 'Bonny Scotland'—'Old Scotland'—still whispers to the hearts of her children through her song; and the notes of her songs can be traced upwards in time, till they are lost like those of a skylark in the distance.

Of all branches of literature, this is the least capable of satisfactory treatment from a *merely* æsthetic point of view. Though there is plenty to be said in the way of criticism proper about the ballads, the interest attached to the fact that they exist takes precedence of the interest which belongs to showing what their beauties are. They are the literature of a pre-literary period—the voices of forgotten ages, and of a society that has passed away. And this fact constitutes more of their charm than people generally think. He who should prove any one of the

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the best ballads *modern* would destroy—not its literary merit—but more than half the pleasure with which it is read. Once, in a country village, the neighbourhood used to assemble to hear a particularly sweet-singing nightingale. Presently it appeared that the supposed bird was a very skilful musician, who hid himself in the tree and amused himself by the imitation. Why did this destroy the choicest part of the pleasure of his hearers? The singing was no worse because the fact was known. No—but the associations were destroyed; and if these are analysed, the most important will be found to be that we are secretly affected by the *unconsciousness* which we attribute to the bird of its power of pleasing us. Now, this is what the old ballad has—what the new ballad imitates—and it induces us to give to the historical associations of minstrelsy precedence over all the other points of view from which it may be regarded. Let us glance at the literary history of our subject, therefore, which has thus the first claim on our attention.

Definition is dangerous; but if asked to define Minstrelsy, we should call it the Poetry of Feudalism. It rose under that system—it clung to it for its protection, like the creepers along castle walls, and it has waned as that form of life has waned. The fragments which still exist, and which have been gathered by antiquaries, from nooks and corners—sometimes in a fossil state, from MS.—sometimes *living*, in retired districts, from recitation—are the only relics of feudal literature which an age like ours can enjoy. Chronicles and romances may be read from curiosity—ballads and songs alone are read for pleasure. Nor, have they always enjoyed the degree of vitality which they do now. They were for a long time quite out of fashion, and waned before such influences as the classics, the Reformation, and the social changes accompanying these. If they never died out altogether, this is partly because the learning which was one cause of their obsoleteness kindly took them by the hand and helped them to flourish again. Very patronising was the manner in which Learning assisted Minstrelsy; but Minstrelsy, by giving a new inspiration to modern poetry, has most generously paid her back.

The old ballads and songs, we say, went out of fashion—suffered an eclipse in fact which lasted from the time of the Reformation down to the end of the seventeenth century. This phenomenon was common to England and Scotland, but in Scotland it was more *marked*, because of the terrible severity which the Reformation assumed in that country. Scottish development at all times has had an abrupt character—has not presented tha beautifully gradual appearance, that tranquil air of growth, which belongs to the history of civilization in England. So the

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Scottish Reformation destroyed wholesale, and the Scottish reformers treated Sport not as a folly, but as a crime. Knox, for instance, speaks of the dancing and music at Queen Mary's court in much the same tone in which a Hebrew prophet speaks of idolatry. '*The raschall multitude*,' says he, once (a mode of speaking which ought to puzzle those who fancy that John was a democrat), '*was stirred up to mak a Robin Hude!*' or in other words, the populace loved the amusements of their ancestors, and the Kirk was determined to put them down. The Kirk *did* put them down, and has thus affected the whole character of the nation since. For the songs, proverbs, traditions, amusements of the Scottish people indicate that they are a naturally humorous and genial people. Scotland has produced the standard British translation of Rabelais for example, a very significant fact. Her subterranean literature atones for its coarseness by as much fun as that which half excuses the epigrams of Martial. And yet, probably, no southern crosses the Border without feeling for a time that he has got amongst a rigid and severe-minded population. Sydney Smith would only admit that they had *sense*—he did not allow them wit—a curious result of the influence of Presbyterian manners on one far too shrewd not to know that real wit must have flowed in the blood of a race represented at different periods by such men as Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Galt, Lockhart, Burns, Wedderburn, Smollett, Henry Erskine, Sir Thomas Urquhart, Archibald Pitcairne, and George Buchanan. Whatever there is of undue harshness in Presbyterianism at this moment is chiefly shown by that part of the nation which is under the influence of the dissenting portion of the Presbyterian body. A milder, more genial and humane, and truly liberal way of looking at life prevails in that venerable establishment, which was graced at one time by the presidency in her Assembly of Buchanan, and at another time by that of Robertson. This feature of her character confirms to her the loyalty of men of letters, who, in another generation, would probably (like so many of their predecessors) have been compelled to look for sympathy in the associations of Jacobitism and Episcopacy.

The application of these remarks to our immediate subject is obvious. The decline of the Scottish feudal poetry was accelerated—was in part directly caused by the severity of the Presbyterianism. But in Scotland, as in England, the new learning had much to do with the neglect of the old traditions. Everywhere, for a time, the scholar seems to have taken precedence of the man of genius; and to this day we know ten times as much of the lives and characters of the Casaubons, Scaligers, and Lipsiuses,

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Lipsiuses, as we do of those of the Shakespeares, Spensers, and Cervanteses. No one could wish to disparage the memories of those giants of erudition, to whose labours among the ruins of antiquity we owe so much. We note the fact simply for its significance in literary history; and it is a curious reflection that Casaubon must often have passed bookstalls in London containing the last traces of old poems in a language which he never cared to learn—poems destined to be praised by future scholars for sparks of a genius almost Homeric! Sir Philip Sidney would not have had to apologise for liking 'Chevy Chase' if he had lived to see the great revival of an interest in feudal subjects which has done so much to re-awaken and enrich the mind and heart of Europe during the last century.

To Addison belongs—and it ranks among the pleasantest recollections attached to his memory—the honour of having been the first modern writer who revived the ancient credit of Minstrelsy. In a happy hour, when engaged in his war against false wit, he took up the common vulgar version of "Chevy Chase," and lifted it out of the highways into literature. It must be admitted that he did so with a slight air of patronage, as if the bantling might tumble his ruffles. But it was an act of great courage—of a courage as remarkable as the taste which it indicated. 'Had this old song,' says he, in 'Spectator' No. 74, 'been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers, but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet. It is only nature that can have this effect.' To estimate the courage required to devote two Spectators to an 'old song,' let us now turn to Johnson's 'Life of Addison' (written, let it be observed, years after the publication of Percy's 'Reliques'), and see how the great Doctor characterises this criticism. 'He *descended*,' says Johnson, 'now and then to lower disquisitions, and by a serious display of the beauties of "Chevy Chase" exposed himself to the ridicule of Wagstaff, who bestowed a like pompous character on "Tom Thumb," and to the contempt of Dennis,' *&c.* The 'ridicule of Wagstaff,' however, has passed away as completely as the 'contempt of Dennis.' But the passage illustrates the rooted and dogmatic classicism which Dr. Johnson represented—great and genial as he was—and shows us what a battle the restorers of ballad literature had to fight. There can be no doubt that Allan Ramsay read the 'Spectator,' and it may not unreasonably be presumed that Nos. 70 and 74 were among the inspirations which made him collect and publish some of the ancient minstrelsy of his own land. England and Scotland have

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played into each other's hands often in this way. Buchanan made an impression both on Camden and on Milton. London printed the first edition of the Æneid of Bishop Douglas. The sympathetic, hearty nature of Allan Ramsay—intensely Scottish as he was—made him thoroughly relish the English writers; and we are told of his 'Gentle Shepherd,' that

> 'Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
> He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport:
> Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
> And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
> About ane Shakspear, and a famous Ben,
> He often speaks, and ca's them best of men.'

The knowledge that such a writer as Addison had declared his sympathy with ancient popular song, could not but have its effect on Allan, who, in 1724, began bringing to light Scottish antiques of the kind in the 'Evergreen' and 'Tea-Table Miscellany.' It is gratifying to know that he was sometimes seen a few years after this chatting about poetry in his periwig-shop, in the Luckenbooth of Edinburgh, with 'a little pleasant-looking man in a tye-wig,' of the name of John Gay. Gay was staying in the neighbourhood with the Duchess of Queensberry, and used to come into town to learn to enjoy the 'braid Scots' of the 'Gentle Shepherd' from Ramsay. There were many points of likeness between them, for they were both round, smiling little fellows, of infinite good nature, who combined a genuine vein of poetry with an equally genuine, and somewhat richer, vein of humour. No doubt they turned over the ballads and songs together; and we can easily fancy the relish with which Ramsay—who never forgot, in the midst of his periwigs, his Dalhousie descent—would show his English friend the beauties of the 'Battle of Harlaw,' or the 'Reidswire Raid,' or the 'Bonny Earl of Murray.' But the national love of arms would hardly, after all, prevail with him over the tenderer feeling with which he would read 'Waly, Waly,' one of the sweetest songs in literature. A breast like Gay's would respond at once to such verses as—

> 'I leant my back into an aik,
> I thought it was a trusty tree;
> But first it bow'd and syne it brak',
> Sae my true love did lightly me.'

or,—

> 'Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
> And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
> O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
> For of my life I am wearie!'

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But we must not anticipate that view of the general beauties of ballad-poetry which will properly succeed to our narrative of its recovery.

Ramsay, then, takes his place at the head of those modern Scotsmen who have renewed the glory of Scottish minstrelsy. It does not follow, however, that he quite saw the importance of the service which he was rendering to literature; and he certainly treated the texts of the ancients with a freedom which would have been unjustifiable if it had not been inevitable. What the generation wanted was a living pleasure in the ballads; they had not yet come to an antiquarian pleasure in them; while it has been reserved for later times to feel both together—to enjoy them for their own sakes, and for the sake of the knowledge they give us of our ancestors.

From Ramsay we advance to Bishop Percy, whose services to Scottish minstrelsy were only inferior to those which he performed to that of England. He was, indeed, the great modern restorer of the general interest in the whole subject, and it is this which gives him his definite position in literary history. 'All laud and honour be to the memory of Bishop Percy!' is the enthusiastic exclamation of Mr. Aytoun. We are quite ready to join in the cheer, and all the more so because we fear that a *Scottish* divine dared not have done so much for such a branch of profane letters.

There is a curious similarity between the positions of Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott in their relation to minstrelsy. It was the earliest occupation of both, and one stood, in regard to the family of Northumberland, much as the other did to the family of Buccleugh. Their genius, indeed, admits of no comparison; but their influence has been remarkably alike. Each may well stand as a model of the literary antiquary,—as being in poetic antiquities to Ritson what in genealogy Sir Egerton Brydges was to Dugdale, or what in scholarship Gray was to the old commentators. Such men breathe into their studies the breath of life; and it is only *through* them and their genius that the labour of the antiquary becomes of value to mankind. 'The mere antiquary,' says Johnson, 'is a rugged being.' This was a truth of which the amiable, accomplished, but somewhat hasty-tempered Bishop found unpleasantly the force through life.

Sprung from a long line of Percys of Worcester who had good reasons to claim kindred with the old Percys, the editor of the 'Reliques' went through Oxford with credit, and entered on life with promise. It was in 1765 that he published the 'Reliques,' for which he employed Pepys' 'Collections' (begun by Selden) at

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at Cambridge, those of Wood at Oxford, but particularly a 'folio MS.' which he had himself acquired, and which became very famous in the literature of that day. Lord Hailes—then Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes—supplied him with most of his Scottish poems, one of which, 'Sir Patrick Spens,' must ever be cherished by lovers of song, and which besides its conspicuous beauty is invested with a mystery which gives piquancy to its attractions.

It is curious to see how timidly, how apologetically, Percy commits to the world the work which alone preserves his name:—'The editor hopes *he need not be ashamed* of having bestowed *some of his idle hours* on the ancient literature of our own country.' This was not affectation; it was downright terror, and extremely illustrative of those times. There is reason to believe that Percy never got over it, genuine as his love of minstrelsy was; and Dibdin observes, that 'in his latter years' he 'almost wished to *forget* that he had published the "Reliques."' The sentiment can be illustrated from various features of his age. Even Warton, who did so much for our antiquities, could explain his pleasure in them on such grounds as the following:—

'We *look back on the savage condition of our ancestors with the triumph of superiority;* we are pleased to mark the steps by which we have been raised from rudeness to elegance.'

This tone was wonderfully prevalent, whether the Crusades, or Chivalry, or any other ancient embodiment of the mind and feeling of Europe, happened to be discussed; and in proportion to the diffidence with which Percy advanced any view favourable to mediæval manners was the suffering which he experienced from hostile criticism.

One of the most prominent parts of his work was the essay which he bestowed on the minstrels whose labours, as he conceived, he was communicating to the world. The essay is written with great propriety of feeling and elegance of style. Naturally, he takes a cheerful view of the question of their condition. An imaginative man, conscious of a deeper love of their works than he cared to express, was of course inclined to picture to himself in the sunniest lights their whole existence—their wanderings from castle to castle, sure of welcome and honour—their tenderness over the harp—their gaiety over the wine. He knew that the Conqueror's *joculator* figured in Domesday as a landholder among Beauchamps and Bigods; he knew that the battle of Hastings had been opened by the Norman *trouvère* Taillefer, who rode out of the lines singing of Roland till he fell, with eleven Saxons lying about him, and his song was drowned

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drowned in his blood. The scattered notices of chroniclers and records showed him that there had existed a great body of singers in the country whose occupation it was to make songs and to sing them, and that poems like 'Chevy Chase' were the surviving remains of their genius and their love. Accordingly, being a sentimental man, Percy took a sentimental view of his subject; and the minstrels in his dissertation are as pretty and happy figures as the shepherds in old-fashioned china. This was one of the points on which he exposed himself to the severity of a man whose name in this department of our letters will be remembered as long as his own.

Joseph Ritson was a Westmoreland yeoman's son, who came to London and practised as a conveyancer. Always violent, he had started in life as a ferocious Jacobite, to become at a future period an equally ferocious Jacobin. He had all the characteristics of Johnson's 'rugged being;' fought about black-letter with a passion and temper worthy of civil war; dug furiously in the ruins of antiquity to pile them up without order, and to hurl fragments at the passers-by; and as he would quarrel about an old song with any man, so he could not turn vegetarian without denouncing those who ate meat as brutes and rascals. He probably despised Percy from some reports he had heard of the elegance of his taste and the agreeableness of his manners, and he very early fell foul of him. He had the satisfaction of producing a passage or two from Acts of Parliament in which '*ministralx et autre vagabondes*' were spoken of, and in fact attacked Percy's theory in all its bearings. What was worse, however, was his perpetual insinuations that Percy's MS. had no existence, which was answered in the most decisive manner by a public exhibition of it. There is an amusing proof of the way in which the Bishop was affected by all this, in a letter of Steevens to him in 1788:—'Your antagonist, Mr. Ritson, about a month ago got drunk and assaulted an inoffensive barber, who brought an action against him, and has obliged him to pay severely for his frolic.' Steevens evidently thinks this a welcome bit of information to his correspondent, and probably, such is human nature, the Bishop's exultation over Ritson was greater than his compassion for the flagellated barber.

With all Ritson's faults, he did good service to ballad and song literature, for he watched over the purity of ancient tradition like a dragon over the golden fruit. He would bear no tampering with texts, and he accumulated in his numerous publications a great deal of information on the general subject. As for his 'minstrel' controversy with Percy, it is the old story of the travellers and the double-sided shield. The Bishop saw all the

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poetry and the critic all the prose of the minstrel's life; and, out of the scanty material which is available in the controversy, it is as easy to argue for one side as for the other. Percy was too vague in applying to English whatever he found said of *Norman* minstrels; but as modern English arose—as it became the language of the higher classes, why should not English minstrels have occupied a corresponding position to that of their predecessors? Again, Percy's belief that our minstrels as a class composed what they themselves recited, is supported by the analogy of other ballad literatures, by what we know of the Homerids, by that intercommunion of poetry and music which nature and history show us to have characterised the earlier ages of all nations. With regard to the 'social position' of the minstrels (though these modern phrases have an absurd sound in such discussions), a few common-sense considerations, we think, will reconcile the discordant views of the combatants, without disturbing the *manes* of Percy or provoking the unquiet shade of Ritson. The fact seems to be, that in the middle ages, as in our own age, the rank of a professor of the fine arts depended on his position in the profession rather than on the circumstance of his belonging to the profession. When, then, we find a monkish chronicler classing minstrels with buffoons,—speaking of them as 'scurræ,' as hangers-on, flatterers, and so forth,—we must understand him to mean the undistinguished mob, who were probably more or less truly exposed to such imputations. But this does not affect the status of those accomplished artists who shared the tent of a leading Crusader, or lived (like Thomas of Ercildoun) in free intimacy with an earl of Dunbar. In our own times there is nothing to prevent an ignorant scribbler from calling himself a 'literary man.' All such vocations only give dignity in proportion to the height attained in them by the individual. It is something like being a 'laird' in Scotland,—there is but that one title for all owners of land below the nobility, and thus its distinction altogether depends on the acres and pedigree of the particular laird.

Percy's 'Reliques' was from all points of view one of the most important successes of that generation. Not only did it give a general impulse to the taste for old minstrelsy, but its influence broke up the dull monotony of Popian imitation, then so fashionable, and falling like dew on the arid soil, made it teem with the poetic vegetation of the age of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. We have all heard of seeds being found in mummies which are still ready to sprout, and this was the case with the poetic germs which Percy gathered from obscurity and flung upon the world.

But,

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But, in truth, people are extremely slow in our generation to acknowledge what tradition has done in literature, any more than anywhere else in life. When Percy published his 'Reliques,' Burns was a boy of six. Burns has been, of all moderns, the most incomparably effective as a *singer*—as a minstrel proper. To what did he owe the development of his genius, which made him capable of taking such a position? Not to Sterne and Mackenzie, from whom he chiefly learnt that too-marked sentimentality, tending even to the turgid, which distinguishes his prose. His proper training was due to the traditionary songs of Scotland and England—the songs he had heard his own bright-eyed Ayrshire mother sing—the sweet but homely verse of Allan Ramsay—the ditties of any old well-thumbed 'collection' which he could lay hands on and carry with him to the tail of the plough. It required a stream of traditionary music to float his genius off; he used to hear an old tune before he began to write a song; and he never wrote better than when he made an old strain his own, fusing it in the fire of his poetic heart into a new shape. He says well in one of his letters, that 'a wild happiness' distinguishes the old songs and ballads, and his highest ambition was to revive them. Burns, indeed, might be properly described as the Last of the Minstrels. He has founded no school. No imitator since has come within leagues of him, and some of the shrewdest observers in Scotland are compelled to admit that the country is drifting farther from the possibility of producing a poet like him, every day. Men of genius there will be, no doubt; but men of that intensely national and popular genius Scotland is not likely to see again. At the Burns Centenary banquets, however, the tendency was to dwell on Burns's relations to his own age and circumstances, rather than to that past, from which he drew his choicest inspirations and his most deep-seated beliefs.*

It was in his latter days at Dumfries that Burns wrote most of his songs, and he had then long been familiar with Percy's 'Reliques.' Before he was laid in his untimely grave, another young Scotsman had pored for years over the book rich in so many associations. What Walter Scott owed to minstrelsy it is

* Thus, we were told in every variety of tone, that Burns was a 'radical,' and that 'A man 's a man for a' that' was his most characteristic effusion. Now, not to mention that there is much in that strain which Feudalism really attempted to organize into institutions—it suffices to say, 1. That Burns was a Jacobite during the *best* period of his life. 2. That no man ever reverenced the ancient history of the country more, or more respected the families which still *represent* it in the flesh. 3. That a very few years before his death, he formally declared—'next to my God, I love and venerate the British Constitution'—which (by the way) was then un-reformed! Would, as Sir Archibald Alison well said at Glasgow, that we had more such radicals!

impossible

impossible fully to estimate—it would be like trying to imagine what Gray would have been if Gray had been uneducated: the 'Evergreen,' the 'Tea-table Miscellany,' Percy, Ritson, David Herd (whose valuable volumes of ballads belong to 1769-76), were among the most cherished companions of his youth. We have it on his own authority that he had as many ballads by heart as would have taken him days to repeat. Europe had never yet seen a man of equal genius equally devoted to the antiquities and traditions of the Middle Ages. What the Tale of Troy, the Acropolis of Athens, the Via Sacra of Rome, the Olive and the Vine, the Lyre and the Garland, had been to generations of boys, that was a Norse saga, or Sir Tristrem, or an old Norman keep, or the thorn under which a feudal king had rested, to the young lad of Border descent, who, from *circa* 1780 onwards, pestered every old lady of his acquaintance for a stanza of half-forgotten Scots poetry, or for a story about how Prince Charlie looked when he held his levee in Holyrood in the famous '45. There was surely a significance in the fact that the Borders—where the rough feudal life lasted longest, and where the last echoes of the feudal minstrelsy were still *alive*—should have sent up such a son to spread the glory of the Old World among mankind. And the Borders produced their darling just in time, before Utilitarianism could make sure of being allowed to proceed unchecked in the depreciation of our history and the degradation of our politics—so shallow is the 'philosophy' which underrates the literature of romance and song and its influence upon the world!

Hitherto the minstrelsy which had been recovered had been mainly recovered from record. It was from MSS. that Ramsay had brought to light his 'Barbara Allan,' his 'Bonny Earl of Murray,' and so on; from MSS. that Percy had refreshed his somewhat prosaic century with 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'Young Waters,' or 'Gil Morice.' David Herd had partially resorted to recitation, and now recitation was to have its own epoch of interest and honour. There had lived through all changes of society, but chiefly in the more out-of-the-way parts of Scotland, fragments of the old minstrelsy which had been transmitted by tradition—not *songs* merely, which (for aught we can see) may live for ever, but *historical* songs, or *ballads* proper, embodying, more or less accurately, genuine incidents. Scott early saw that *here* was his mine; and, as his inspiration through life was always ancestral—(his very ambition to have an estate and an 'Abbotsford,' which Cockneys fancy to have been mere acquisitiveness, being a bit of ancestral romance)—he chose the Borders for the scene of his operations. We know no pleasanter

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pleasantier part of Lockhart's delightful biography than his accounts of Scott's ballad-hunting expeditions. They read like sporting stories, though the game was of a higher sort. The brave young advocate, full of life, and hope, and song, gallops through Liddesdale. Upon every hill where a beacon had blazed in the moss-trooping times—every old ruin of a square peel-tower—every glen at the foot of which bubbled a mountain-stream known in legend—he turned his deep grey eye with a half-humorous, half-tender interest. He alights at a rude comfortable farmhouse, welcomed by the bark of the sheep-dog and by the hearty, brawny Elliott or Armstrong within—a little shy as he plays the host to an Edinburgh lawyer and scholar, but soon at home thoroughly over a 'tammalee' (there is no 'b' in the Scots pronunciation of the word), with one of the frankest and most genial men of the generation. In the morning Scott and his companions are off again, at six o'clock, having had, 'just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck an twae and some London porter.' Such were the 'raids' in which Sir Walter gathered the material for the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which finally established this kind of literature in its modern dignity and popularity.

In the interval between Percy and Scott, David Herd had added considerably to the stock of Scottish ballads. The world owes to that worthy compiler, among the best fruits of his labour, 'May Colvin,' 'Lammikin,' the 'Battle of Otterbourn,' 'Clerk Colville,' and several others. But he could not contribute to the subject either in kind or degree as Scott did. Scott's own genius was an *avatar* of the old minstrel genius in itself—a re-appearance of the national 'divinity' of song in a new age. So what Burns had been to the people of Scotland, Scott became to the whole of cultivated Europe—a success for which his Border Minstrelsy (issued in 1802) prepared the way. The effect would be tedious of printing a list of the titles of the ballads which we owe to Sir Walter, for in the case of ballads the titles do not always readily recall the compositions. But he first made the peculiar 'border ballad' a world's favourite, and 'Lord Maxwell's Good-night' and 'Kinmont Willie' are names which carry their own music with them to the lovers of minstrelsy.

The literature of minstrelsy had now become copious, and we may add respectable. The whole taste of the world was altering; and a re-action had set in, in the usual exaggerated style, against the great names of the preceding age. The Elizabethans were coming into fashion. Coleridge talked of—

'The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.'

Wordsworth

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Wordsworth assailed Dryden's description of Night, and Pope's rendering of the moonlight scene in Homer. There was a general demand for 'Nature,' and the critics—especially those who wrote on Shakspeare—began to speak of Dr. Johnson with pity and contempt. Now, the ballads being Nature itself, the new generation could not but honour *them*. Accordingly, we had collections of Scottish ballads from Jamieson, Motherwell, Finlay, Peter Buchan, Sharpe, &c., all posterior to Sir Walter's publication, and soon forming a library by themselves. Various readings were established; new fragments turned up; and it became apparent that there must be done for the feudal poetry what had been done for the classical poetry; that Porsons were wanted in this department as well as in the other. Such was the stage at which Minstrelsy had arrived, when in 1829 Mr. Chambers undertook the task which Professor Aytoun has undertaken since—to form a standard edition of such Scottish ballads as were worthy of a permanent place in literature. What made this necessary (besides the fact of there being scattered up and down half a score of works in half a score of forms) was the licence which some persons had chosen to assume in the capacity of ballad editors. The ballads having been originally taken up as a kind of literary plaything, a notion had formed itself that strict morality with regard to their genuineness was superfluous. Just as at and after the revival of letters the learned were plagued with forgeries of old Latin works, so at and after the date of Allan Ramsay people thought it no great sin to pass off a mock antique in the ballad way upon the world. Lady Wardlaw's 'Hardiknute,' which appeared in the 'Tea-Table Miscellany' (described by Scott in his copy of that work as 'the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget'), is a notable specimen of ingenuity in this species of manufacture. Pinkerton offended in the same manner, and so did Allan Cunningham. Neither character in the original sender of a ballad nor knowledge in the editorial recipient of it is a security that there may not have been spurious ware imposed on the world. Muretus palmed some modern Latin upon Scaliger; and Surtees, the historian of Durham, some modern minstrelsy upon Scott. At this moment there are good judges alive who half believe, if they do not quite believe, that the renowned 'Sir Patrick Spens' itself was of Lady Wardlaw's creation! Who can venture to say how much of those ballads which Scott found himself compelled to help out in taking them down from oral delivery may not have been his own? though in *this* case at least the intention was honourable.

After this rapid sketch of the literary history of Scottish ballads

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ballads—and *ballads*, we think, from their historical character have a higher importance than ordinary *songs*—we would call attention to the general features of this peculiar section of our British literature. We say our *British* literature, because it is the glory of these compositions—Scottish as they are in language and subject—to have made themselves a name and a home throughout the common empire, and to have won the praise of being the highest of their kind from great English critics. And this is a fact which must ever stamp the Scottish people as conspicuously poetical; however difficult it be to *explain* why this superiority should belong to their minstrelsy; whether the Scandinavian element (existing in their blood as in their language) may help to account for it; or whether all old things flourished longer amongst them, and so Minstrelsy also; or whether their aristocracy was nearer the masses in general condition than was the case in the south, and so encouraged an art which both loved in common. But these are mere speculations. When the ballads originated, or who wrote them, is as obscure a question as the famous problem of the same country—given the Picts—who were they? and who now represent them?

This antiquity and obscurity of the ballads, concurring with their intrinsic merits, constitutes great part of their charm. Say that it should one day be *proved* that Lady Wardlaw *did* write 'Sir Patrick Spens' (which is a mere conjecture at present, arising from our knowing little about the history of the ballad, and from the fact that her Ladyship wrote 'Hardiknute' and lived on the coast of Fife *), would it not act very much on a sensitive reader as the explanation of the automaton chess-player did on the weak-minded people who paid to know that secret? The poem would then become an imitation; it was not natural to Lady Wardlaw so to write in Queen Anne's reign, and the moral pleasure of reading the piece would be in a great degree destroyed—just as a supposed antique ring, however beautiful, would cease to be a tithe as interesting if shown to be a counterfeit. The very secret of the enjoyment of an old ballad is the feeling that whereas it would be affectation for us to write in this vein now, it was once the spontaneous language of the people.

And this brings us to what we have already indicated as the

* The conjecture that Lady Wardlaw wrote 'Sir Patrick Spens' was first thrown out by Mr. David Laing. It has been supported in *Chambers's Journal*, and is accepted by Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. Dixon. The fact, however, remains, that Lord Hailes sent it to Percy, that the incident itself is historical, and that it has all the marks of antiquity. Thus the positive evidence is all in its favour. A search among the Wardlaw family papers might be worth making.

great

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great moral characteristic of Minstrelsy. It is not enough to say that the ballads are *natural*. The 'Antigone' is natural; so is the death of Socrates in the 'Phædo;' though both are the products of the loftiest and most profound art. But the ballads are, also, *unconsciously* natural. Their beauty is naked, and they are not ashamed. The innocence, equally present in their force and their weakness, is the magic power which disarms the most refined criticism, and thrills the nerves of strong and hard men. Let us glance at a passage or two from what Mr. Aytoun justly calls the 'noble old ballad'—the 'Battle of Otterburn:'—

'Then up, and spake a little boy,
Was near of Douglas' kin—
"Methinks I see an English host
Come branking us upon!"

"Nine wargangs beiring braid and wide,
Seven banners beiring high;
It wad do any living gude,
To see their colours fly!"

"If this be true, my little boy,
That thou tells unto me,
The brawest bower of the Otterburn
Shall be thy morning fee."

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
Ayont the Isle o' Skye,—
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braidsword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the hewment strong,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wot he was fu' fain;
They swakkit swords, and they twa swat,
Till the blude ran down like rain.

But Percy, wi' his gude braid-sword,
That could sae sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
That he fell to the ground,

And then he called his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ae dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomerie."

"My nephew gude!" the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain!

My

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My wound is deep; I fain would sleep!
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.

O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blumin' brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here!"

* * * *

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other was fain;
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
And the blude ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I will lay thee low!"
"To whom maun I yield?" Earl Percy said,
"Since I see that it maun be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea!"

This deed was done at the Otterburn,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
And Percy led captive away.'

Nobody, we suppose, in our day doubts that the story could not have been told with more spirit and tenderness than in these verses. Yet, the whole tone is that of a strain of music from another world. It would be quite impossible, without affectation, for the greatest poet to write in such a manner now. What then gives this mysterious piquancy to the old ballad but the child-like unconsciousness of power in the bard? He could not have told his tale in prose, but he carols it out in his own fashion quite as a matter of course. There is not a reflection, we may observe, in the whole; no moral is 'pointed' out of the result, for to the singer it was as natural as daylight that the Douglases and Percys should make war on each other; and if one fell, and the other was 'led captive away,' what could be a more proper termination?

This engaging simplicity—which talks the language of genius without thinking it anything extraordinary—we call the moral basis of the ballads, and we find it in all the best of them. Turn to 'Sir Patrick Spens,' of the antiquity of which we ourselves have no sort of doubt.

'Be't

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'Be't wind or weet, be't snaw or sleet,
Our ship shall sail the morn;
"Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.
"*I saw the new moon late yestreen,*
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm!"
'They had na sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three—
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.'

The reality of the feeling here, and its unconsciousness, is shown by the circumstance that in a contemporary writer we should condemn the two lines in italics as a 'conceit.' But this never strikes any one who reads the ballad for simple pleasure. The bit of wit glitters in its place, as if perfectly at home. The poet had thought of the likeness, some night, in a particularly genial mood, and why should there be anything singular in his saying it? Now-a-days, a man with wit enough to make the comparison, would hardly have courage enough to publish it. Or, if not disciplined in a pure school of art, he would so rejoice in the faculty for devising such things, and be so charmed by the 'extracts' in the weekly papers, that he would fill his pages with them.

Only writers so entirely and absolutely real, so perfectly at their ease about their genius and its bearings on things, would stoop to the familiarities, the homely touches, found in these ballads.

'O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their leathern shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was o'er,
They wat their heads abune.'

This is Aytoun's reading; Motherwell and Chambers have 'cork-heeled shoon.' But either answers our purpose; for, supposing the latter phrase to have slid into the ballad in its progress down the stream of time, it is still a great boldness to talk of such details in a serious poem. No modern writer would dare the world's laugh by such familiar incidents. The ancient writer never fretted himself on the subject; he enjoyed his sly bit of fun, while Sir Patrick Spens, with his gude Scots lords, was going down. He would have died to save Sir Patrick, but the notion that the high 'swells' returning from their embassy would be afraid of spoiling their shoon, at that moment, was irresistible.

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irresistible. Then, too, they were landsmen, and that the author of the ballad loved the sea, perhaps belonged to it, is, we think, unquestionable. The same streaks of primitive humour are found in the two rude old Scots epics, the *Bruce* of Barbour, and the *Wallace* of Blind Harry.

This feature of the ballad says much for the general manliness and geniality of our ancestors. As the vulgar have a notion, not shared by the botanists, that every flower ought to have 'a smell,' so we confess, for our parts, that the more *humanity* there is in a poem, the better we like it. The ballads are redolent of the *whole* of Nature in a way that is very rare now. We shall illustrate this by a few quotations. And, first, for the familiar 'Waly, Waly.'—

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' the black velvet,
And I mysell in cramoisie.

'But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it wi' a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysell were dead and gone—
For a maid again I'll never be.'

To this we subjoin some stanzas from the exquisite Dumfriesshire ballad, 'Helen of Kirkconnell,' the out-pouring of a passionate sorrow which flows like scalding tears:—

'O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my breast for ever-mair
Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest
Where thou liest low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.'

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Or, let us open Mr. Aytoun's second volume, at the singular and touching ballad of 'Marie Hamilton,' which arose out of a court incident of the reign of Queen Mary. The ill-fated girl is about to expiate on the gallows the death of her baby by her own hands:—

'O dinna weep for me, ladies!
You need na weep for me:
Had I not killed my ain dear bairn,
This death I wad na dee.

"Cast off, cast off my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be;
And tie a napkin o'er my face,
That the gallows I may na see.

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The day she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichel and me.

O aft, aft, hae I dressed the Queen,
And put gowd in her hair;
But now I've gotten for my doom
The gallows-tree to share!

O happy, happy is the maid,
That's born o' beauty free!
It was my dimpling rosy cheeks
That's been the dule of me."'

These pieces are of different kinds of merit, and in different styles of verse, but they have all this element in common, that they do not shrink from the plainest, homeliest sources of interest. The girl in 'Waly, Waly' varies her beautiful sorrow with reminiscences of her proud appearance in 'cramoisie.' The lover of Helen exclaims,—

'O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!'

which is quite contrary to modern manners. Marie Hamilton prepares her toilet for the scaffold, and its awful public, with the simplicity with which she might array herself in her bed-chamber. Yet the spell of poetic dignity and beauty is never broken. It is as if Shakespeare, in all the power of his genius, had deliberately gone to work to write to the mob.

The ballads are unique in literature precisely on account of this characteristic. Here are a number of poems, which Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott liked—which the great mass of cultivated people read for pleasure, and admire—which Mr. Aytoun tells us occur to his memory more readily than the verses of Horace

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Horace or Pope,—and which nevertheless once formed the street and highway and roadside literature of those who, in modern times, are thought below literature altogether. This fact looks so extraordinary, that we might be tempted to think it was all a dream, if we had not the most solid evidence to the contrary. But some are alluded to, as popular, in old poems and histories, and copies of them exist in ancient MSS.; some of them have come down to our own times, living in recitation; and all bear more or less definitely a character of antiquity—a something which is not of our social life, and which can be imitated only by a process like imitating Virgilian hexameters. On the other hand, what represents them, now? Not Tennyson and Browning, for the mob know nothing of them. Still less the Catnach ballads, for these, no mortal who has the faintest taste for books can read. We are driven to the conclusion,—not exactly that the world is in its dotage, as Goldsmith's friend said—but assuredly, that the 'Industrialism,' which the Comtists complacently assure us is to destroy the last relics of 'Feudalism,' has done some ugly and unpleasant work in the course of its progress. Along with the weeds, it has torn up many flowers. For a popular literature which was at once natural and noble, it has substituted a literature which, though improving of late years, is thoroughly inferior to the Minstrelsy, even when it does not happen to be either silly or seditious.

In proportion as men feel this melancholy truth, do they recur to the old Minstrelsy, eager not only to enjoy its peculiar beauties, but to study the evidence which it affords of the mental and moral condition of our ancestors in days when the awakening genius of Europe may be described in the well-known and sacred words:—

> 'For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over *and* gone;—the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of *birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'

The freshness, the life, the unworn capability of joy which breathes through the Minstrelsy, suggests a state of the national mind like that represented in these verses. The singer looks at everything about him with an open sense for its greatness or its beauty which is the surest sign of health. He does not brood over, or dream over, the external world, but *receives* it, so to speak, and when he describes, flings out the impressions he has of it uncoloured by self. There are few descriptions of scenery in the ballads which one could pick out as show-pieces for their literary merit. But still, the poet, finding himself in a beautiful country (a great advantage to the Scottish minstrel),

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could not but show his enjoyment of it. Why should he make any special demonstration on the subject? Though this quality of the Minstrelsy is not easy to illustrate by isolated passages, some touches ought to be instanced, and it may be remarked that they generally come with rather a sudden effect. Thus, in the fairy ballad of 'True Thomas,' we are told,—

'O they rode on, and further on,
And they waded through rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither the sun nor the moon,
But they heard the roaring of a sea.'—

which gives a vivid feeling of the 'fearsome' character of the journey. We may compare with this a similar stanza from 'May Colvin,' called also 'May Collean.'—

'He rode on and she rode on—
They rode a long summer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.'

The quiet coolness that seems here to open on us after the ride, is felt like a presence. Generally, however, it is rather Humanity than Scenery that the minstrel is occupied with, though a keen sense of the world without is everywhere assumed and implied. He belongs to an age of action, to an era of men and gentlemen who have stirring lives to lead—lives of war, adventure, and passion. What can be more natural than that songs intended to be chanted to such worthies, while over their wine, should be mostly occupied with stories? Such songs appealed to everybody's fancy or experience; while meditative and subjective poetry as naturally associates itself with the solitude of the closet and the quiet of the sofa.

Accordingly, when we go to the Minstrelsy for specimens which shall represent its general merits, we find the best illustrations in passages of dramatic narrative. 'Edom o' Gordon,'—of which the subject is the burning of the house of Gordon of Towie, while defended by his wife,—contains some verses of excellent pathos. Let the reader note the second and the concluding stanzas of the passage which we now proceed to quote:—

'O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nourice' knee;
Says "Mother dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me."

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee;
For ae blast of the westlin' wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!"

O then

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O then bespake her daughter dear—
She was baith jimp and sma';
"O row' me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa'."

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blude dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again."

He turned her owre and owre again,
O gin her face was white!
"I might hae spared that bonnie face,
To hae been some man's delight."

"Busk and boun, my merrie-men a',
For ill dooms I do gness;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass!"'

What spirit and reality there is in the following—the last stanza of the 'Bonny Earl of Murray!'—

'O lang, lang shall his lady
Look frae the castle doune,
Ere she sees the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town!'

What a gallop in the brief little song which tells the fate of some 'bonnie George Campbell,' long since gathered to his fighting fathers!—

'Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam' his bonnie bride
Riving her hair.

Saddled

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Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unborn,
My bam is to bigg,
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!'

For this sort of stirring music, however, this fifelike and drumlike movement, which kindles men's blood, we must go to the Border ballads, if we would have it in perfection. There the singers seem to be singing in the saddle, and keeping time with the horse's hoofs. This is just the effect of 'Kinmont Willie' (in which, by the way, there are very deep marks of the restoring hand of Sir Walter), of 'Johnnie Armstrang,' and of the 'Raid of the Reidswire.' The most refined of them in the modern sense—always excepting 'Helen of Kirkconnell,' which we take to be unapproachable in every respect—is 'Lord Maxwell's Good-night.'

These various ballads illustrate what we believe to be a general characteristic of Minstrelsy—the frequent *sudden* introduction of the best effects, as if the poet, content for a while to run on in a strain not much above doggrel, had a flash of inspiration all at once, and took off his likeness of the thing as by photography. The 'Raid of the Reidswire'—the story of a border fight between Scots and English in the sixteenth century—supplies examples of this:—

'Bonjeddart bauldy made him boune,
Wi' a' the Trumbills strong and stout;
The Rutherfords with grit renown,
Convoyed the town of Jedbrugh out.'

The last two lines bring the Rutherfords once more out of Jedbrugh before the eyes of the nineteenth century; but there are other verses in the poem which read as flatly as an inventory. It is the same in the 'Good-night,' which suggested that of Childe Harold. How naturally and poetically it opens!—

'Adieu, Madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.

Adieu,

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Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see;
Adieu, my ladye and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.'

After three more stanzas we come to a sad piece of prose:—

'Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell,
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.'

But all is redeemed in the concluding lines of the poem—

'They drank the wine, they didna spare,
Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has taen his good-night.'

Nothing could be more effective. The name of the speaker, who is taking his farewell of all he holds dear, is reserved to the last, and is spoken just as he vanishes on the cold gray sea from the land of his ancestors.

These are the flashes of genius. The very baldness and rudeness of parts of the ballads contribute to their interest. The flowers have the soil—the common earth—sticking to them. The poetry of life does not seem to be so far removed from ordinary life as among ourselves, yet is equally genuine in scent and colour. Indeed, we cannot help suspecting that the poet was not so far removed himself, as is the case now, from sympathy and familiarity with the everyday world. May there not have been a singer among the party who went to help 'Kinmont Willie' out of Lord Scroop's hands? Certainly, the whole adventure is told with an infinite *relish* for such exploits, and with dashes of humour that could have come only from the heartiest sympathy:—

'"Now, haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free;
Afore that ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall take fareweel of me!"

"Fear ye na that, my Lord!" quo' Willie;
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never lodged in a hostelrie yet,
But I paid my lawing afore I gaed!"'

The ballad is much too lengthy for us to transcribe any large proportion of it; but 'Dickie o' Dryhope's' adventure with 'fause Sakelde' is far too characteristic of the peculiar, and happily now exploded humour of the Borders, to be passed by:—

'"Where

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'" Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"—
Now, Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!'

We wish, with regard to this capital ballad, that Mr. Aytoun had told us more explicitly how much he thinks it owes in its present form to Sir Walter? One thing is certain—the best touches of the restoring hand would be bestowed on the verses which ring with the name of the 'bauld Buccleugh.'

The thoughtful reader of these old poems must often have reflected on the contrast between their tenderness or their gaiety, and the bloody deeds which they chronicle, and which, indeed, were the immediate occasion of the production of many of them. This is a phenomenon not to be evaded, but which is capable of a different interpretation than it will get from some who, hating the institutions of our ancestors, naturally revile their memories. Let it frankly be said, that the ballads must not be viewed as things apart from the society which gave birth to them. If the ballads are lovely, the ages in which they grew cannot have been bad, though they were wild, turbulent, and—if we look solely to economical considerations—'barbarous.' But, great natural qualities, displayed on a scale for which modern life seldom gives scope, distinguished these times, and the ballad-poetry is the expression of these,—the light foam on their stormy waves of action. It becomes inexpressibly valuable as a relic of antiquity when viewed in this light, for what proverbs are to a nation's mother-wit, that ballads are to its popular sentiment. A proverb is a nation's practical experience embodied in a kind of epigram; a ballad, in its heart and imagination, becomes audible in a song. He, then, who lays down the Scottish ballads feeling touched by their pathos and cheered by their courage, may know that he has been nearer the actual life of their generation than any mere narrative of the public events of it can bring him. The poor little heart-moving strain is here to plead to him for his ancestors; and its beauty is more symbolic and significant than he perhaps thinks. If a flower sprang out of the blood of Ajax, it was because he led the life of a hero: if a flower sprang out of that of Hyacinthus, it was because he had the gracefulness of a god.

This historic interest of the ballads, we repeat, is the most prominent

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prominent fact about them. But to truth in the *letter* of history they cannot pretend. Everybody knows, for instance, with regard to the 'Battle of Otterburn,' that Earl Douglas was not buried in the 'bracken bush,' but in beautiful Melrose, by the river Tweed, where the green sod has long since overgrown the flag-stones on which rested the altar. Nor was it an '*Earl* Percy,' but Hotspur, with whom he fought; while the facts of Hotspur's capture are diversely related. The same sort of criticism might be applied to many ballads. 'Marie Hamilton' is a mere legendary name for a Frenchwoman attached in some humble capacity to Queen Mary's Court, though the ballad makes her one of the 'Four Marys.' And so too, time, tradition, and the conditions of minstrelsy generally, have made the right literary arrangement of ballads a work of great difficulty. Fragments have slipped from one into another. Names of places and persons have been interchanged, according as the recitation went on in one part of Scotland or another. What *is* left at all, meanwhile, is itself but a fragment of a bygone literature. Yet every one of these facts is insignificant compared with the great fact that here the minstrelsy is, embodying certain truths, and reflecting the living spirit of former times. There *was* such a 'Battle of Otterburn' as the song relates, though everything may not have happened precisely as the song represents it. On the other hand, the Douglases and Percys were what the minstrel makes them. The feelings with which men in the fourteenth century regarded such events and such men are glowing through the verse. And this kind of truth it is, which, keeping alive the minstrel-narrative age after age, has ultimately enabled us to enjoy it in a world of which the whole face is changed. Such is the success these unknown poets have had! What more can be said for the greatest artists of Greece and Rome? The moral tie which their universal popularity and diffusion must have created between different classes of the community is something that we find it difficult to understand. But it was not the less a practical influence. The whole structure of these songs, the fixed epithets, the set *refrain*, —the phrase answering to phrase like echoes (the common property of all singers)—admirably fit them for being learned *by heart*,—itself, we may observe, an expression indicating the affection inspired by such an exercise of the intellect. Look, for example, at the deliciously tender 'Binnorie:'—

'O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For there is a lady or milk-white swan
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The

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The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae braw,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her lilie feet,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden fringes were sae deep,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

Here the stanzas follow each other as naturally, and slip into the memory as easily, as beads down a string. In 'Sir James the Rose' we have—

'"O gae ye doun to yon laigh house,
And I'll pay there your lawing,
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet you at the dawing."

"I'll no gae doun to yon laigh house,
For you to pay my lawing,
But I'll lay doun upon the bent,
And bide there till the dawing."'

The music repeats itself, in fact, each time with a variety in the sense, but still with a regularity of sound which helps the memory. And as certain epithets or expressions, once found to be happy, are admitted to a standard rank in the ballads, the task of learning becomes still easier. Now, all this tended, at the period when ballad-literature was still living and popular, to make it a familiar possession throughout the kingdom. So the doughty Douglases, gay Gordons, gallant Grahams, &c., came to be household names throughout the kingdom, and the members of such families were inspired with a sense of honour and a pride in their popularity from the cradle. We have not the least doubt that it is to the tie woven by music which the ballad-literature created in Scotland between gentle and simple, that we owe a remarkable circumstance which, at first sight, puzzles people unacquainted with Scottish traditions. We allude to the undoubted fact that a great many of the most popular Scots songs—the songs

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songs best known from Maidenkirk to John o'Groat's—were written by Scotsmen and Scotswomen of quality. This could not have happened without a wonderful coincidence of feeling and habit between different orders. Old times can never have presented a spectacle of so-called gentlefolks knowing no more of the feelings, opinions, and humours of the good people round about their neighbourhood, than of those of the ryots of the Presidency of Madras.

During the interval between the days of Scott and Motherwell, and those in which the new generation is flourishing, Scottish Minstrelsy ought, one would think, to have increased in popular esteem and familiarity. But Mr. Aytoun's experience seems rather to have taught him that a system of 'pilfering' has been going on, not favourable to the morality of the public, nor very creditable to its taste for the 'genuine stuff.' In explaining his motives for publishing the volumes before us at this moment, he has the following remarks:—

"Before my attention was drawn to active literary pursuits, almost all the floating minstrelsy, which time had spared, had been collected by able, industrious, and venerable hands—drawn from the great current, and piled in separate heaps—but not, as it appeared to me, properly assorted or arranged. I saw that a good deal of this material was being quietly pilfered for purposes of transmogrification, and that various old favourites of mine had been furbished, dressed up, and exhibited to the public, with applause as novelties; and knowing well the value of much that remained, I was not without apprehension that in the course of time the whole stock would be absorbed to reappear in modern glitter and resonance, just as if a hidden treasure of unicorns, bonnet-pieces, and Jacobuses, were to be discovered by a sly appropriator, and by him to be recast as medals bearing his own name and legend.'—*Introduction*, pp. xvii. xviii.

If what is here, so well said, be true, as we cannot doubt, the truth is not over-creditable to the Northern public, whose ancient literature is practically at this moment represented by their Minstrelsy alone, and who may always point to *it* as an unanswerable proof that there is something nobler in their blood than that 'canny' element which is their typical characteristic, according to the English satirists. We suspect, for our own parts, that a certain pseudo-fashionable preference for foreign novelties has something to do with 'Bonnie Scotland's' disposition to neglect her hereditary song. A Galloway fiddler, whose services had been engaged for a festal occasion, not many years ago, persisted in the most hideous efforts to draw from his instrument the refined strains of a great Southern master. At last, one of the company ventured to ask him whether he could not possibly oblige

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oblige the company with something native—'Maggie Lauder,' for example, or 'Roy's Wife'? The minstrel shook his head dubiously—'*Weel, Sir, I'm mair in the Y'Italian way!*' We fear that many Scots damsels with the paley-gold hair (for the beautiful ballad hair is still seen in the North) are too exclusively attached to 'Y'Italian' associations in music.

To be sure, as regards the *ballads* (and the *songs*, after all, can never permanently wane out of fashion), Professor Aytoun has done the best thing possible for them. Before the date of his handsome volumes the lover of Minstrelsy was in a position of some difficulty. He might buy Mr. Whitelaw's 'Book of Ballads;' but pretty and portable as it is (and the really curious on the subject can hardly dispense with it), the accumulation in it of modern pieces, and of various versions of old pieces, makes it tedious to the reader who wishes for a thoroughly winnowed text of the old ballads, and that alone. On the other hand, Mr. Chambers's collection gives only sixty-eight ancient poems, to Mr. Aytoun's one hundred and thirty-seven. Thus the work of the latter must remain *the* edition, unless the text can be proved to be so ill-selected as to leave the reader divided between Mr. Whitelaw's book, and the necessity of purchasing, say twenty books, and collating for himself. But it is hard to see how any man of letters could come better prepared by natural faculty and peculiar attainments to his work than Mr. Aytoun; and we have much pleasure in pointing out some of the merits of his edition. He, to begin with, has supplied a new fact about Sir Patrick Spens. The absence of all mention of that worthy's name anywhere but in the ballad has long vexed the editors. Mentioning this circumstance, he observes:—

'It is true that the name of Sir Patrick Spens is not mentioned in history; but I am able to state that tradition has preserved it. In the little island of Papa Stronsay, one of the Orcadian group, lying *over against Norway*, there is a large grave or tumulus which has been known to the inhabitants *from time immemorial* as "the grave of Sir Patrick Spens."'

This is certainly worth something; and we have taken the liberty of putting the most significant parts of the statement in italics. Then, he has emended a stanza of 'Sir Patrick' very felicitously and simply. The common readings have—

'To Norway, to Norway,
To Norway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter *of* Norway,
'Tis those maun bring her hame.'

For

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For which, Mr. Aytoun reads—

'To Norway, to Norway,
To Norway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter to Norway,
'Tis thou maun tak' her hame.'

This is necessary to the theory of Motherwell—which best explains the ballad, and is confirmed by a passage in Fordun—that its real subject was the expedition of Alexander III.'s daughter to Norway to marry, in 1281, Eric, king of that country.

Again: Mr. Chambers has admitted some stanzas, the inferiority of which is so marked as to prove their spuriousness, into *his* copy of Sir Patrick; and these Mr. Aytoun omits. But we question the propriety of 'leathern shoon' for 'cork-heeled shoon,' for why should the Scots lords be 'laith' to wet *them*, and what becomes of the fun in that case? If the common reading is an intrusion, better excise than spoil it. That excision is one of the rights of a ballad editor, we hold to be indubitable. He is certain—of what an editor of the classics often only guesses at—that his text has been added to in the course of time and tradition; nay, he has often reason to suspect his last editor even, for men have less scruple in adding to an old ballad than they would have in foisting a piece into one of Cicero's orations. Besides, the task is easier; and where are the MSS. in most cases by which to convict him? Accordingly, we have watched the exercise of this right in Mr. Aytoun's edition, and find a judicious use of the knife. Mr. Chambers is frequently far too tender; and yet he allows himself full powers over the text. The Professor has purged 'Johnny of Braidislie' wisely of a good deal that his more lenient predecessor had left; and the same may be said of his 'May Collean,' 'Clerk Saunders,' 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' and others. Mr. Aytoun, indeed, everywhere shows a wholesome dread of accepting too much. We are not infrequently told by editors that 'the following was obtained from recitations,' without a hint of evidence as to time, place, and authority. We are left to decide on the probable genuineness of something 'obtained' by one, whom we know to be himself a clever versifier, from an anonymous 'old woman.' So, a scrupulous and fastidious editor is welcome; and Mr. Aytoun is both.

Collation, however, like cookery, is much pleasanter in the results than in the process, and therefore we forbear to make a merciless use of the notes before us, in which the 'readings' of Aytoun are compared with those of some of his best predecessors

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decessors—a comparison which has led us to the favourable judgment we have pronounced. What is of more general interest to remark is, that here we have in his volumes a final work on the Ballads of Scotland. There may be new editors who, fancying that they are more capable of editing than Mr. Aytoun, may try to supersede him. But what we mean is, that these ballads have passed into literature as completely as the lyrics of Horace; that the days when ballads can be recovered from recitation have passed away; and that all future editors will deal with these creations of the popular genius, as printed portions of our letters—*living* only in type. That some are spontaneously sung in Scotland to this hour is probably true; but that any are still sung which have not been printed—still less that any new ones worthy of printing are in course of creation—is in the highest degree improbable. Mr. Aytoun has nothing new to offer us, except a traditionary ballad on the old theme of the Battle of Harlaw, which, after all, is not equal in merit to the general run of previously established favourites. And he holds out no hope of our recovering any more. Whatever marks an epoch is worthy of special observation, and an epoch is marked by this statement. Antiquaries like Mr. Maidment, whose 'Scottish Ballads and Songs' will find its place on the shelves of the curious, may, indeed, recover 'stall copies' and broadsides, good contributions to the history of Scottish manners, and sometimes valuable in helping editors to improved ballad texts. But, then, these publications (though the more we have of them, from the editor of the 'North Countrie Garland,' the better) do not affect our point—a point not for the antiquary only, but for the historian and the philosopher. Did Fletcher of Saltoun, when he made his celebrated observation about 'writing the ballads,' foresee that a day would come when ballads would die out? Are we drifting to a period when the popular literature will only be that which is made *for* the people (some of it not in the best spirit), and when none will be forthcoming *among* them? For, be it observed, that literature may be written by persons said 'to belong to the people;' but who, writing only in the wake of books, and for what is called the 'reading public,' may never really address the popular heart at all. These are grave questions. We know that a change of the kind took place in the commonwealths of antiquity; that Aristophanes deplored the decay of ancient song in Athens, and Cicero the extinction of antique verse in Rome. We see similar phenomena among ourselves; and it is not for what the change is only, but for what it is a sign of, that we should study it. If all

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all tradition and regard for tradition is dying away, that can be no trifle; and unless something be poured into the *vacuum* for ever forming itself, what have we to hope?

Scotland will be one of the last countries in Europe—much as she has been changing of late years—to lose her ancient characteristics. With all the prose in her daily life, all her eagerness in money-making, all her sectarian severity, all her hard-headed, hard-handed efforts to be *only* practical, and to take the lead in what is practical; and with her radicals sitting for every borough, a strong vein of feudalism, a thread of minstrelsy, runs through the old kingdom, and has far more effect upon her than the people themselves suppose. This is the secret of their Wallace Monuments, Burns Centenaries, and Scottish Rights Movements; of that respect for historic families and ancient names which sometimes breaks out even ludicrously in persons who are determined to deny the political deductions from such a sentiment. Now, all this ardour of temperament is at once the cause of her minstrelsy, and is acted on by her minstrelsy; as the mist which at one time rises from the bosom of earth descends upon it at another in the form of refreshing dew. The very *differentia* of the Scot's character is the union of more than ordinary worldly keenness with more than ordinary susceptibility to romantic influences.

We have dealt, on this occasion, principally with that section of the Minstrelsy of Scotland which comprises the ballads. To do equal justice to the songs would demand an inquiry into the origin and history of the melodies themselves, such as scarcely belongs to the province of literary criticism, or, at all events, would carry us far beyond the limits of a single essay. But we must not conclude without pointing out the relations which the common songs of the country bear to those more ancient, important, and elaborate productions which we have been busy with up to this time.

The literary history of the songs is much the same as that of the ballads. Many of them are lost. They waned out of fashion for a long time in the same way. They were revived by the congenial care of Ramsay, and were illustrated by the laborious researches of Ritson. But they have always enjoyed a greater vitality than their kindred the ballads. The ballads were sung, or perhaps, we should say, chanted, yet who can now point out to what tunes or under what laws this was done? Then, some of the finest songs can be determined to some fixed modern date, while the ballads are generally lost in antiquity, or, at least, are as old as the seventeenth century. The province of the ballad is more limited;

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limited; that of the song is universal. The establishment of history and literature through printing was necessarily fatal to the creation of new ballads proper, for how could tradition get time enough to diffuse its version of an event when once the era of printed news had come in? It became impossible to set going a 'Marie Hamilton' as society changed; but as long as there is fun and genius enough in the world, there may be songs like the 'Maggie Lauder' and 'Blythsome Bridal' of Francis Sempill of Beltrees. Let manners change as they may, genius will find in the new manners materials for its powers.

What, however, more than all modern events, affected the history of song in Scotland was the appearance of Burns, whose immense natural parts shone in everything he said or wrote, but whose *genius*, strictly speaking, found its happiest exercise and most abiding influence in song-writing. We repeat that the traditionary song-literature of Scotland constituted the best part of his culture, as his excellent father's qualities and example gave him the best part of his character.* So that there is nothing wonderful in his having superseded a great deal of older Scottish song by absorbing it into himself, and pouring it forth again in new and better shapes. This was what he did, and, as far as we know, it is without a parallel in the literary history of any other country. His own directly original works—we mean those not so immediately inspired by earlier models, such as Tam o' Shanter, for instance—place him in the very first rank; but the most valuable part of his service to Scotland was his embodying her hereditary music in immortal modern forms. He is sometimes compared with Moore. But Burns took a Scottish tune and clothed it with the language of living Scottish humanity; Moore took an Irish tune, and made it a string for stringing pearls in the shape of drawing-room epigrams.

The result of this bent of the genius of Burns is that we find in his pages songs which, besides being *his*, are types of the whole song-literature of Scotland. Especially is this the case when he takes the *ower-word* or burden of an older ditty, and divining, as it were, what the earlier bard was aiming at, gives a sweeter and fuller voice to his meaning than the bard himself could reach. Everybody knows 'Highland Mary,' but everybody does not know (at least in England) the

* Burns's forefathers were farmers in Kincardineshire, of superior character and education, though his father had to begin the world as a very poor man. When that father's character and the national provision for teaching the humbler classes are allowed for, the poet becomes less of a mere prodigy than is vulgarly supposed. He was the last man who would have liked to be exalted at the expense of Scotland.

songs

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songs we glance at, and we shall print one or two accordingly. How charming is this!—

'By yon castle wa' at the close of the day
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the saut tears doun came,
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

The kirk is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We daurna weel say it, but we ken wha's to blame,
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green graves in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same,
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!'

The chief characteristic of the songs, as distinct from the ballads (with which they have naturally much in common), is, that humour plays a more conspicuous part in them; and the exquisitely delicious way in which fun and sentiment mingle with each other deserves particular notice. Poetic humour was one of Burns's choicest gifts, and it was generally employed for homely and everyday effects. We confess that we have always thought his 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' infinitely more delightful than many songs of higher pretension. The kindness and slyness at the heart of all its fun and fancy is quite winning:—

Chorus.

'*O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,*
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me:
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O, whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me:
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
O, whistle, &c.

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Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee:
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me:
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O, whistle, &c.'

The Scots language is peculiarly rich in those forms of expression which are suited to a familiar and half-playful tenderness. In an epistle to Dr. Blacklock, Burns could have a stanza like that we are about to quote, and yet not come within the least approach to vulgarity:—

'My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Luckie,
I wot she is a daintie chuckie,
As e'er trod clay!
An' gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm your's for aye.'

The home-spun warmth and playfulness of language like this is a testimony, in its way, to the natural disposition of the people.

The temptation to swell our pages with specimens of this branch of the Scottish minstrelsy is great. But we must confine ourselves now to remarking one singularly wholesome and promising thing about it, which is, that the faculty for creating new and popular songs—songs really accepted by THE PEOPLE—seems to exist in Scotland with a vigour and permanence which sets at defiance the caprices of fashion and the decay of ancient customs, and which we sincerely hope may long contribute to the vigour of the national character. Few things are oftener remarked in England than the want of new songs which might enliven the labour and illumine the life of the working-classes. Our eminent living poets do not fulfil this office, whatever their other merits; and our poetasters do it so badly, that it would be almost better if they did nothing at all. Yet Scotland—though she is worse off at this moment than formerly—has certainly given birth to more good and popular songs within the last half-century than her sister-kingdom of the south. The names of Hogg, Tannahill, Joannie Baillie, Lady Nairn, Lady Anne Lindsay, all recall to memory lyrics rich in every variety of lyrical beauty, so excellent is the operation on a country of a traditionary minstrelsy perpetually inspiring rivalry, and perpetually training the public to add to the ancient store. The 'Modern Scottish Minstrel' of Mr. Rogers deserves recognition, as embodying the best of these later songs, and gratifying a natural curiosity about the lives of their authors. At the same time, we must frankly confess that the work falls off both in interest and value in the later

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later volumes. The very existence of a minstrelsy so copious as that of Scotland tends to breed poetasters; and a delusive idea has prevailed north of the Tweed, that, as a certain great poet was once a ploughboy, he was so *because* he was a ploughboy, and not in spite of that circumstance. Mr. Rogers too much encourages such error by sweeping into his work all sorts of indifferent verses from the pens of men who should rather have confined themselves to cheering with the music of their elders and betters the ordinary useful occupations of life.

We cannot dismiss the subject without advising our readers—north of the Tweed and south of it—to put the minstrelsy of Scotland to its proper use in education while amusing themselves with it in mature age. The ballads especially have an attraction for children at a very early age; they form a healthy, noble, and inspiring kind of literature for youth—a literature which has a direct tendency to foster in our British youngsters sound historical ideas, generosity of sentiment, and manliness of character.

ART. III.—1. *Report of the National Gallery Site Commission presented to both Houses of Parliament.* 1857.

2. *Catalogues of the Pictures in the National Gallery, with Biographical Notices of the deceased Painters (Foreign and English Schools).* By Ralph N. Wornum; revised by Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A. 1858.

3. *Copy of a Report of the Keeper of the Department of Antiquities to the Trustees of the British Museum respecting the want of accommodation for that department, dated 7th July,* 1858. Presented to the House of Commons.

4. *Copy of Communications made by the Officers and Architect of the British Museum to the Trustees respecting want of Space, &c.* Presented to the House of Commons March, 1859.

MANY of our readers will remember the birth of The National Gallery, in the dull and dingy rooms of a private dwelling in Pall Mall, and how, as it advanced in years though scarcely in size, it was removed to the even darker regions of Marlborough House, where until very lately a grateful country kept the works of her greatest painters, which for the most part had been generously bequeathed to her. As we have recently given a sketch of the history of the British Museum,* we now propose to devote a few pages to the history, condition, and prospects of our national collection of pictures.

* Quarterly Review for July, 1858, No. 207.

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A picture gallery, specially set apart or exhibited for public amusement and instruction, is but a recent institution in this country. Whilst nearly every European state has for generations possessed such a collection, and has recognised its importance to art and to the cultivation of public taste, it was not until the year 1824 that the National Gallery was founded in England. On the death about that time of an eminent connoisseur, Mr. Angerstein, it was suggested that the valuable pictures he had collected should be purchased for the nation. Parliament was induced to grant 57,000*l.* for this purpose, and an additional sum of 3000*l.* for the expenses of exhibition and preservation. The number of paintings thus acquired was not large, but it included several of the highest merit—such as 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by Sebastian del Piombo, probably the most precious in money value we possess; four fine Claudes; and Rembrandt's 'Woman taken in Adultery;' together with nine admirable specimens of the English school, comprising the portrait of Lord Heathfield, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; his own portrait, and the 'Marriage à la Mode,' by Hogarth; and Wilkie's 'Village Festival.' During the following ten years only four pictures were added by purchase, amongst them, however, the excellent 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of Titian; but thirty were presented to the nation, sixteen having been bequeathed by Sir G. Beaumont, to the trustees of the British Museum, who deposited them in the National Gallery. Within the next ten years fifteen were bought, comprising several very important works, such as Correggio's 'Mercury instructing Cupid,' Raphael's 'St. Catherine,' and the great altar-piece in two divisions, by Francia. During the same period one hundred were presented and bequeathed, including the collections of the Rev. W. H. Carr, Col. Ollney, and Lord Farnborough, the greater part being pictures by the old masters.

A National Gallery having thus been founded, the duty devolved upon the Government of providing for its proper administration. On the purchase of the Angerstein collection the Board of Treasury, to which by a strange inconsistency the artistic education of the country had been confided, appointed for the purpose a 'keeper,' whose duty it was to take charge of the pictures, to negotiate for such as might be selected for purchase, and to regulate the admission of students and the public to the Gallery. A committee of six gentlemen was named to undertake the general superintendence. Subsequently this committee was changed into a trust; the number of trustees was increased to seventeen; and the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer became *ex officio* members of the board.

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The inconvenience attending this system of administration, the incompetence of the trustees to deal with the interests confided to them, and their want of the requisite experience and knowledge, which led to the loss of some of the best opportunities ever offered to this country of acquiring valuable pictures, and to the serious injury of those committed to their charge, were so generally recognised, that the House of Commons appointed a select committee in 1853 to inquire into the management of the National Gallery.* The Committee recommended, amongst other things, that a board of trustees should be continued, but without *ex officio* members; that its numbers, which were then thirteen, should be reduced as vacancies occurred; that the office of keeper should be abolished, and a salaried director appointed instead, who should recommend the purchase of pictures; and that a sum should be annually voted in the estimates, to be placed at the disposal of the trustees for the purpose of adding to the collection.

The Board of Treasury, acting upon these recommendations, limited the number of trustees to six. They appointed a director invested with sufficient power and authority for five years with a salary of 1000*l.* a-year, selecting for the office the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, a gentleman admirably qualified in every respect to discharge the duties assigned to him. They further named Mr. Wornum keeper and secretary, with a salary of 750*l.* a-year and a residence, confiding to him the actual custody of all the works of art comprised in the National Gallery, the compilation of the catalogues, and the duties of secretary to the Board of Trustees. M. Otto Mündler became travelling agent, at a salary of 300*l.* a-year, and travelling expenses. His duty was to ascertain and describe the contents of private and other collections abroad, and to obtain the earliest information of any intended sale. Sixteen subordinate attendants completed the establishment. Such, with one exception, which we shall presently notice, is the actual constitution of the National Gallery.

But a question no less important than the improved system of management had previously presented itself. Where was the national collection to be exhibited? It had rapidly outgrown the space originally allotted to it, and required a building expressly constructed for its reception. It was at length determined to raise a suitable edifice, and Government chose for this purpose 'the finest site in Europe,' which had been recently cleared to Charing

* It appeared from the evidence given before this Committee that during one whole year no meeting of the trustees had been held; in other years only one, or at the most two.

Cross.

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Cross. In 1832 Mr. W. Wilkins, the architect selected, commenced his work: six years after, it was opened to the public.

The architectural features of this building have been unmercifully criticised, whilst its failure, as regards the specific object for which it was intended, has been generally admitted. Few will be found to deny that the edifice is unworthy of the site it occupies, and that a gallery could scarcely be devised more mean in its proportions, and less calculated to exhibit a collection of pictures even of moderate extent. In fairness, however, to the architect, it must not be forgotten that he had no ordinary difficulties to contend with—that he was cramped for space, and fettered by the exigencies of a style then popular. At the very outset a grave mistake was committed—that of consigning half the building to the Royal Academy, a private association of living artists, who, whatever their claims may have been upon the Government, should not have received for the exhibition of their works any part of the space intended for the national collection. In consequence of this division, it was found that only the pictures by the old masters could be exhibited with tolerable light and convenience. The collection of English pictures had been increased by the munificent bequest of Mr. Vernon, consisting of no less than 147 works of the best painters of the modern English school. It was consigned to the basement floor, and condemned for want of room to the dark chambers known as the cellars. In consequence of a general outcry at this unworthy treatment, it was removed to Marlborough House, and then commenced that series of shifts and expedients which has never ceased. As in the case of the British Museum, the evil was one that might have been foreseen by any man of common sense, and might have been avoided in the first instance. It has long reached that point at which every one joins in the cry that 'something must be done.'

When the new building was opened in 1838, the collection of ancient masters comprised 110 pictures—about the number the rooms allotted to them could conveniently hold, if paintings are hung to be seen, and not as mere furniture to cover the nakedness of the walls. It has now increased to above 350. To the collection of modern pictures of the English school have been added the Vernon Gallery; and Turner has bequeathed no less than 282 pictures and 19,331 water-colour drawings and sketches by his own hand, to the nation, on the condition that a room or rooms be expressly provided for their reception. The entire number of paintings, ancient and modern, now forming the National Gallery, without including the National Portrait Gallery, exceeds 600. It is almost daily increasing, through fresh purchases, donations, and

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and bequests; in a very few years it will probably have doubled. The present collection of the ancient masters can be considered but as the nucleus if it is intended to illustrate with any degree of completeness the various schools of painting of different countries and different periods. It will not bear comparison in size with any of the principal European galleries. The Brera at Milan contains above 500 pictures by the old masters, the Royal Gallery of Turin 569, that of Naples 700, that of Madrid 1833, that of Dresden 1860, that of Munich 1270, that of Vienna upwards of 1300, the Louvre 1800, the two great collections of Florence above 2000, and the gallery of Berlin, the most recently founded, 1350. It is even exceeded or rivalled in extent by many private collections. That of the Borghese Palace at Rome contains 526 pictures, of the Duke of Sutherland 323, and of the late Lord Northwick 700. The Gallery of the Vatican is probably the smallest in Europe, having scarcely fifty pictures, but no attempt has been there made to illustrate the schools of painting, and only works of the very highest order of merit, without reference to chronological arrangement, are admitted.

If the magnificent collection brought together with singular judgment by Charles I. had not been dispersed, we might now have boasted not only of one of the most ancient but of one of the richest public galleries in Europe. He had inherited a few pictures and statues belonging originally to Henry VIII. and to Prince Henry his elder brother. Immediately after his accession he began to acquire works of art. The well-known taste of the King, who not only piqued himself upon being an excellent connoisseur of pictures, but was himself something of a painter, induced his courtiers and foreign powers who desired to conciliate his good will to offer him presents of paintings, curiosities, and objects of virtù. Amongst the gifts brought by the Dutch embassy sent to congratulate Charles on the birth of his second daughter Elizabeth, were 'four rare pieces of Tintoret's and Titian's painting.' Philip IV. of Spain gave him a famous Titian, the Venus del Prado; and Louis XIII. of France the St. John the Baptist, by Leonardo da Vinci, now in the Louvre. He liberally encouraged artists at home, and employed agents abroad to purchase pictures and statues wherever they could be obtained. Nicholas Lanier, his principal agent, received no less a sum than 15,000*l.* at one time for works of art, to the great discomfort of Burlamachi, the royal banker, who was called upon to make provision for this large amount. His chief acquisition was the gallery of the Dukes of Mantua, one of the oldest and most celebrated in Europe.

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In the interesting collection of the original papers of Rubens, recently published by Mr. Sainsbury, we find some curious particulars of this purchase. One Daniel Nys was employed to negotiate. 'Since I came into the world,' he writes to Endymion Porter, 'I have made various contracts, but never a more difficult one than this, which has succeeded so happily. In the first place, the city of Mantua, and then all the princes of Christendom, both great and small, were struck with astonishment that we could induce the Duke Vincenzo to dispose of them. The people of Mantua made so much noise about it, that if Duke Vincenzo could have had them back again he would readily have paid double, and his people would have been willing to supply the money.' * For this collection he paid, as we learn by the royal warrant, still preserved, 18,280*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.*,† which, considering the then rate of money, was an enormous sum for those days. But it contained masterpieces of the greatest painters of the end of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries. To them were afterwards added Raphael's Cartoons, brought by Rubens to the notice of the King, and purchased through his intervention. According to a catalogue compiled by Vanderdoort, who was the keeper of the royal pictures, there were in the Palace of Whitehall 460 paintings, amongst which were no less than 9 Raphaels, 2 Leonardo da Vincis, 11 Correggios, 28 Titians, 16 Giulio Romanos, 7 Tintorets, 3 Rembrandts, 7 Rubens, 16 Vandycks, and 3 Albert Dürers. The collection seems to have been scarcely less rich in masterpieces of the Dutch and German than of the Italian schools.

At the King's death pictures in various royal palaces were sold by public auction for the sum of 38,025*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* Cromwell appears to have been desirous of preventing the dispersion of this magnificent gallery, but was thwarted by the opposition of a party in the House. He, however, succeeded at a later period in stopping the sale, having previously purchased Raphael's Cartoons for the nation for 300*l.*; a remarkable and very fortunate instance of his judgment and taste, considering the spirit of the times and the more attractive appearance of many of the pictures. It is curious to compare the prices at this sale with those of modern times. The Triumphs of Julius Cæsar by Mantegna, from the Mantua collection, fetched 1000*l.*, a proof of the very high estimation in which this great master was held; the Twelve Cæsars by Titian 1200*l.*, his Venus del Prado

* Translation of a letter dated from Venice in April, 1628; appendix to Mr. Sainsbury's 'Original unpublished Papers of Sir Peter Paul Rubens,' p. 325.

† Dr. Waagen says 80,000*l.*; probably a misprint for florins.—*Art Treasures in England*, vol. i. p. 7.

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600*l.*; the Sleeping Venus by Correggio 1000*l.*, the Satyr Flayed, by the same master, 1000*l.*, and his Mercury teaching Cupid to read 800*l.* (this picture was purchased for the National Gallery from the Marquis of Londonderry, together with the 'Ecce Homo' by the same master, in 1834, for 11,500*l.*); Raphael's 'Little Madonna and Child' 800*l.*, his St. George only 150*l.*, his portrait of the Marquis of Mantua 200*l.*, and the St. John by Leonardo da Vinci 140*l.*, showing either that the reputation of these two great masters had fallen, or that these were considered inferior or doubtful specimens of their works.

The principal purchaser was the Spanish Ambassador, who sent to Spain eighteen mule loads of pictures, amongst which was the celebrated Holy Family by Raphael, known as the 'Perla,' bought for 2000*l.*, and now the gem of the fine gallery of Madrid. On their arrival the English ambassadors, Lords Clarendon and Cottington, were hastily dismissed from the capital that they might be spared the grief of seeing the plundered property of their fallen master. Other royal galleries in Europe were enriched by the spoils of Charles's collections, whilst a share in them fell to private purchasers, chiefly to Jabach, a well-known banker of Cologne, living in Paris. His extravagance, principally displayed in the acquisition of works of art, soon ended in bankruptcy, and the greater part of his paintings were bought for Louis XIV.—amongst them the Jupiter and Antiope by Correggio, and the Entombment, and Christ with the Disciples at Emmaus, by Titian, now the chief ornaments of the Louvre.

Some of Charles's pictures were purchased by English collectors and dealers, and did not leave the country. After the Restoration many were recovered from their then possessors, and becoming, with those that had remained unsold, the property of the royal family, are mentioned in the catalogue of the collection of James II. The greater part of them, however, were unfortunately burnt in the fire which destroyed the Palace of Whitehall in 1697; the remainder are still preserved in the royal collections at Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle.*

A sketch of the history of the principal galleries of Europe may not be uninteresting. That of the Uffizi at Florence represents probably the earliest existing collection of pictures, and, taken with that in the Pitti Palace, brought together by the same illustrious family, forms undoubtedly the richest and most varied possessed by any state. The Medici were powerful when the condition and purpose of art were for the first time in modern

* Dr. Waagen, in the first volume of the 'Art Treasures of Great Britain,' has given an interesting account of the dispersion of the collections of Charles I., and of the origin of the principal public and private galleries in England.

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ages favourable to the foundation of a museum. In the history of art there must always be periods when painting and sculpture have higher and more definite ends and functions than the mere furnishing of specimens to the cabinet of the collector and the connoisseur. It was not until long after the great sculptors of Greece had raised her noblest monuments, and had passed away, that they began to be looked upon as 'old masters,' and their works to be collected as objects of beauty and rarity without any reference to their original office and intention. It was not until long after the death of the great Italian painters of the Revival, who had devoted their genius to the service of religion and to public instruction, that their works were torn from the sanctuaries in which they had placed them and hung in galleries to gratify private vanity or ambition. In the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent this change in the condition of art began to take place. His patronage and his taste may have chiefly contributed to it, and in some respects we may rejoice that it was so, as many precious things were thus rescued from future neglect and destruction. The discovery in his day of some of the most valuable relics of antiquity increased this love of collecting. No royal house ever had the opportunities enjoyed by this princely family, through ecclesiastical, political, and commercial influence and relations, of gratifying the desire. Lorenzo must then be considered as the real founder of the noble Florentine Gallery, which has been continually increased by works expressly painted for it, by purchase, and by inheritance, from some of the most ancient and powerful houses of Italy. It is true that his collection was dispersed on the expulsion of Pietro, his son, in 1494, but eighteen years later it was again brought together on the return of the family to Florence. Cosimo I. employed Vasari, a better architect than painter, to raise the building which still contains the gallery in its upper story—an edifice of beautiful design and proportions, but ill adapted to the exhibition of pictures, its best disposed chamber as to light, the celebrated Tribune, having been constructed some years later by Bernardo Buontalenti. The collection remained the patrimony of the Medicean family until the Grand Duke Peter Leopold, after making valuable additions to it of paintings, statues, and antiquities, declared it public property, reserving as private that noble selection from it still preserved in the Pitti, which is, however, as freely open to all as the Uffizi.

The next in extent if not in importance to the Gallery of Florence is that of Dresden. It may be said to have been founded as early as in the middle of the sixteenth century, by the Elector Augustus I., who collected pictures by Cranach, Albert

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Albert Dürer, and other early German painters. It was enlarged by his successors, who brought together paintings scattered in royal residences, churches, and public buildings, and purchased various specimens of the Italian and other schools. But it was the Elector Augustus III. (1733-1763) and his Minister, Count Brühl, who acquired for the Dresden Gallery those treasures which have raised it to the first rank amongst the galleries of Europe. The Duke of Este Modena, being in want of money, like many other Italian princes both then and since, offered for sale the noble collection of pictures inherited from his ancestors. Negotiations were carried on through the agents of the Saxon Government with the greatest secrecy in the dread of an attempt on the part of the people to oppose by open violence what they considered an alienation of national property. The intrigues and artifices devised by the Duke's Minister to outwit and cheat his German rival were worthy of the best period of Italian diplomacy. The price was, after prolonged wrangling, fixed at 100,000 golden sequins; but the Minister insisted upon a bribe of 100 sequins for himself, then exacted 8000 more by sundry ingenious tricks, and triumphantly concluded the negotiations by robbing the Saxon of the gilded frames. The collection contained six pictures by Correggio, including the celebrated 'Notte' and the 'Magdalen,' Titian's 'Christo della Moneta,' and Holbein's superb portrait of Thomas Morrett, goldsmith to Henry VIII., then believed to be that of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed 'il Moro,' by Leonardo da Vinci; a remarkable instance of the uncertainty of picture nomenclature, as well as a signal tribute to the genius of the German painter.* The next important addition to the gallery was the exquisite picture of the 'Holy Family' by the same great master, which had passed from the possession of the descendant of the wealthy burgomaster, Jacob Meyer of Basle, for whom it was painted, into that of the Delfino family of Venice. The learned Algarotti, the friend and correspondent of half the royal literati of Europe, acted for the Elector, and the painter Tiepolo was the go-between. A thousand golden sequins was fixed as the price of the picture, but various conditions were insisted upon by the owners not unlike those attached to the sale of our own Paul Veronese by Count Pisani, and much cavilled at by hasty critics not acquainted with the manner of 'doing business' in Italy. Signor Tiepolo was to receive 'a present in silver plate and chocolate, and a cane

* Von Rumohr was the first to restore this fine picture to its true author. His judgment has since been ratified by the opinion of the best critics, and has been confirmed by the engraving of W. Hollar. The misnomer seems to have first arisen from an Italian confusion between 'Morrett' and 'Moro.'

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with an amber head mounted in gold, worth fifty sequins,' whilst 462 livres were to be divided between the major-duomo and other servants of the Delfino family.

Ten years later the gallery acquired its greatest treasure—the Madonna di S. Sisto, by Raphael—which, for the union of the highest qualities of execution with the loftiest and tenderest sentiment, and the most exquisite beauty combined with dignity and majesty of expression and of form, is probably the most perfect picture that the art has produced. It was painted, as Vasari tells us, for the high altar of the church of S. Sisto at Piacenza. Tradition records that the painter, revolving in his mind during a sleepless night the treatment of his picture, suddenly beheld at the foot of his bed an apparition of the Virgin accompanied by St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, whilst two beautiful angels, leaning on the foot of his couch, gazed upon the divine vision. The looped curtains enclosed the heavenly picture. The enchanted painter seized the subject thus revealed to him, and produced his matchless work.

The negotiations for the purchase were carried on with great secrecy through a Bolognese painter named Giovannini, and 20,000 ducats, about 10,000*l.*, an enormous sum for those days, but certainly not too great for a priceless work, was finally accepted by the convent. The Dresden Gallery thus became possessed of the two masterpieces of the Italian and German schools. The Saxon Government have since employed agents, amongst whom at one time was Raphael Mengs, to treat for some of the most remarkable pictures in Europe, but no very important additions have been made to the gallery, which contains a large number of works of inferior merit, and is deficient in examples of painters of the early schools.

The collection now in the Louvre was founded by Francis I. in the golden period of modern art, the beginning of the sixteenth century. Italy, then overrun by French arms, had awakened by her glorious monuments of painting and sculpture new tastes and new desires in her ruthless conquerors. Collections of pictures, statues, medals, and antiquities were eagerly acquired at enormous cost. Almost every artist of eminence was invited across the Alps by the most tempting offers of wealth and honourable distinction. Leonardo da Vinci placed his universal genius at the service of the French monarch, but died before he could afford him its proofs in his master's arms, if the touching tradition might be believed in defiance of cold historic truth. Andrea del Sarto executed pictures for Francis and his court, and returning to Florence to purchase and to paint for the royal gallery, spent the money confided to him in riotous living

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living with his beautiful but abandoned wife and her worthless friends, causing the angry king to swear that he would have no more to do with Florentine artists. He was better served by Primaticcio, a Bolognese, who came back to France with no less than 124 ancient statues, the nucleus of the present fine collection of sculpture in the Louvre. The register of the royal expenses abounds in goodly items of sums disbursed for works of art. The pictures were chiefly kept in the kingly château of Fontainebleau. Amongst them, according to Père Dan, whose catalogue is far from complete, were the Mona Lisa and the Vierge aux Rochers of Leonardo da Vinci, four if not five paintings by Raphael (a Holy Family, the Saint Michael, the Saint Margaret, and the portrait of Joan of Aragon), three by Sebastian del Piombo, and one by Titian. During the reign of Louis XIV. and the administration of his great minister, Colbert, the royal collections were raised from 200 to 2000 pictures, having been enriched by the addition of many rare works from the noble gallery of Charles I., originally purchased by Jabach, from whom they were bought for Louis with other works for 200,000 French livres; and by the magnificent collection of statues, busts, and paintings made by Cardinal Mazarin, which passed on his death to the crown. The royal galleries then contained, according to a contemporary catalogue, which, however, is of little authority as to the authenticity of the pictures it describes, no less than 16 Raphaels, 6 Correggios, 10 Leonardo da Vincis, 23 Titians, 18 Paul Veroneses, and 14 Vandykes. According to the catalogue compiled in 1710, there had been transferred to Versailles 1478 pictures, of which 930 were by French and 369 by Italian masters.

By a decree of the National Assembly of the 16th July, 1793, all pictures, busts, and statues, in palaces, residences, gardens, and parks belonging to the royal family and to emigrants, were ordered to be brought to the Louvre, which was then converted into a National Museum of the Arts, with an annual grant of 100,000 livres. There the national collection has remained ever since. Many pictures, robbed from Italy and elsewhere during the Republic and the Empire, were not returned after the Peace through fraud or negligence. The conduct of the Allies in sending back those that were restored to their owners is treated as a serious national grievance by French writers, who denounce in no measured terms the sculptor Canova, the agent for the Italian States in the matter. M. Villot, the compiler of the last catalogue of the Louvre Gallery, declaims in his Introduction against the wrong inflicted upon France by those from whom at least he declares justice and a respect for treaties might

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might have been expected. 'Vain hope!' he exclaims; 'all that was our legitimate possession was torn from us by force. Strange notions of 'legitimate possession' peculiar to a French patriot!

The Louvre has since received few additions. The Spanish pictures bought by Louis Philippe, and those bequeathed to him by Mr. Standish, were removed on his dethronement, and were sold as private property. From M. de Nieuwerkerke's appointment to the direction of the National Museums, in 1850, to the end of last year, 30,000*l.* had been spent in acquiring 22 paintings, but the greater part of that amount was absorbed in the purchase of the 'Immaculate Conception' by Murillo, for the enormous sum of 615,300 francs, or above 24,600*l.*, the largest sum ever paid for one picture. The Louvre now receives an annual grant of 4000*l.*

The picture galleries of Europe were originally formed upon no definite system; consequently, whilst containing many undoubted masterpieces, they are glutted with a number of works of little value either for their artistic merit or their historical interest. The first brought together upon a sound and intelligible plan was that of Berlin. Frederic the Great and his father had both acquired pictures for the royal palaces, and had been grossly cheated by the race of picture-dealers; but it was not until 1815 that the Prussian Government laid the foundation of a suitable National Gallery, by the purchase of the Giustiniani Collection. In 1826 it was further increased by many important specimens of the early masters, bought from an Englishman named Solly. This addition appears to have suggested the present arrangement, which was first adopted by Von Rumohr, and has since been carried out to unrivalled completeness by the present learned director, Dr. Waagen, so well known in this country. Through the intelligent and unceasing exertions of those gentlemen the Berlin Gallery has now become the most valuable in Europe for the illustration of the history of art. The plan laid down by them has been steadily pursued. The collection has been divided into schools and epochs with special reference to instruction; the pictures being classed according to the time and place of birth of the painters, thus affording not only a history of the development of art in each country, but even in different cities of the same country. Purchases have been continually made with express reference to this arrangement, and consequently the series has been rendered perfect in almost all its details.

The principle acted upon in the Berlin Gallery is now almost universally admitted by competent judges to be the only one on which

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which a complete museum of painting can be arranged, and has been generally adopted in other countries, even where the collection is too limited in extent to permit of the illustration of many schools. In forming a national museum of pictures one of two objects must be kept in view: either it is the intention to bring together specimens of none but the best masters as examples of what is recognised as most worthy in art of imitation and study; or the intention is to furnish a history of painting, its rise, development, and decline, under various conditions and circumstances, selecting specimens of every painter of any importance, and taking care that the example chosen is the best that can be procured. It will be obvious that the first plan presents in its execution, as far as the ancient masters are concerned, very great, if not insurmountable, difficulties. Who are the best masters? What school is best deserving of study and imitation? What works should be selected as best calculated to improve or form the public taste—what rejected as likely to injure or corrupt it? These questions, simple as they may appear, are not easily answered, or at least cannot be answered to the satisfaction of every one. Within the last quarter of a century how great has been the change in the estimation of pictures not only in England, but throughout Europe! It is not very long ago that the Eclectic School, and more especially the Bolognese section of it, was considered the most deserving of admiration, as the one which had attained the nearest to perfection. Reynolds, no mean authority, urged the English student to seek in Bologna his best examples, and upon them to found his style. Public and private collections formed when that taste prevailed abound in pictures attributed to Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, and the Carraccis. The result is sufficiently apparent. There arose those schools of weak and insipid painters, whose cold, unmeaning academical works touch no human feeling, and inspire no real sentiment. A reaction has taken place, which, like all other violent reactions, threatens to lead taste and painters into an opposite extreme, no less vicious and hurtful to true art. German Archaism, English Pre-Raphaelitism, and the extravagant prices now paid for the vilest daubs of what is called early or Gothic art, are symptoms of it. Even the merits of pictures placed in the first rank by the ablest judges and practisers of their art are summarily denied, whilst qualities that do not, and cannot exist, are discovered in a certain class of works whose real claim to consideration consists in the period and the peculiar circumstances of their execution.

But there is another and no less serious objection to limiting a National Gallery, as some would propose, to pictures of the first class by the best masters. Supposing that all could agree upon

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upon what are first-class pictures, how are we to obtain them? Works of this character are few in number; they may almost be counted on one's ten fingers. They have, for the most part, long since become the public property of States, and the possibility of their ever being offered for sale is too remote to be taken into account. It is not likely that the Madonna di S. Sisto, the Transfiguration, the Communion of S. Jerome, or Titian's Venus, admitting them to be works of this class, will ever leave the countries in which they now are, and whose most precious heir-looms they have become.

A museum of the fine arts should not only contain works for the artist to copy, but materials for study and comparison. Such materials are far more important to the painter who desires to trust to his own genius and invention than one or two master-pieces which he is continually called upon to imitate. Raphael and his great contemporaries formed their style and developed their powers by the study of the works of Masaccio, the Lippis, Pietro delle Francesca, Melozzo, and the painters of the fifteenth century, who were yet struggling to attain the highest place. The painters of modern Italy are constantly employed in copying the masterpieces of the best period, and with what result? They have become nothing but the weakest of imitators. Moreover a National Gallery is not alone intended for the education of artists, it is also meant for the instruction and gratification of the people—to furnish them with the means of forming their taste and judgment, upon which, after all, the true advancement of art and the character and quality of the artist's work must depend.

The man of education can always find an interest in a genuine picture which fairly and truthfully represents the thoughts, sentiments, or knowledge of the age in which it was executed. This interest is altogether apart from that experienced by the artist and the professed connoisseur, which comparatively few can feel, as it requires an acquaintance with the details and practice of the art, only to be attained by long study and much observation. It demands no profound knowledge of the mere technical merits of a painting. It is to be enjoyed by every reflecting visitor to a well-arranged gallery, and by every intelligent traveller. There are certain qualities in a picture—harmony or richness of colour, symmetry or grace of composition, purity or elevation of sentiment—which any one of the least refinement can more or less appreciate who will trust to his own feelings and taste, and who will not suffer himself to be led astray by mere conventional theories and fashionable prejudices. There is in every work of art of any value the impress of the mind of the man who painted it, and consequently more or less an indication of the opinions and

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and habits of the age in which he lived. Hence in the development of painting may be traced a particular phase of the development of the human mind. A study of unbounded interest and variety is thus open to us. It is in this spirit that the pictures of the early masters must be regarded, and not with reference to their abstract value or intrinsic merits, however great they may be, as mere works of art, and they will prove a never-failing source of pleasure and instruction.

Such considerations as those we have enumerated have now led to the arrangement of nearly all the public galleries in Europe upon the historical and chronological plan. It has also been adopted in theory in our own National Gallery by Sir Charles Eastlake, although want of room and the difficulty of obtaining authentic specimens of the early masters, which shall be even average examples of their character and style, have prevented its being hitherto carried into practice. It is essential that early pictures should be genuine. Their value depends entirely upon their being the real production of the painter, and consequently of the period, to which they are attributed. A mere imitation is worse than useless, and Italian dealers are now so skilful in fabricating pictures of this class, owing to a thoughtless demand for them arising out of the fashion of the day and our superabundant wealth, that much wariness and discrimination are required in detecting forgeries. How, it may be asked, are we to judge of the authenticity of a picture? One method is its comparison with a signed or proved work by the master. There are certain peculiarities of style and technical qualities, almost imperceptible to the unpractised eye, and frequently only to be detected after minute examination and diligent study, which will identify the productions of the same painter, as certain peculiarities will enable an expert judge to determine the identity of two handwritings. But the genuineness of a picture is most satisfactorily established either by the signature upon it of the painter himself, or by its description in contemporary documents, or in the works of authors who had the means of knowing the truth concerning it. It was almost an universal custom amongst the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and by no means an uncommon one amongst those of the commencement of the sixteenth, to authenticate a picture, especially when they were well satisfied with it, by affixing to it their name, a date, and frequently the name of the person or community at whose expense or by whose order it was painted. Such pictures, which derive additional value from being signed, have now for the most part been absorbed into public collections, and it is consequently difficult to obtain them. Forging a signature is no

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uncommon practice of picture-dealers, and one of no modern date. Certain chemical tests, or even a little pure water, and frequently the clumsiness of the forgery, such as the use of forms of letters unknown at the period, are generally sufficient to expose the fraud.

The signed pictures in the National Gallery may be accepted as genuine. The principal documentary evidence relating to others consists of contracts between the painter and the community or person for whom the picture was painted, frequently describing with great minuteness the subject of the work and its mode of treatment. For instance, the contract for the altar-piece in tempera, representing the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels and saints (No. 283), entered into by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the year 1461, is still preserved at Florence. It not only specifies the manner in which the painter is to treat his subject to the most minute details, but engages that it shall be executed entirely by his own hand. Its history may then be traced step by step from the oratory for which it was originally painted, and where it was seen by Vasari a century later, into the possession of the family from whom it was purchased for the National Gallery.

The best authority upon pictures of the schools of Central Italy up to the middle of the sixteenth century are the well-known Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects by Vasari. These admirable biographies, the most important contribution ever made to the history of art, were written at the suggestion of Paolo Giovio, who intended to incorporate them into his history of illustrious men. He was, however, so much struck with their completeness and the felicity and ease of their style, that he prevailed upon the author to publish them as an independent work. Although the undisguised predilection of Vasari for his own school, and for those painters who had been in any way connected with it, leads him frequently to exaggerate beyond bounds the merits of the masters of his native Tuscany, and either to pass over altogether some of the most eminent men of other parts of Italy, or to treat them with unjust indifference, his Lives are full of valuable information and judicious criticisms, and are characterised by a charming simplicity and a descriptive power which render them a model of biographical style. Writing, as he did, when some of the greatest painters the world ever saw were still living, when the memory of others scarcely less great was still fresh, and whilst the masterpieces of the Revival were still bright and unharmed, he has preserved a multitude of details concerning the men and their works of the highest interest, which but for his industry and zeal would have been for ever lost to us.

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He is frequently inaccurate, he is often too credulous, he is sometimes uncandid; nevertheless, his judgment, when unprejudiced by national or personal jealousies, is true, and his taste singularly correct, considering the time at which he wrote, when the ebb of art had already set in, and no painter was faster carried away by the receding tide, judging from his works, than Vasari himself. Whilst an ardent follower of the school formed by the degenerate followers and imitators of Michelangelo and Raphael, and adopting their canons of style, he did not refuse his admiration to those great early painters to whom was due the glory of the revival of painting in Italy, and whose works, subsequently allowed to fall into shameful neglect and decay, are again recognised as the foundation of all true Christian art.

It is, then, upon the principle that a National Gallery should consist of a selection of the works of the painters of different schools and periods, arranged historically and chronologically for general instruction, without reference to their artistic merits alone, and that only pictures of undoubted authenticity and fairly representing the peculiar style and characteristics of the master should be admitted into it, that Sir Charles Eastlake has acted. During the short period of his management of the Gallery he has done more to make it really valuable than was accomplished during the thirty years which elapsed between the time of its foundation and his appointment as Director. He has raised it from a small collection brought together upon no system—although containing a few choice works—to one which promises ere long to be, if the plan he has adopted be steadily pursued, in the completeness of its arrangement and the variety, value, and judicious selection of its contents, worthy of the wealth and growing taste of the country. His profound knowledge of the history and principles of art, his intimate acquaintance with the galleries of Europe, his highly cultivated and refined taste, his literary distinction, and the respect and esteem he so universally enjoys at home and abroad, have eminently qualified him for the difficult, and in many respects delicate, task confided to him. A man of sensitive mind and nice honour placed in his position is not to be envied. The jealousies and rivalry of the irritable race of collectors and connoisseurs are not less notorious than those of the most ardent politicians. It is difficult to find the man who will admit the merits of his neighbour's picture. There has scarcely been an important painting purchased for the National Gallery of which the genuineness, the condition, or the price has not been assailed with rancorous animosity and denounced with uncompromising

 indignation.

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indignation.* Even when individual feelings are allayed, there always remains that legitimate diversity of tastes and opinions in judging of works of art, whose qualities, after all, cannot be brought to the test of any generally accepted standard. In addition to all this, there has been the difficulty, and no slight one, of introducing a new system for which the public, and, we suspect, some of the Trustees, were not prepared, and to which they are scarcely even yet fully reconciled. It is only by the confidence inspired by his high character, by the reliance placed upon his judgment and knowledge, and by his own tact and good sense, that the Director has been able to overcome opposition and to persevere in the plan he has so wisely laid down.

During the four years of Sir Charles Eastlake's administration, above ninety pictures, all of more or less importance, have been purchased for the nation, whilst for the thirty previous years only seventy-four had been thus acquired. Amongst them are some admirable specimens of the Italian schools, which would alone almost make the reputation of a Gallery: such, for instance, as 'The Family of Darius,' by Paul Veronese, one of the most celebrated of that illustrious painter's works, purchased from the Pisani family, for whom it was painted, for 13,650*l.*—a sum, large as it may appear, not too large for a nation to pay for one of the few great masterpieces not shut up for ever in a public gallery;—the altarpiece, in three compartments, by Pietro Perugino, equally remarkable for the richness of its colouring, the exquisite beauty and sentiment of the heads, and its admirable preservation, bought from the Duke Melzi, of Milan, whose ancestor obtained it from the church of the Certosa of Pavia, for which, we learn from Vasari, it was expressly painted;†—the Virgin and Child, with two Saints, by Mantegna, which, though not one of the most important of his works in point of size, is not one of the least

* The lines of Dryden upon the detractors of Sir Godfrey Kneller may, with still greater propriety, be addressed to Sir Charles Eastlake, who has deserved the gratitude of every lover of art:—

> 'In vain they snarl aloof a noisy crowd,
> Like women's anger, impotent and loud:
> While they their barren industry deplore,
> Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.'

† The altarpiece consisted of six compartments, one of which, the upper, still remains in its original place. The three now in the National Gallery were removed from the Certosa in 1786. They proved too large for the frame intended to receive them, and were barbarously cut down to fit it. Copies having been substituted for the originals at the time of their removal, the parts destroyed may still be seen. Beneath the feet of S. Michael was the figure of the Devil; and beneath the Virgin, whose knees are now awkwardly brought to the very edge of the frame, was a space of some inches.

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interesting and instructive, displaying, as it does, his great force of expression, the admirable delicacy of his execution, and the influence exercised upon his style by the study of the antique;—the altarpiece by Filippino Lippi, also bought from the family for whom it was painted, and in whose possession it had remained until its sale to the National Gallery, in many respects one of the most important works of a painter whose genius and whose influence upon the great masters of the sixteenth century have not yet been sufficiently recognised;—the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Pollajuolo, also obtained from the descendants of its original possessors, a picture forming, on account of the attempts at foreshortening, anatomical development, and representation of natural landscape, an epoch in the history of painting;—and the grand altarpiece by Orcagna, the architect, sculptor, and painter of the period of the revival of art.* These are works recognised as of the first class by all authorities, modern and ancient, who have treated of painting. During this period an average annual expenditure of about 12,000*l.* has been incurred in the purchase of pictures.

These facts will sufficiently prove how much Sir Charles Eastlake has done for the National Gallery. Indeed, considering the want of knowledge of the history of art, and of the just appreciation of the works of the early painters, amongst the greater number of our artists, we know of no other man who could have accomplished so much. The new catalogue of the foreign schools, compiled with care by the keeper, Mr. Wornum, upon the model of those of the Louvre, and of the principal European galleries, and revised by Sir Charles, will best show the richness and value of the collection, and the success of its present management. It gives a short description of each picture, its history, and references to the various authorities by whom it may have been mentioned or described, together with a sketch of the life of the painter. We find from it that, out of three hundred and thirty pictures now included in the collection, twenty-one are authenticated by signatures and contemporary documents, six are described by Vasari, and about eighty are mentioned by other authorities more or less trustworthy, or have been obtained from well-known collections—a proportion of important and genuine works to the whole which will bear comparison advantageously with any gallery in Europe.

Whilst testifying to the successful management of the National Gallery, we must not pass over the services of one who has contributed not a little to it, and who has been but ill requited

* The various parts of this remarkable altarpiece, now hung separately, should be again brought together into one frame.

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by the public—we mean Mr. Otto Mündler. That gentleman was employed as a travelling agent, not, as it has been erroneously supposed, to buy pictures, but to examine and report upon public and private collections on the Continent for sale, or likely to be brought into the market. In the beginning there may have been a little too much ostentation in the appointment. It is not unlikely that the suspicions and jealousy of foreign Governments may have been excited, and that measures were taken in Italy by the authorities to prevent the sale and exportation of pictures. But the mischief, such as it was—and Mr. Mündler can scarcely be considered as altogether responsible for it—had been done; and no greater impediments could be thrown in our way than those which would naturally arise as soon as it became generally known that the English Government was purchasing pictures. Private collectors would naturally complain and would denounce this interference, as they have been the principal sufferers by the rise in price resulting from so formidable a competition. But the interests of the public were not seriously affected. The real mischief does not proceed so much from the employment of a travelling agent as from the publicity afforded by parliamentary discussion and returns. Whilst negotiations and purchases are subject to inquiry and debate in the House of Commons, we can scarcely expect to obtain works of real value from countries whose Government rigorously forbids their removal, and where those who sell them are exposed to persecution or severe punishment.

To Mr. Mündler the country is indebted for the first notice, not only of many important pictures already acquired for the National Gallery, but of others to be obtained, it is hoped, hereafter. His knowledge and experience of the many schools of painting in Italy and other countries are probably unequalled. A well-known Italian picture dealer and manufacturer, who for obvious reasons had no inclination to favour Mr. Mündler, once declared in our presence that it was almost impossible to deceive him, and that he determined with unerring precision the authorship of works of even the least known provincial painters. The journals which it was his duty to keep for the Trustees contain, we are assured, the most valuable and useful information respecting works of art scattered over the Continent.

The appointment of a travelling agent might have been unnecessary in the first instance had the management of the National Gallery been placed on a proper footing. Had competent persons residing in Italy been employed some years ago in collecting for the nation, we might have secured pictures of inestimable value now for ever beyond our reach. But when many important galleries,

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leries, and especially the unrivalled collection of original drawings belonging to Sir Thomas Lawrence, were allowed to be dispersed or to leave England, exertions would not have been made to collect works of art on the Continent. The trustees as a body were without taste or knowledge. The public being as yet indifferent to art, there was none of that pressure from without which appears to be absolutely necessary in this country to effect any great reform or improvement, and opportunities were lost, which can never occur again, of making our National Gallery one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world.

The difficulty of obtaining really valuable pictures is daily increasing. Some of the most important private collections have been broken up and sold by auction within the last few years—as that of the King of Holland, at the Hague; that of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome; and that of Marshal Soult, in France. Each contained specimens of great rarity, which for the most part have passed into public galleries or into the possession of wealthy families. The Italian Governments have issued new and stringent regulations against the exportation without their express permission of works of art. Laws to the same purpose had been long in existence, but were either not enforced or easily evaded. It is related that when the Marchese Spinola carried away from Venice the fine picture of the 'Magdalen at the feet of the Saviour,' by Paul Veronese, now in the Royal Gallery at Turin, the Republic offered a reward for his head whenever he could be caught within the limits of the state, and banished for ever the Benedictine monks from whom he had bought the masterpiece for 40,000 livres. Of late years, however, these laws had been habitually infringed—frequently, in the case of churches and convents, by substituting copies for the originals, and by similar frauds. The authorities were too ignorant or too indifferent to care much about affairs of art. Now, however, they are more vigilant; and although it may be easy to take away a small object, it is almost impossible to remove clandestinely a large and well-known picture. A commission has been recently appointed in the Roman and Tuscan States to examine and catalogue all works of art in churches, convents, and public buildings. They cannot be sold without express leave from the Government, which reserves to itself, as it does even in the case of the property of private individuals, the right of pre-emption at the price offered by the stranger, and of forbidding their removal from the country altogether. When permission for exportation is obtained from Rome, all works of art, whether new or old, modern or ancient, have to pay an export duty of twenty per cent. upon the valuation of

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of a Government commission—a foolish and shortsighted measure, which, if carried out to any extent, would check the development of almost the only branch of industry for supplying foreign markets that exists in the Papal States, and which now encourages the shameless system of corruption and bribery that characterises every branch of Roman administration. At this moment a picture, not of the first class, or by a rare painter, presented to the National Gallery by an English gentleman, and originally purchased from a dealer, in whose shop it had long been publicly exposed for sale, is detained by the Roman Government, in spite of repeated remonstrances on the part of the British authorities. The British consul at Rome was compelled to surrender another which had been legally bought, in the first instance, from a religious community.

These restrictions are not due to any real love for art, or to any just appreciation of the true value of the objects themselves. They originate in a foolish jealousy of foreigners, and frequently in a desire to obtain by indirect and dishonest means that which cannot be otherwise acquired. After allowing works of the highest interest and beauty to perish from absolute want of common care, after permitting those in churches and public galleries to be tampered with and ruined by the cleaner and restorer, after exposing them to every injury which ignorance, indifference, and neglect could inflict, the Italian Governments bethink themselves of making a merit of keeping their remains in the country, and have recourse to measures equally illiberal and unjust to retain them. It is well to prevent greedy priests and ignorant monks from selling church property over which they have no lawful control, but in such cases the Government itself should not, as it frequently does, violate its own laws. Two years ago a picture of some interest, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, was purchased for the National Gallery from a religious brotherhood in Florence, permission having been given for its sale by the highest ecclesiastical authority, the Archbishop. In this case the sellers had a right to sell, but the Government stepped in, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the British minister, seized the picture and placed it in the Public Gallery, claiming it by right of pre-emption. But they forgot to pay the money, and all the defrauded owners have been able to obtain is a small donation of a few scudi, we believe about 2*l.* a year. The Italian Governments have no right to complain, if, under such circumstances, their own subjects combine with strangers to evade the law.

However, notwithstanding these foolish jealousies and the impediments we have pointed out, occasions will still be found on the

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the Continent and in England of adding to our national collection, and of rendering it more complete in the different schools of painting. Private collections of importance, such as that of the late Lord Northwick, will occasionally come into the market. The experience of the last few years has proved that the House of Commons is disposed to grant funds, without stint, if they are to be applied to a good public object. Under the present direction opportunities will doubtlessly not be lost. As the National Gallery increases in extent, and as a system of arrangement will, we hope, be pursued which, whilst displaying its riches, will at the same time show its wants, many liberal individuals will take a just pride in adding to its completeness by the donation and bequest of specimens that may be required to fill up a gap. In a country like this, in which the artistic treasures to be found in the dwellings of nearly every family of distinction and wealth are almost boundless, there are few examples wanted to illustrate a school or an epoch that cannot be supplied. Our aim at present should be to render the series of schools as complete as possible. Many are very inadequately represented. For instance, to cite a very few of the most important omissions, in that of Tuscany Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, and Razzi are seen in only one very inferior if authentic specimen of each: of Masaccio, Luca Signorelli, Fra Bartolomeo, and his able coadjutor Mariotto Albertinelli, Granacci, and Pontormo, there are no examples. There is no work by Leonardo da Vinci (the fine, though unfortunately much repainted, picture of 'Christ Disputing in the Temple,' still attributed to him in the catalogue, being now assigned by the best judges to his scholar Luini); nor are there examples of the works of his followers, many of whom were painters of great merit, such as Gaudenzio Ferrari, Solario, Boltraffio, Salai, and Cesare da Sesto. Of the schools of the rest of the north of Italy, Squarcione, Gentile Bellini, Carpaccio, Morone, Cavazuola, and many others of equal interest, specimens are altogether wanting. The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools are very deficient, especially in the early masters.

But before the collection can be increased and completed in a manner worthy of the nation, and before we can expect donations and bequests, some building must be erected which will afford adequate space for the exhibition of our pictures. The question of the site of the National Gallery has been so long under discussion that people are getting tired of it, and begin to despair of its solution. Committees and commissions—the modern resources of a weak executive afraid of responsibility—have inquired, examined, and reported, but still matters remain pretty

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pretty nearly as they were.* The public has expressed but one decided and definite opinion on the subject, to the effect that the National Gallery shall not be removed to Kensington or to any of the suburbs of London, but shall be retained in some central part of the metropolis, where it can at all times be most accessible. The only objection to this plan—the risk of injury from London atmosphere and smoke—has in our opinion been satisfactorily disposed of; at any rate, if the objection does exist, it has been decided by almost general consent, that it is not sufficient to counterbalance the inconvenience of having the National Gallery at any distance from Charing Cross. It is true that the chemist and the painter in the last commission on its site were of opinion 'that the smoke and atmosphere of London involve, from the consequent extra dirtiness and necessary cleaning of the pictures, an amount of wear and tear which would occur only in a smaller degree in clearer and more airy situations.' From this opinion, however, their three colleagues, Lord Broughton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Mr. Cockerell, dissented; but they all agreed in the resolution that 'the evidence adduced, considered collectively, did not lead to any decisive conclusion against placing the New National Gallery within the metropolis.' But even the objection raised by Professor Faraday and Mr. Richmond may be avoided to a great extent, if not altogether, by proper precautions in ventilating the rooms, and especially by the use of glass, to cover the pictures whenever practicable. A prejudice is entertained by some against this mode of protection. It is true that certain qualities of a painting cannot be detected when it is employed, but no one would think either of copying a picture or of buying one without removing the glass. To the general visitors of a gallery, who cannot do more than judge of the general effect and character of a painting, the use of glass is really no drawback whatever. On the contrary, it improves the effect of an oil picture, by imparting lustre, softness, and delicacy to it, and it may avoid, to a certain extent, the necessity of varnish, a material that frequently causes serious damage, and which we should rejoice to see more sparingly used in the National Gallery. The advantage of glass is now recognised in the best galleries both of England and the Continent, and it is generally employed even where the atmosphere is not supposed to be so mischievous as in London.

* We regret that a fresh Committee has been appointed to examine into the means of accommodating the national collections in the British Museum. There were surely facts, reports, and evidence enough before the public to enable the Government to act. The question will now, we fear, be again shelved by Ministers, who are too often eager to screen themselves, in such cases, behind a Committee.

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It having been decided that the National Gallery shall be placed in a central part of London, two things remain to be determined: 1. Of what is it to consist? and 2. Where is it to be?

1. We are of opinion that the National Gallery should include all collections of pictures scattered in or about the metropolis, the property of the nation, and that it should form part of one grand and comprehensive National Museum, to comprise painting and sculpture and such objects of antiquity as may be classed under or may illustrate any department of art. If the pictures, however, must be separately provided for, we are opposed to any scheme for dividing ancient from modern works, as contrary to those true principles upon which alone a really good gallery can be usefully and instructively formed. If we adopt the historical and chronological system at all, it must be carried out in a logical spirit, and to the fullest extent. Where are we to draw the line between ancient and modern painters? They all form consecutive links in the same intellectual chain, and are all equally dependent for the full development of their genius upon those who went before. Had any sufficient remains of Greek and Roman painting been preserved to us, we should look upon them as but parts of the same great series, and should assign them a place in relation to modern art, with which they are connected by one unbroken descent. If the system of arrangement now generally advocated is admitted to be the most philosophical and the best calculated to add an important chapter to the history of the human intellect, why are we to interrupt the lesson by breaking off at its most instructive part, and where it concerns us the most? The present state of art, whether in England, Italy, or elsewhere, is just as much dependent upon its previous condition, as the art of the sixteenth century was upon that of the fourteenth. There is as much instruction to be derived from the study of the gradual decline of art from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and of its attempted resuscitation in some parts of Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth, as from the investigation of the causes which led to the revival of art in the thirteenth and its maturity in the sixteenth. It is only through a consecutive and well-ordered series of the works of the painters who flourished during these different periods that such investigations can be satisfactorily pursued. To our mind no feature in the exhibition at Manchester was more interesting than the means of comparison afforded by the arrangement in opposite aisles of the series of ancient masters and of the collection of pictures of the English school. It would be impossible to devise a more complete and valuable illustration of the various phases of human civilization and of their

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their dependence one upon the other. Some such arrangement should be adopted with the pictures belonging to the nation. Each school should be placed in relation to others, although kept distinct from them—a classification defined by geographical limits and presenting fewer difficulties than any other.

Whilst admitting the importance of a collection of the best works of our own painters, we desire to see added to it a few well-selected specimens of the modern French, Flemish, German, and other Continental schools. Whoever is acquainted with the annual exhibitions of Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, and other European capitals, will know how much our students might learn from such works, and how much would be found in them to gratify and interest the English public. Ary Scheffer, Vernet, Delaroche, and Ingres, in France, and Overbeck, Hess, and Kaulbach, in Germany, whatever may be our estimate of their respective merits, are landmarks in the history of art in this century. Some of the choicest works of foreign painters have already found their way into the possession of private collectors in this country; others are becoming more generally known and appreciated in England through public exhibitions. The example of collecting the works of foreign contemporary artists has already been set us on the Continent, where several of the best galleries are enriched by examples of the English school.*

Modern English sculpture as well as painting should also find a place in our national collection. This country has produced some of the most gifted sculptors of the age; and the works of Flaxman, Chantrey, Gibson, and Bailey, may justly claim a place with those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Wilkie. We trust that in remodelling the National Gallery fitting provision will be made for this branch of English art, so that those who possess specimens of the works of our most eminent sculptors may be induced to confide them to the public care.

The collection of Ancient Masters should be rendered as complete and useful as possible by adding to it selections from the numerous works of art of great value and importance scattered in different places belonging to the nation. Raphael's Cartoons and Mantegna's Triumph of Julius Cæsar should, above all, form part of it, and halls should be specially constructed for their exhibition. The cartoons are indeed preeminently fitted for a National Gallery,

* The credit of laying the foundation of a public collection of modern European painters is due to the late Miss Jane Clarke, of Regent-street, a name not unknown to many of our fair readers, who may, perhaps, be disposed to rank her own works amongst the most attractive specimens of high art. She has bequeathed to the National Gallery a very remarkable picture by Dyckmanns, of Antwerp, purchased by her for the large sum of 940*l.*

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and lose half their real value and importance when separated from it. These glorious designs, mere fragments as they are of the original work of the painter's hand, worn by time, mutilated by man—the Phidian Marbles of painting—are essentially works for constant study and reference. They are more calculated than any materials we possess, or, indeed, than any country possesses, to influence public taste, to give a right direction to the efforts of our students, and to perfect a school of art, by their grand and simple composition, by their refined and noble sentiment, by their admirable beauty and accuracy of outline, and we might almost add by their ruinous state—more fit to excite the imagination to the thought of what they once were than to satisfy it by what they now are. These are surely not things to be kept out of sight! They are now placed in a gallery so badly lighted and contrived that they cannot be seen to any advantage, and are so far removed from the metropolis that they are beyond the reach of the great majority of students, and are rarely visited by that class of the public which would derive most pleasure and instruction from their frequent contemplation. Any one may satisfy himself upon this point by going to Hampton Court, either when its rooms are almost deserted, or when crowds from London throng them on a holiday. Few will be found there who take any interest in these great works. The gallery in which they hang is generally hurried through with scarcely a glance at the masterpieces upon its walls. Were they in a convenient part of London, scarcely a month or a week would pass in which the student and those who really love and feel art—for it requires some education of the taste to appreciate these precious remains—would not seize the leisure of an hour to look upon them. Now such persons are fortunate if they can see them once a year.

The grand compositions of Mantegna, notwithstanding the hopeless state of ruin to which they have been reduced by audacious repainting and mischievous cleaning, are still the noblest monuments of the genius of that great painter, and by their infinite variety, their severe beauty, and the attempt of the master to unite the highest qualities of ancient and modern art, are amongst the most interesting examples for the study and guidance of the student. How Rubens admired and estimated them may be seen by his exquisite study of a portion of them, most wisely purchased at Mr. Rogers's sale, and now in Trafalgar Square. Like the Cartoons, their place is the National Gallery; elsewhere they lose much of their worth and usefulness.

Amongst

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Amongst the thousand ill-hung and ill-lighted pictures at Hampton Court—the greater number of very inferior merit—there are between forty and fifty, chiefly works by painters of the Venetian school, of Titian, Tintoretto, Pordenone, Bassano, Palma Vecchio, and Lorenzo Lotto, and some admirable specimens of Holbein, Albert Dürer, and other early German painters, which should be transferred to the National Gallery, where the masters are either inadequately represented or not represented at all. They would not be missed from the places they now occupy, where they form no real part of the attractions of that favourite resort of the Londoner during the leafy months of the year. If necessary, they could be replaced by copies or by other paintings, of which the Trustees of the National Gallery are at liberty to dispose under the Act authorising the sale or loan of pictures acquired for the nation. A selection from the collection at Dulwich, now but rarely visited either by students or by the public,* might be moved to the new building. Parliament, having already diverted the funds of the charity from their original purpose, might, we presume, deal with the paintings.

2. As a national gallery of pictures should thus, in our opinion, form an integral part of a great national museum devoted exclusively to art in all its various branches, and illustrating its history in different countries, at different epochs, and under different conditions, it remains to be considered how and where such a museum, with its present dimensions and the extent it must hereafter attain, could be best exhibited. In discussing this part of the subject, it must always be borne in mind that we have not only to provide for immediate wants, but for requirements in time to come. Hitherto, in erecting buildings for similar purposes, we have invariably committed the flagrant error of only thinking of the present and of making no provision for the future—a want of proper and prudent foresight which has been the cause of all our actual difficulties with respect to the British Museum and the National Gallery, has seriously crippled their proper and useful development, and has greatly lessened their actual value as collections for illustration and general instruction.

Until very recently no attempt whatever had been made to provide even bare space for the decent display of our national pictures, which, as we have described, were scattered here and

* Whilst in 1856 there were 208,270 visitors to the National Gallery, there were only 12,000 to the Dulwich Gallery. The students in the latter had decreased from 35 in 1850 to 18 in 1856.—*Nat. Gal. Site Commission, Appendix to Report.* The foolish regulation is still in force, that no picture is to be copied in oils.

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there and inconveniently crowded in dark or ill-suited rooms. Each successive Ministry seems to have shirked the difficulty. Lord Derby's Government has, however, at least taken one step towards meeting it. Mr. Disraeli announced in the House of Commons in February last that notice had been given to the Royal Academy of the intention of the Government to deprive it of the use of half the edifice in Trafalgar Square, which in future was to be devoted with the rest of the building to the exhibition of the national collection of paintings. To satisfy the claim of that body upon the nation, it will receive in compensation an excellent site on the Burlington House property, recently purchased for national purposes, on condition that out of its own funds a building specially adapted to its yearly exhibitions and to its other functions be erected—a settlement, we conceive, equally satisfactory to the Royal Academy and to the public. It will now be free to devise an edifice best suited to its wants. We shall be curious to see what the combined wisdom of painters, sculptors, and architects will accomplish as regards the essential requirements of light, space, and decoration, hitherto so egregiously neglected and misunderstood in modern buildings, public and private, expressly raised for the permanent display of works of art.

Although the Royal Academy is thus finally disposed of, the real difficulty is rather met for a season than satisfactorily solved. If the plan, insisted upon by those best able to form an opinion upon the subject, of uniting our various art collections, whether of painting or sculpture, under one roof, be adopted, nothing whatever has been done to provide adequate accommodation for so vast and magnificent a museum. The mere alteration of the present building in Trafalgar-square will not serve for even the temporary reception of all our ancient and modern pictures. Do with it what we will, it can never be converted by mere 'tinkering' into an edifice fit to exhibit such a Gallery as the nation ought to possess. The only rooms that have light and ventilation enough, and they are sadly deficient in both these respects, are the mean and ill-proportioned apartments on the first floor. The basement is so dark and incommodious that it can serve for little else but the deposit of lumber, or for the accommodation of some of the officers of the institution. It is indeed proposed by Captain Fowke, the engineer officer employed at the Kensington Museum, to make use of the space now thrown away upon the double entrance by constructing a flooring to connect by a grand central hall the two opposite suites of rooms hitherto respectively occupied by the old

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old masters and by the Royal Academy, and to improve the light in the rooms of the basement, so as to fit them for the reception of original drawings. An additional length of about one hundred and thirty feet could thus be acquired on the first floor, making the whole space devoted to the exhibition of the National Gallery of paintings, ancient and modern, above four hundred and fifty feet in length, or giving, according to Captain Fowke's ingenious plan, a space for hanging pictures of 22,488 square feet. This would still be completely insufficient to receive commodiously and usefully the various collections of pictures which, in our opinion, should, under any circumstances, be concentrated in one building. It would, of course, be totally inadequate for the reception of a museum of art on a grand scale. The long gallery of the Louvre, containing only the old masters, and the works of a few French painters of the last century, is no less than one thousand five hundred feet in length.

Unless the whole edifice is to be almost rebuilt from its foundations, and enlarged upon a comprehensive plan, any attempt to adapt the present National Gallery to the purposes for which it is intended can be but a makeshift entailing useless expense. In a very short time the whole question will have to be decided anew, or the country will be drawn against its better judgment into acquiescing in the scheme to which public opinion has hitherto been so resolutely opposed, of separating the collections, retaining the ancient masters in Trafalgar-square, and removing the modern to Kensington. There may be reason to suspect that such is even now the design of those who have carried the contents of Marlborough House to Brompton, and it behoves us to be upon our guard.

It appears to us that in providing for a complete museum of art there are two courses open—either to erect a new and suitable building upon the site now occupied by the National Gallery, adding the ground in the rear, occupied by the barracks, St. Martin's workhouse, and private dwellings, or to transfer the national collection of pictures to some edifice in the vicinity already fit to receive them, or to be rendered so at a comparatively small outlay of money and time. If the latter plan were adopted, the most suitable edifice would be, in our opinion, the British Museum.

The first plan, if carried out on a proper scale, and with judgment and taste, would no doubt be the most worthy of the nation and of the object. To erect upon a site in every respect inviting architectural display, and affording every opportunity for the most effective and beautiful architectural combinations, a vast edifice,

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edifice, with spacious galleries, lofty halls, and varied suites of decorated rooms, all specially contrived for the exhibition of the matchless treasures in every branch of art which the nation already owns, would be an undertaking well calculated to stimulate the highest genius of the architect, to insure the grandest and most complete public monument of which any country could boast, and to create the noblest temple of art in the world.

But is there any prospect of so magnificent a scheme being adopted? We fear not. Already Government has decided to build upon a vast scale, and at an enormous expenditure, public offices perhaps even more necessary than a museum of art. We doubt whether a Minister would now venture to propose, or whether Parliament would vote, a sum sufficient for the erection in Trafalgar-square of a building worthy of the site. As regards the objections frequently urged against the removal of the barracks from behind the present National Gallery, they are not perhaps insuperable. If it be absolutely necessary for the protection of the metropolis that a military station should be retained in the vicinity of Charing Cross, as the most central part of London, Scotland-yard would surely furnish ample space for the purpose, and would afford, we believe, in many respects even greater advantages than the present site.

Presuming then that for various reasons the erection of a suitable building in Trafalgar-square is out of the question, let us inquire how far the second scheme would be practicable. The transfer of the National Gallery to the British Museum was advocated by Sir Charles Barry, Mr. Smirke, and Mr. Panizzi, in their evidence before the National Gallery Site Commission. The first impression may be unfavourable to the plan, but the more we reflect upon it and examine it in its various bearings the more practicable and commendable it appears to us to be. In the first place, it has the best recommendations that any plan can boast; it is quite feasible, and it can be executed at a comparatively small expense and within a comparatively short space of time. We should propose to convert the present building into a grand receptacle for every branch of art, to remove from it all objects of natural history and science, to retain the library, reading-room, sculpture, antiquities, and various collections of art, and to concentrate there the national pictures. To afford the utmost accommodation, and to display to the greatest advantage these various collections, we would suggest that the whole of the basement floor, except such parts as are required for the absolute use of the library, should be appropriated to a complete and consecutive arrangement of all

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large and heavy objects of sculpture, according to time and country, beginning with the earliest dawn of the art, as illustrated by our unrivalled collection of Egyptian and Assyrian remains; that the first floor, now for the most part occupied by the natural history and scientific departments, should be devoted to the exhibition of small objects of sculpture, such as busts, which it might be thought desirable to remove from the basement, and of the admirable collections of smaller objects of art we already possess, and which represent in various ways the artistic development and intellectual characteristics of nations and periods, such as vases, bronzes, terra-cottas, ivories, coins, medals, original drawings, and engravings; and that a second floor should be built, to consist of a series of galleries and chambers expressly adapted to the exhibition of pictures, by a proper combination of suitable lights, ventilation, and space.

On the basement or ground floor much space is at present unnecessarily taken up by the entrance-hall and staircase, and by galleries and apartments devoted to the exhibition of the backs of books. As much of this space as is not absolutely required for the mere accommodation of books should be appropriated to the reception of sculptures. The entrance-hall and staircase, essentially ugly and mean in appearance, and quite in these respects worthy of the interior of the building, should be replaced by an entrance elsewhere, or should be fitted to receive sculptures. By these changes, by a few unimportant additions to the building, and by improving the lights, the basement, especially after the great amount of room for books afforded by the new erection in the centre court, would conveniently contain all the specimens of archæological and monumental sculpture now belonging to the country, and such as are likely to be acquired for a long time to come. The whole collection might then be arranged in proper chronological and historical order. At present, owing to the constant additions to the Museum, and to the absence of any well defined system, it is, for the most part, in a state of hopeless confusion. A row of busts and statues of emperors and empresses, playing hide and seek among sarcophagi from the city of London and tesselated pavements from ancient villas, in a passage rendered so hopelessly dark by the grand classic portico that there is little chance of their being detected, leads to a miscellaneous assembly of Greek and Roman sculpture arranged without critical discrimination or respectable taste. The puzzled visitor may thence find his way through the motley crowd of what are indiscriminately called Lycian marbles, comprising monuments and fragments belonging to various periods, commencing

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mencing with the earliest Ionian and ending with the Byzantine, into the unworthy shrines of the most glorious creations of Greek genius, or into the dimly lighted and ill-proportioned galleries where in gaunt array and bewildering disorder he beholds Egyptian sphinxes and colossi, Assyrian winged bulls and bearded kings, and the archaic forms of Selinus and Ægina. A part of this incongruous herd, driven from the little light above, has taken refuge in the cellars beneath, whilst another portion, unable to find shelter under the protecting roof, enjoys the privilege of shivering beneath the damp and chilly but classic portico that adorns the exterior of the edifice.

This disgraceful state of confusion is not diminishing. It is on the increase. Only since our last article on the British Museum was written, fresh arrivals from the East and elsewhere have contributed to add to an evil which we then denounced as already unbearable. The excavations of Mr. Davis at Carthage have furnished us with a considerable collection of interesting Punico-Roman remains. The well-directed exertions of Mr. Newton have procured for the nation, from Halicarnassus, from Branchidæ, and from Cnidus, monuments equally important for their classic beauty and their historical value. His labours are not yet brought to a close. They promise still further fruits. To afford even the barest shelter to what he has sent home the Trustees have reduced the question of Greek porticoes in northern climes to the last absurdity, by uniting the columns with black boarding and by covering the shady resort where philosophers should meet and discourse during the mid-day heat, with a glazed shed to keep off the cold blast and beating rain. Not that the Trustees are perhaps to blame for this disfigurement of a national edifice with such dubious pretensions to architectural beauties. They had scarcely any choice between what they have done, or leaving the sculptures on the grass plots in front exposed to the weather, or wrapped up in their travelling coats of tarpauling.

Accommodation might also be found, if necessary, on the basement floor for modern sculpture, to be kept, like the ancient, quite distinct from paintings, with which marble from its cold white surface but ill agrees. The plan of separating pictures from statues has now been adopted in all European museums, except the Uffizi at Florence, where their mixture has, certainly, far from a pleasing effect. In addition, ancient inscribed monuments of a classic period might be united to the collection of sculpture, as in the Vatican.

The national library and reading-room should form part of the Museum, as at present—an arrangement fully justified by the close connection between art and literature. The special library

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which should accompany a museum of natural history could be formed without difficulty. It would be comparatively limited in its extent, and would not necessarily include those rare and curious books which are indispensable to a great public collection, but are not required for the ordinary investigations of modern science.

The present first floor would furnish ample space for the exhibition in the most complete manner of busts, vases, bronzes, and all those collections of small objects, prints, and original drawings, which are now either shown under very unfavourable circumstances, or are withdrawn altogether on account of want of room from public view. Abundant space would still be left for a distinct collection of British antiquities, a very desirable and important addition to our National Museum. Mr. Ruskin, in his evidence before the Commission, recommends that woodwork, ironwork, jewellery, and other objects of the same nature, should be added to these collections, and justly insists upon the difficulty of defining the distinction between useful and ornamental art. Admitting the importance of these things as illustrations of the extended application of the principles of art, we are not disposed to advocate this addition to the museum, especially as the nation has now at Kensington a well-ordered institution expressly intended for their reception, and for the artistic education of artisans in their special handicrafts.

As regards the national pictures, it is proposed that an additional story, expressly adapted to their reception, should be added to the present building. A vast and commodious range of galleries, halls, and chambers, might then be constructed capable of holding not only all the paintings now possessed by the nation, but as large a collection as is likely to be brought together for many generations. Galleries more than 2000 feet in length, and in some parts 70 in breadth, which might be divided into two parallel series or into separate chambers, would surround the present quadrangle, affording space far greater than that assigned to the display of paintings in the largest galleries of Europe, not even excepting the Louvre. They would be raised almost above the dirt and dust of a crowded city, and would partly escape the influence of the much-dreaded London atmosphere and smoke. Properly constructed they would be airy, well ventilated, and would have the very best light that could be obtained in the metropolis. Long and spacious galleries and a succession of chambers would admit of the most complete arrangement of pictures, according to epochs and schools. Halls might be built expressly to receive the Cartoons and other choice works. Every picture could be hung so that it might be properly seen and examined,

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examined, and a picture which is worth keeping in the collection at all should be worth looking at, and should not be suspended above a certain height from the ground.* We may imagine—although we fear it would be indulging in a dream the fulfilment of which we shall never see—what might be made by a great architect out of such materials—what loggie ornamented with frescoes, like those of the Vatican—what elegant and appropriate decoration—what an unrivalled exhibition of the rarest works of painting, all displayed to the utmost advantage!

It may be objected to this plan that the height of this second floor would be inconvenient to the public. This objection, which applies equally to the picture galleries of Florence and the Vatican, might be removed by the construction of an inclined way, or some such contrivance, on one side of the building, bringing the visitor to the first floor, whence but one flight of stairs would conduct him to the upper.

There is one argument in favour of transferring the pictures to the British Museum instead of transporting the Museum collections to Trafalgar Square, which, in our opinion, is worthy of serious consideration—viz., the risk to be incurred in moving sculpture and objects of art to any new site. It appears to us that the sculptures in the British Museum are already much too frequently meddled with. It would seem that the Trustees can never make up their minds as to where they are to be seen to the most advantage. The Elgin Marbles, for instance, have during the last few years been constantly travelling from place to place, or changing their pedestals. We presume that even now they are not permanently fixed in their present awkward position. These incessant changes must be attended by serious injury, and we trust that a stop will soon be put to them. To transfer the whole collection bodily to another building at some distance would be both hazardous and expensive. The same objection does not apply to specimens of natural history. Even should a mishap occur, there are few, if any of them, that could not be replaced; whilst an accident to a fine monument of Greek art would be irreparable. We say, therefore, take the pictures to the sculptures, not the sculptures to the pictures.

Sir Charles Barry has emphatically declared 'that the architectural part of the scheme is perfectly practicable, and may be

* We quite agree with Mr. Ruskin that no really good picture should be hung above the line of the eye, and that, unless in the case of very small works, there should never be more than two lines of pictures upon the wall. Nor should pictures be crowded together as they now are in the National Gallery, but between each there should be a sufficient space showing the colour of the wall on which they are hung.

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very economically and effectually, as well as effectively, carried out.'* The light on the basement floor can, he states, be improved, whilst windows may be opened in that part of the first floor which would be deprived of the skylights. The expense would be small, indeed, compared with the purchase of new ground and the erection of a suitable building in Trafalgar Square. A plain brick continuation of the present upper floor is all that is required, and we are assured that this could be built for a sum under 50,000*l.* We trust that no such absurd objection to the plan, if there be none more serious, as the disfigurement of the present edifice, will be admitted. In the first place, there need be no disfigurement; in the second, we doubt whether there be much to disfigure—certainly not sufficient to require the sacrifice of any great national object.

It may be asked what we propose to do with the building in Trafalgar Square, and with the collections of natural history. As regards the first, it might have been advisable to allow the Royal Academy to remain there, either without charge or on the payment of an annual rent, which could scarcely have exceeded the interest of the money they will be required to spend in erecting a building on the Burlington House property. The wants of that body would then have been abundantly provided for, and Government could have availed itself for other purposes of the land now presented to it. But there are many public uses to which an edifice on so important a site can be applied. Its central position, and its vicinity to the Houses of Parliament, are perhaps better adapted to new courts of law, which are now urgently required, than to any other object; and funds supplied by the resources of the law itself could, it is asserted upon the highest legal authority, be applied to their erection.

Professor Owen declares that no less than eight acres in superficial area are required for the exhibition of the existing collections of natural history, so as to afford a complete and really instructive view of each branch of the subject.† At present there is barely one acre devoted to that purpose, and it is quite clear that no adequate additional space could be obtained in the present building without making vast additions to it, by purchasing for that purpose at a very considerable expense to the country a large amount of the surrounding property. Even those who were recently opposed to the separation of art and science,

* Evidence before National Gallery-site Commission, q. 2188. The italics are used in the printed evidence.

† See his conclusive report addressed to the Trustees of the British Museum on the 10th of February, and included in the papers presented to Parliament.

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and upon whose protest against the removal of the latter we commented in our previous article, are now, for the most part, anxious for the change, if adequate accommodation and a suitable site can be obtained elsewhere. It is proposed, therefore, that all the collections of natural history be concentrated either at Kensington, where land well suited to the purpose has already been acquired, or, if preferable, in some other part of the metropolis or its suburbs.

The concentration of art and archæology—of painting, sculpture, and antiquities—under one roof, is advocated by such high authority, that we can scarcely imagine any one so blinded by ancient prejudice, and so insensible to the weight of evidence, as to oppose it. Before the National Gallery Site Commission, Sir C. Barry, and Messrs. Bell, Westmacott, Marochetti, Ruskin, Fergusson, Lewis, and Panizzi, and other competent witnesses, were unanimous in its favour. In completing the magnificent design of the Louvre space has been provided for the exhibition of objects of art and antiquity in nearly every branch, from the earliest period to the middle ages. The Vatican, less convenient in some respects than the Louvre, still makes provision for the display of its fine Egyptian, Etruscan, and early Christian * Museums, as well as of its unrivalled collection of Græco-Roman and Roman sculpture. In many departments of art we may not be as rich as those two celebrated museums. In examples of Roman sculpture we can never hope to attain the wealth of the Vatican; in the number of our pictures we shall probably never equal the Louvre;—but in the variety of our collections and in their completeness for the illustration of every period and form of art, we are already in advance of them both. Our Egyptian and Assyrian remains, the archaic figures from Branchidæ, the monuments from Lycia, the Phigalian frieze, the bas-reliefs and statues from Halicarnassus, the glorious sculptures of the Parthenon, the Townley Marbles, and the fragments from Carthage, together with the Greek and Etruscan vases, the bronzes, terracottas, coins, and various small objects of antiquity, furnish materials for the history of ancient art such as are possessed by no nation in the world. They only require judicious and systematic arrangement to give them their full value.

But whether the national collection of paintings is to remain in Trafalgar Square, or to be removed to the British Museum, we trust that either in erecting a new building, or in altering one already in existence, the object for which it is intended, and not

* A separate museum for a certain class of early Christian remains, chiefly obtained from the catacombs, and including inscriptions, has recently been formed in the Lateran.

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its mere architectural features, will be the first and essential consideration. We obstinately continue to think only of the outside of our public edifices—we persist in raising Greek temples, Palladian palaces, and Mediæval townhalls for museums, institutions, and public offices, without reference to what they are to contain, to the purposes for which they may be required, or to the comfort and convenience of those who are to use them. Neither climate, atmosphere, nor light are taken into much consideration. Even the common power of adaptation seems to be lost. An architect of eminence, who has raised several public buildings of importance, denounces in the House of Commons, of which he is a member, the use of the Gothic style, not on account of its æsthetic merits, but because it does not admit of sash windows! In the same place Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gonyngham—a gentleman who claims to be an authority on matters of taste—condemn it in no measured terms as barbarous, and only befitting the ecclesiastical purposes of the middle ages.*

We do not wish to dwell any farther upon this extraordinary ignorance of the true principles and objects of architecture. All we now desire to urge is, that, when the new galleries are built, their architectural features should be made subordinate to their first use—the display of our pictures. If the architect cannot undertake to accomplish this, let us have recourse to the engineer who contrived the Museum at Kensington or the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, which, as we had occasion to state at the time, was better suited than any building we ever saw as regards light, space, and other requisites for the display of paintings. The interior, grand and simple in its proportions, required very little, and that little easy to be supplied by taste, knowledge, and experience, to render it architecturally a very noble monument. The public now possesses a similar building, though on a much smaller scale, at Kensington. The collection of pictures by English artists, turned summarily out of Marlborough House, must be placed somewhere until a dark and massive temple, with the usual Greek portico and the inevitable Greek pediment, be provided for them. The ingenious and daring administrators of the Brompton Institution have stolen a march, we suspect, upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are determined to show what they can do, so that the public may see for the first time the treasures of modern art which it possesses. They hope that this badly-treated public, at last driven to despair, will fall into their hands, and will only be too glad to leave their pictures where for once they can be looked at and enjoyed. An

* Debate of 13th February last, on the New Government Offices.

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unhoped-for triumph over the House of Commons and public opinion will have thus been secured. Whilst other people are thinking over 'what is to be done,' their able engineer, Captain Fowke, is called in—he raises in a few days, with some cart-loads of bricks, tons of iron, and sheets of glass, a building to which the paintings are carried before the Trustees of the National Gallery can look about them, in spite of their protest, and, we presume, in open violation of the law. If the pictures are to be transferred again to the architect's classic edifice, we recommend our readers to see them on the engineer's premises before they are again, perhaps for ever, removed to hopeless darkness.

We are not prepared to recommend the exterior either of the Manchester Exhibition or of what it is now the fashion to call contemptuously 'the Brompton Boilers,' as an example to be followed in the erection of any great national edifice. The engineer having devised the best means of exhibiting the pictures, let the architect display *his* taste, skill, and knowledge in developing, adorning, and rendering permanent the first simple and necessary forms, and thus converting the building into a monument, the architectural features of which may be artistically beautiful, but do not, in any way, sacrifice its usefulness. It is thus that all really good architecture has originated. It is the engineer's structure, devised with reference to its immediate object alone, beautified, embellished, and converted into durability by the genius of the great architect.

It is not only in England that architects have hitherto failed in constructing galleries fitted for the exhibition of pictures and statues. They have not been more successful in many instances on the Continent. Thus, in the new gallery at Dresden the centre hall, erected expressly to receive the Madonna di San Sisto and other gems of the collection, was found to be so unsuited to the purpose, that it has been given over to tapestry, and Raphael's great picture has been removed to a small room, where it is not seen to much advantage. In the Vatican the frames turn on hinges, so that the paintings may be brought to the light—a contrivance which must occasion injury to the pictures by the constant motion. Few rooms in either of the great Florentine galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti, have good lights.

We trust that in any future building means will also be taken to exhibit our pictures to more advantage than at present. It would be difficult to imagine rooms more mean and more discreditable to our taste in every respect than those now containing the National Gallery. With its clumsy skylights, its paltry boarded floors, its few rickety chairs, its vulgar railings, its shabby fittings, and the ughest of common paper, the interior

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interior of the building in Trafalgar Square more resembles that of an ill-regulated workhouse than of a palace dedicated to the arts. The smallest collection in the most insignificant town in Italy is better lodged. If it be not desirable to have the silken hangings of the Pitti or the gilded cornices of the Louvre, let us at least have some simple yet tasteful decoration, and a little decent furniture, a comfortable chair upon which we may sit to enjoy a picture, and a paper that will not grossly offend the eye. Not the least important of the functions claimed for the fine arts is the raising of public taste and the refinement of manners. If this be one of the objects of picture galleries, those who are to benefit by pictures should surely be shown, by the manner in which they are kept, that some value is attached to them. The common multitude will not be persuaded that things can be very precious which are crowded on bare walls like useless lumber. We feel certain that it would be no longer necessary to warn the public that they are not to bring into the Gallery baskets with provisions, and to litter the floor with sandwich-papers and orange-peel, if the furniture and the decoration of the rooms were such as to lead them to believe that they were in a place where they were expected to behave with decency. We do not advocate such over-decoration as might destroy the effect of the pictures or distract attention from them. But it is a vulgar mistake to suppose that ornamentation destroys fine paintings. So far from such being the case, its judicious employment adds to their enjoyment. Any one experienced in galleries will know how different is the impression made by pictures seen in different localities and under different circumstances. This utter absence of elegance and refinement in the fittings and furniture of all our public exhibitions is a proof of a want of national good taste. It is nowhere more strikingly seen than in the British Museum, where the heavy, dingy, box-shaped ceilings, thoroughly classic though they may be, cause a painful sense of oppression, and utterly disfigure the proportions of the rooms, and the ponderous mahogany cases are more fitted to hold a housekeeper's stores than to receive the choicest specimens of ancient art.

In concluding these remarks we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that, when the question shall be finally settled, and when, as we trust will be the case, the various collections of art are united under one roof, provision will be made for the future management of the whole upon a more rational system than that now in operation either in the British Museum or in the National Gallery. At present these establishments are administered by the cumbrous machinery of unpaid Trustees. In the British Museum the vices of the system are fully exemplified—more especially

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cially at the present time, when certain Trustees are supposed to represent the various antagonistic interests of the antiquities, the library, and the natural history. We have endeavoured in a former article to do justice to the rare energy and abilities of Mr. Panizzi; but in the position he holds, with curtailed power and responsibility, it would be impossible even for a man of his capabilities to manage with adequate order and system that vast institution. The result of this division of authority and want of method is a constant disagreement and rivalry between the different departments, arising from some real or presumed sacrifice of the one to the other. Unpaid and dilettante administration, in which responsibility scarcely exists at all, or is so much divided that it rests on no one man's shoulders, is opposed to all good and solid improvement. It is a system which has only worked at all in England through continual but very undesirable public pressure and interference. Let us have one man of character, capacity, and knowledge placed at the head of our art, vested with full authority and responsible to Parliament and the country for the due discharge of the duties confided to him. If it be absolutely necessary that there should be Trustees in order that vested rights may be respected, let those Trustees be merely retained to watch over the due fulfilment of the particular trusts confided to them, but for no other purpose whatever. A step in the right direction has been taken by the appointment of a Director, and by a diminution of the number and power of the Trustees of the National Gallery. We have shown how well the change, incomplete as it is, has worked under the direction of a competent man. We suspect that, if the powers of interference of the Trustees had been even more diminished, the progress and success would have been proportionately greater.* Let an equally competent officer be placed at the head of a great Museum of Art, such as we have sketched out, and we will venture to say that in a very few years there will be no nation in the world which could vie with us in the extent, completeness, value, and arrangement of our various collections. Instead of losing, as we now do, for want of decent accommodation to exhibit them, many precious works of art which would otherwise be presented and bequeathed to the nation, we should possess an establishment to which public spirited and liberal men would be proud to confide their choicest treasures.

* We cannot refrain from bearing our testimony to the ability, knowledge, and devotion displayed by Mr. Cole in the management of the Kensington Museum. The varied and admirably arranged collections there exhibited now form one of the most useful and interesting exhibitions of the metropolis, and are a convincing proof of what may be accomplished in a short space of time by well-directed and unfettered energy.

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ART. IV.—1. *Aegypten's Stelle in der Weltgeschichte—Geschichtliche Untersuchung in fünf Büchern.* Von Christian Carl Josias Bunsen. Vols. I.—V. Hamburg and Gotha, 1844—1857.

2. *Egypt's Place in Universal History—An Historical Investigation, in five books.* By Christian C. J. Bunsen. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cotterell. Vols. I.—III. London, 1848—1859.

3. *An Account of some recent Researches near Cairo, undertaken with the view of throwing light upon the Geological History of the Alluvial Land of Egypt.* Instituted by Leonard Horner, Esq. From the Philosophical Transactions. Parts I. and II. London, 1855 and 1858.

THE laws which determine the value of historical evidence ought to be the same for ancient as for modern times. A writer of any period of modern history is expected to produce in support of his facts the testimony of credible contemporary witnesses, and is justly censured if he founds his narrative upon documents of uncertain authorship and unknown date. But this historical sense has been of slow growth. For many centuries the histories of the countries of modern Europe commenced with fictions which had not even the recommendation of embodying popular traditions or national stories. The inventions of one or two chroniclers respecting the origin and early history of their nation were received by their immediate successors without hesitation, were repeated with confidence by a long and respectable list of authorities, and at length became so firmly embedded in the national belief, that no one ever thought of challenging their truth or questioning their authenticity. In this manner the early annals of English history were filled with an imaginary series of monarchs, the descendants of Brute the Trojan, whose names and dates were recorded with the same precision as those of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. Their lives and deeds were accepted as historical facts; and King Lear, the son of Bladud, who was 'ruler over the Britons in the year of the world 3105,' was believed to be as real a personage as William the Conqueror or Henry the Eighth. These tales, once universally accepted, have long since disappeared from English history, because the writers, on whose authority they rested, had no possible means of ascertaining their truth.

In ancient history, however, a different canon of criticism has prevailed almost down to the present day. Stories consecrated by the belief of ages seemed to claim a prescriptive right to belief. A kind of halo rested upon every portion of Greek and Roman literature; and it appeared almost as presumptuous to question

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question the tales of Livy as the statements of the Bible. Hence the heroes of Greek and Roman story, and the fabulous lists of Athenian and Alban kings, retained their hold upon our belief and their places in our popular histories long after Brute and his successors had passed into oblivion.* It was only timidly and gradually that critics ventured to apply to ancient history the laws respecting the value of evidence, and to examine the grounds upon which the ancients themselves believed in the stories which they related. It began to be perceived that in many cases these writers had no means of verifying their statements; and that they frequently derived their accounts from the tales of the poets, the traditions of the people, or the speculations of philosophers. An historian in the third century before the Christian era might have no better authorities for events which happened five hundred years before his time than we now possess two thousand years afterwards. Such a writer can only command our confidence by producing satisfactory evidence that he derived his narrative, either directly or indirectly, from credible witnesses, contemporary, or nearly so, with the events which he relates. It is the more necessary to dwell upon this fundamental law of historical evidence, because, though admitted in theory, it is constantly violated in investigations connected with the more remote periods of antiquity. Even Niebuhr, K. O. Müller, and the other distinguished scholars of Germany, have frequently drawn important conclusions from isolated statements, written long after the occurrence of the events to which they relate by unknown authors and at unknown periods. In fact we can point to only two eminent modern scholars who have fully recognized in their published works the importance of the principle for which we are contending. It is one of the many, and not least valuable, services which Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Mr. Grote have conferred upon the scholarship of this country, that they have given admirable specimens of the true method of historical research, and have consistently refused to admit as historical facts statements derived from traditionary and hearsay sources.† M. Bunsen

* Dr. Hales, in his work upon Chronology, of which the second edition was published so recently as 1830, observes that the thirty reigns of the Athenian kings and archons, from Cecrops to Creon, form 'one of the most authentic and correct documents to be found in the whole range of profane chronology.'—vol. i. p. 133.

† The following observations of Sir G. C. Lewis deserve the attentive consideration of the historical student:—'It seems to be often believed, and at all events it is perpetually assumed in practice, that historical evidence is different in its nature from other sorts of evidence. Until this error is effectually extirpated, all historical researches must lead to uncertain results. Historical evidence, like judicial evidence, is founded on the testimony of credible witnesses. Unless these witnesses had personal or immediate perception of the facts which they report; unless

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M. Bunsen has followed another method, and adopted very different criteria as to the value of testimony. We regret that a writer of his attainments and reputation should have pursued a plan of historical criticism which cannot possibly lead to any satisfactory results. His work upon Egypt has now been some years before the public; and the way in which it has been generally criticised is a striking proof of the laxity which still prevails in forming a judgment of the history of antiquity. It would seem that even now the credence given to the history of the past is in an inverse proportion to the value of the evidence. In examining the history of the civil wars of Rome, or of any other period narrated by contemporary witnesses, their testimony is sifted, compared, and frequently questioned; but the higher we ascend the less rigid is the canon of our belief, and when nothing is known everything is believed. Even those who impugn M. Bunsen's conclusions, do not, for the most part, seem to be aware of the insecure foundations upon which his whole system rests. Startled by the antiquity which he assigns to the Egyptian monarchy, and by the remote period in which he places the first colonization of the valley of the Nile, they refuse, without any further investigation, to credit a narrative which appears to contradict the Biblical account of the creation and dispersion of man. On the other hand, those who find a difficulty in crediting the plainest historical statements of Scripture, hail with delight a theory which carries back the authentic history of Egypt to a period before the Deluge. Hence M. Bunsen's work has, to a great extent, been judged according to the theological prepossessions of the critics. The unbeliever has been credulous, and the believer sceptical: but neither the one nor the other has tested the value of the author's researches by the laws of historical evidence. We do not hesitate to acknowledge that we consider the chronology of the Scriptures to be more credible in itself, and more in accordance with the known facts of history, than the immense period of time which M. Bunsen professes to have derived from the Egyptian records; but our rejection of his theory is quite irrespective of our interpretation of the Bible. As M. Bunsen lays claim to a superior method of historical criticism, and seems to think that no one can differ from him unless blinded by religious prejudice and

unless they saw or heard what they undertake to relate as having happened, their evidence is not entitled to credit. As all original witnesses must be contemporary with the events which they attest, it is a necessary condition for the credibility of a witness that he be a contemporary, though a contemporary is not necessarily a credible witness. Unless, therefore, a historical account can be traced by probable proof to the testimony of contemporaries, the first condition of historical credibility fails.'—*An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History*, vol. i. p. 15.

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theological bigotry, we propose to test his conclusions by those fundamental laws respecting the value and sufficiency of evidence which are now accepted by the most eminent modern historians. Such an inquiry, though limited to a particular subject, will enable us to illustrate the general principles of historical research. It may not be without use in the present day—when the wonderful discovery of buried cities and the deciphering of hieroglyphical and cuneiform inscriptions have given a fresh impulse to the study of the early history of the East—to call attention to the laws of historical testimony, and to caution students against the arbitrary assumptions and vague conjectures which have characterised too many of the investigations of recent writers.

M. Bunsen has a two-fold object in the work before us. He not only proposes to reconstruct the 'authentic chronology' of Egypt for a period of nearly 4000 years before the Christian era, but he undertakes to 'restore to the ancient history of the world the vital energy of which it has been so long deprived,' and to 'fasten the thread of universal chronology round the apex of the Pyramids.' Gifted with a lively imagination, and possessing great skill in the construction of theories, he claims for his researches a degree of accuracy and certainty which it is difficult to attain even in the history of the Peloponnesian war or in the campaigns of Julius Cæsar. The first Egyptian kings to whom he assigns definite dates were further removed from Herodotus and Thucydides than the earliest heroes of Greek and Roman story are from us. Beginning with the accession of Menes, which he places in the year 3643 before Christ, he carries down the history of Egypt, in an unbroken succession of kings, till the conquest of the country by the Persians: 'a succession of time,' as he observes, 'the vastest hitherto established anywhere in the Old World.' In reconstructing this immense period of history, his chief, and, indeed, almost his sole, authorities are Manetho and Eratosthenes. These writers lived in Egypt, under the Ptolemies, in the third century before the Christian era, and consequently more than 3000 years after the commencement of the period which they are supposed to authenticate. They are, therefore, of no value as independent witnesses. Accordingly, it becomes a matter of primary importance to inquire into the sources from which they derived their statements, and to endeavour to ascertain the historical value of those sources. We know from the concurrent testimony of ancient authors and of the earliest monuments that the art of writing was of great antiquity in Egypt. In the time of Herodotus the Egyptians possessed numerous written documents, to which the inquisitive traveller of Halicarnassus frequently

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frequently refers. The priests read to him from a papyrus the names of 330 kings between Menes and Mœris,* and they told him that between Dionysus and Amasis was a period of 15,000 years, respecting which 'they said they could not be mistaken, since they always kept an account and always wrote down the number of years.'† In like manner Diodorus Siculus relates that the Egyptians possessed in their sacred books registers (ἀναγραφαί) of all their kings, beginning with the gods and heroes and coming down to the time of the Ptolemies.‡ Such registers were drawn up by the priests and preserved in the temples. They evidently ascended to a very remote antiquity, but their value as historical documents would of course depend upon the time of their composition, whether they were contemporary records or the compilations of a later age. They may be compared with the chronicles of the middle ages, which, beginning with some distant epoch unknown to the writers, terminate with an annual entry of contemporary events;§ or they may be likened to the genealogies of our monarchs, still preserved in the records of cathedrals, which trace the descent of our royal families from Odin and his divine sons, through a long succession of fabulous and real personages. The registers of the Egyptian priests contained an immense series of kings, divine and mortal, extending through a period of 30,000 years. The lower members of the series are clearly historical, and the upper as clearly fabulous; but we possess no means of drawing the line of demarcation between the two classes, and of determining where the fabulous element ceases and the historical begins.

M. Bunsen supposes that the mythical age closes with the last king of the divine dynasties; and that the real history begins with their successor Menes, the first mortal king of Egypt. But

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* Herodot. ii. c. 100. † ii. c. 145.

‡ Diodor. Sic. i. c. 44.

§ The remarks of Mr. Stevenson, in the preface to his excellent edition of the 'Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon' (London, 1858), may be applied to many other documents of a similar kind:—'*Here, as elsewhere, it is not safe to decide upon secondary evidence;* and this chronicle, as far as its charters are concerned, is nothing more. The copy, as we here have it, may possibly be carelessly transcribed; numerals and names, the principal data on which to form an estimate, may possibly be corrupted; difficulties and doubts may hence arise which would be removed on the production of the original instrument . . . . The author has arranged the documentary materials according to date, not according to subject matter, but without any strict chronological accuracy; a rough classification under reigns being considered sufficient for the object which he had in view. But here *several grave errors have been committed.* For example, he has confounded Ethelbald, king of Mercia, with Ethelbald, king of Wessex, who lived a century later. Under the reign of Edward the Elder, we have a charter granted by his namesake the Confessor. A grant executed by Ethelred, the brother of Alfred, is attributed to king Eadred.'—pp. vi. vii.

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such a distinction between the two classes of rulers is quite arbitrary, and entirely foreign to the Egyptian mode of thought. The divine and the mortal kings were to the Egyptians equally real; and they had the same evidence for the existence of Osiris as for the existence of Menes. We have no right to reject the former and accept the latter, simply because the former is represented as a god and the latter as a man. If we do, we are falling into the old error of making the impossibility or possibility of a recorded fact in history the sole standard of its falsehood or truth. Between the darkness of the mythical and the broad daylight of the historical ages, there is a dim and doubtful period, peopled with flitting shadows and indistinct forms, perhaps fabulous, perhaps real. It is contrary to all analogy and to all experience, that the mythical age should at once burst forth into the full blaze of authentic history, and that a single person, like Menes, should thus suddenly form the transition between fable and reality. Menes is probably quite as fabulous as Osiris, and may be classed among those mythical founders of empires of whom ancient history presents so many examples.*

In endeavouring to ascertain the historical value of the Egyptian registers from which we may fairly conclude that Manetho and Eratosthenes derived their statements, there is an important circumstance which must not be overlooked. The Egyptians appear not to have possessed any generally received and well authenticated history. The temples contained separate registers, which differed materially from one another. Such differences in the original documents were apparently the occasion of the great discrepancies in the narratives of Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, the former of whom derived his information from the priests of Memphis, and the latter from those of Thebes.† The priests of other temples probably differed in like manner from their brethren at Memphis and Thebes; and hence arose the various chronological systems to which Diodorus Siculus more than once alludes.‡ If so many rival historical and chronological schemes existed among the priests themselves, have we any possible means of distinguishing the true from the false? Or can we feel such implicit confidence in Manetho's judgment as to rest satisfied with his selection?

* The similarity of the name of Menes to the names of other mythical personages—such as the Indian Menu, the Lydian Manes, the Cretan Minos, and the German Mannus—has been frequently noticed, and is certainly entitled to some weight, though it is dismissed by M. Bunsen with contempt.

† Heeren called attention to this fact (*Egyptians*, p. 209, Eng. transl.); and it has been noticed by most subsequent writers. See Kenrick (*Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs*, vol. ii. p. 102).

‡ i. c. 23, *seq.*

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In addition to the priestly registers there existed popular songs or ballads, containing an account of the exploits of the kings. In speaking of Sesostris, Diodorus Siculus says:—'Not only is there a disagreement between Greek writers respecting him, but even in Egypt the priests, and those *who celebrate him in their songs*, vary in their statements.'* Even Manetho himself, as we learn from the extracts preserved by Josephus, derived an important portion of his history from such popular legends.†

From these two sources—temple registers and popular legends—Manetho compiled his history. He was a native of Sebennytus, and probably a priest in Heliopolis, a city celebrated for the learning of its sacerdotal class. Manetho himself enjoyed the highest reputation for wisdom, and he was the first Egyptian who gave in the Greek language an account of the history, chronology, and religion of his countrymen. No person could have had better means of becoming acquainted with the history of Egypt, nor have we any reason to question his honesty and integrity. There can be little doubt that he gave a faithful picture of Egyptian history, *according to the views of the priests;* but that these views represented the real course of events, or that it was possible, in the third century before Christ, to trace back the history of Egypt for thousands of years to the first beginnings of the monarchy, may not only be reasonably questioned, but may be pronounced exceedingly improbable and almost impossible. The case put by Mr. Grote in reference to the history of Greece, applies with still greater force to that of Egypt:—

'If we could imagine a modern critical scholar transported into Greece at the time of the Persian war—endued with his present habits of appreciating historical evidence, without sharing in the religious or patriotic feelings of the country—and invited to prepare, out of the great body of Grecian epic which then existed, a history and chronology of Greece anterior to 776 B.C., assigning reasons as well for what he admitted as for what he rejected—I feel persuaded that he would have judged the undertaking to be little better than a process of guess-work.'‡

Such a critical scholar, transported to Thebes or Heliopolis in the third century before the Christian era, might probably have been able to prepare an authentic history for a few centuries before the Persian conquest; but, the higher he ascended, the more

* Καὶ τῶν κατ' Αἴγυπτον οἵ τε ἱερεῖς καὶ οἱ διὰ τῆς ᾠδῆς αὐτὸν ἐγκωμιάζοντες, οὐχ ὁμολογούμενα λέγουσιν. Diod. Sic. i. c. 53.

† Ὑπὲρ ὧν ὁ Μανεθὼν οὐκ ἐκ τῶν παρ' Αἰγυπτίοις γραμμάτων, ἀλλ' ὡς αὐτὸς ὡμολόγηκεν, ἐκ τῶν ἀδεσπότως μυθολογουμένων προστέθεικεν. Joseph. c. *Apion.* i. 16. Διὰ τοῦ φάναι γράψειν τὰ μυθευόμενα καὶ λεγόμενα περὶ τῶν Ἰουδαίων. *Ibid.* i. 26.

‡ Grote's *History of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 51.

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would his difficulties have increased at every step. He would probably have found numerous lists of kings, in which the chief events of their reigns were recorded; but he would have been unable to use them for historical purposes, because he could not have ascertained the authorities from which they were derived. His confidence in the compilers of these registers would have been shaken by the mixture of evident fables with apparent historical events;* and if he sought to test the value of one document by a comparison with others of a similar kind, he would have found such contradictions and discrepancies in the names and successions of the kings, that he must have come to the conclusion that the accounts could not have been derived from contemporary witnesses, both able and willing to declare the truth. He would have possessed no criteria of distinguishing fact from fiction; and unless he obtained some assistance from the monuments, of which we shall speak presently, he must have given up the attempt as altogether hopeless. The doubts and difficulties, which would have been felt by a modern historical inquirer, never occurred to Manetho, because he had different canons of historical credibility; but it is very strange that a modern critic, who would have abandoned in despair the attempt to reconstruct the history

* This is not a conjecture, for we find in many papyri and even in inscriptions so complete a mixture of history and mythic narrative as to shake our faith in the critical sagacity or honesty of the scribes. One of the most striking of these instances is an inscription which, from its singular nature, has attracted the attention of all Egyptologers and has been analyzed by both Mr. Birch and M. de Rougé. This inscription is a state-document, engraved on a tablet which was placed in a temple. The names of the king and queen, and the dates of the occurrences related, are all given. There can be no reasonable doubt that the record is contemporary with the events which it relates. After the usual exordium of titles the inscription states, that the king had been in Mesopotamia receiving tribute and fealty. Among the chiefs who offered tribute was the ruler of the land of Bakhten, who gave his daughter to the king in marriage. After this introductory matter we are told that in the king's fifteenth year an envoy came from the chief of Bakhten with many gifts for the queen. The envoy declares to the king the cause of his being sent. The younger daughter of the queen, Benteresh, was suffering from an evil, and the king is asked to send some one 'learned in books to see her.' A learned man is sent and finds her possessed by a spirit. As this person apparently failed to cure her, a second embassy is despatched, requesting that a god may be sent. Thereupon the king goes before the Theban divinity, Chons-nefer-hotep, of whom he asks permission for Chons-pari-sekher to go to Bakhten. These two names apply to different forms of the same divinity, Chons. Accordingly the boat of Chons-pari-sekher is sent with a great cortège, and is a year and five months upon the road. Chons is addressed by the spirit that troubled Benteresh; and its departure and the cure are related. The chief of Bakhten is desirous to keep Chons in his country, but finding that the god wishes to return, he sends him back in the thirty-third year of the king's reign.

Apart from the curious light that this document throws upon the ideas of the Egyptians at this period, it is especially remarkable as an instance of the historical statement of what must be essentially unhistorical. A full account of it may be found in M. de Rougé's *Etude sur une Stèle Egyptienne*, Paris, 1858; and Mr. Birch's paper in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. iv. N. S.

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of Egypt, if he had lived in Manetho's time, should accept without hesitation Manetho's solution of the problem. The confidence reposed in Manetho is the more extraordinary, when we recollect the credulity of the Oriental writers, and their ignorance of the very first principles of historical criticism. The Egyptians were an Oriental people; and Manetho, notwithstanding his erudition, must have shared in the characteristics of his race. His work is lost; and one of the chief fragments of it preserved is confessedly drawn from popular tradition. To what extent, and in what manner, he interwove the popular legends with the accounts derived from the sacerdotal registers, we have no means of determining; but the fact that he has done so in the portion of his work that has come down to us, certainly shakes our confidence in the credibility of the whole work. We are always too apt to judge of Oriental writers by Western ideas. Manetho was well trained in Egyptian learning, had studied the Greek language and literature, and had acquired a great reputation for wisdom. This is admitted; but, notwithstanding his attainments, he might have readily repeated the most childish tales upon the most absurd authority. The Arabic historian Makrîzî was the most learned man of his age, trained like Manetho in the learning of the Greeks as well as in that of his own countrymen; and yet his account of the ancient history of Egypt is full of such marvels and wonders, that no educated European could for a single moment accept it as a narrative of real events. But Makrîzî himself regarded his own account as reasonable and probable, since he takes credit to himself for rejecting some stories 'which the wise cannot believe.'*

We

* The following literal translation from Makrîzî's great topographical work, printed in the original at Bulak (the port of Cairo), will convey a fair idea of his historical credibility:—'After him [Shahlûk] reigned his son Sûrîd. He was an excellently wise man; and he was the first who levied taxes in Egypt, and the first who ordered an expenditure from his treasuries for the sick and the palsied, and the first who instituted the observation (?) of daybreak. He made wonderful things; among which was a mirror of mixed metal, in which he would observe the countries, and know in it the occurrences that happened, and what was abundant in them, and what was scarce. He placed this mirror in the midst of the city of Amsûs [the antediluvian capital of Egypt], and it was of copper. He made also in Amsûs the image of a sitting female nursing a child in her lap. * * * That image remained until the Flood destroyed it: but in the books of the Copts [it is said] that it was found after the Flood, and that the greater part of the people worshipped it. * * * This Sûrîd was he who built the two greatest Pyramids in Egypt, which are ascribed [also] to Sheddâd, the son of Ad; but the Copts deny that the Adites entered their country by reason of the power of their magic. When Sûrîd died he was buried in the Pyramid, and with him his treasures. It is said that he was 300 years before the Flood, and that he reigned 190 years. After him reigned his son Harjîb; he was excellently wise, like his father, in the knowledge of magic and talismans. He made wonderful things, and extracted many metals, and promulgated the science of alchemy. He built the Pyramids of Dahshûr, conveyed

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We now pass to Eratosthenes, to whose researches M. Bunsen attaches even more importance than to those of Manetho. This distinguished man was a native of Greece, and was placed over the Alexandrian library in the reign of the third Ptolemy. He was one of the greatest of the Grecian geometers and astronomers; he was the first who raised geography to the rank of a science; and he may be regarded as the founder of the generally received system of Grecian chronology. Among his many works, he drew up at the request of Ptolemy a list of thirty-eight Theban kings, occupying a period of 1076 years. He derived his information from the registers of Thebes,* and probably for this reason the name of Theban was given to the kings in his list. While fully admitting the learning and ability of Eratosthenes, we cannot accept his testimony with the unhesitating faith of M. Bunsen, who appears to place him even above modern critical scholars. Eratosthenes constructed a system of Grecian as well as of Egyptian chronology, and we may fairly presume that he proceeded upon the same principles in either case. But if all modern scholars, really deserving the name, have unhesitatingly rejected Eratosthenes' system of Grecian chronology, we are at a loss to understand why they should accept his system of Egyptian chronology, especially when they have no means in the latter case of testing either his premises or his conclusions. Eratosthenes was enabled to assign dates to the earliest events in Grecian story by assuming the authenticity and trustworthiness of the genealogies. All Grecian tribes, as well as royal and distinguished families, traced their origin through a long line of historical and legendary ancestors up to some god. There thus existed throughout Greece a very large number of genealogies; and the chronologists, by adopting those which were most in esteem, and by attributing to each generation a period of 33¼ years, could easily reckon upwards from any event of which the date was known. Having thus affixed dates to the heroes of Grecian story, the tales of the poets were naturally interwoven into the series, and thus was formed a connected narrative, with specific dates, beginning with Phoroneus, nearly 600 years before the Trojan war, and coming down to the strictly historical period. It seems never to have occurred to Eratosthenes and his followers to question the credibility of the genealogies, upon which their whole system rested, and which are now rejected by all competent critics. When M. Bunsen urges that 'we have in our hands a

veyed to them great wealth, and choice jewels, and spices, and perfumes, and placed on them magicians to guard them. When he died he was buried in the Pyramid, and with him all his wealth and rarities.'

* This is stated by Syncellus, p. 279, ed. Dindorf. See also p. 171.

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chronological series formed by a person like Eratosthenes, who enjoyed such advantages, esoteric and exoteric, in his search after truth, as no man before or after him ever possessed,' it is sufficient to reply, in the language of Mr. Grote, 'Eratosthenes delivered positive opinions upon a point on which no sufficient evidence was accessible, and therefore was not a guide to be followed.' M. Bunsen is at least consistent in defending the early Grecian as well as the early Egyptian chronology; but we lose all faith in his judgment when we find him putting implicit trust in the historical authority of Castor the Rhodian, and especially in the 'local written information (computations by generations),' from which Castor 'derived his dates.' It is difficult to believe that any author of reputation should thus completely disregard all the results of modern historical inquiry. A writer who assigns, as M. Bunsen does, specific dates to the death of Codrus (about 960 or 950 B.C.),* to the naval supremacy of the Pelasgians (1059 B.C.),† and even to the naval supremacy of the Mæonians or Lydians (1151 B.C.),‡—who believes that he 'has established the *proper date* for the Pelasgic Ionians before the Dorian migration,'§ and that Castor placed the supremacy of the Carians '*with good reason* before the taking of Troy, namely, before Minos, who put an end to it,'‖—passes the strongest condemnation upon himself, and has yet to learn the very first principles of historical criticism.

We have thus seen good reason to question the critical skill of both Manetho and Eratosthenes, and to hesitate before putting faith in their statements. Our perplexity is further increased by the loss of their works, and by the falsifications and corruptions to which Manetho's lists, at any rate, have been exposed. The Egyptian history of Manetho was in three books. The first comprised the reigns of the gods and heroes, and the first eleven dynasties of mortal kings, beginning with Menes (I.-XI.); the second contained the following eight dynasties (XII.-XIX.); and the third the last eleven (XX.-XXX.), terminating with Nectanebus II., who lost his throne on the invasion of Darius Ochus in B.C. 340. Though Manetho's history is lost, his lists of dynasties have been preserved by the chronographers. The dynasties are in a tabular form, containing the names of the kings and the lengths of their reigns, with a few very brief notices of important events; but whether such lists were appended by Manetho himself to his history, or have been drawn up in their present form by the chronographers, must be left uncertain. These writers were led

* Vol. iii. p. 627. † Vol. iii. p. 629. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 630.
§ Vol. iii. p. 631. ‖ Vol. iii. p. 634.

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at an early period to study the ancient history of the chief nations of antiquity, and especially of the Egyptians and Babylonians, in order to compare it with the Scriptural narrative. One of the most learned of the chronographers was Julius Africanus, bishop of Emmaus-Nicopolis at the beginning of the third century, who incorporated the dynasties of Manetho in a chronological work in five books (Πεντάβιβλον). Africanus placed the creation in the year 5500 B.C.; but he did not tamper with the Egyptian chronology, in order to bring it into conformity with that of the Old Testament, and he ingenuously confesses that the former was irreconcileable with the latter. Whether he had before him the original history of Manetho, or copied the dynasties second-hand, cannot be determined. M. Bunsen decides in favour of the latter alternative; but seeing that the original work was read by Josephus not much more than a century before, it is improbable that it should have perished in so short a period; and if it was still in existence, it is natural to conclude that so learned a writer as the Bishop of Emmaus would have consulted Manetho's own history. It is, however, of more importance to observe, that the lists of kings in Africanus differ from the corresponding names in Josephus. Even in the time of Josephus there existed various copies of the original history, containing important discrepancies;* and Africanus himself appears to have published two editions of the dynasties.†

The work of Africanus has also perished, but his list of Manetho's dynasties has been preserved by George the Syncellus,‡ a Byzantine monk, who lived at the beginning of the ninth century, and who incorporated the list of Africanus in his 'Chronography.' We are also indebted to Syncellus for Eratosthenes' table of Egyptian kings.

Eusebius, the celebrated bishop of Cæsarea in the time of Constantine, likewise inserted the dynasties of Manetho in his 'Chronicon,' from which they have been copied by Syncellus, who therefore gives us Manetho's lists according to the editions of both Africanus and Eusebius. In the case of Eusebius, however, we are not left to depend upon the transcript of Syncellus, since an Armenian version of the whole work was discovered in the convent of St. Mark in Venice in 1820, and besides considerable portions were translated by Jerome. A comparison of these three authorities presents very few discrepancies; and we may

* This is expressly stated by Josephus: *ἐν δ' ἄλλῳ ἀντιγράφῳ* (sc. *εὗρον*) *οὐ βασιλεῖς σημαίνεσθαι, κ. τ. λ. c. Apion.* i. 14.

† *Ὁμοῦ πρώτης καὶ δευτέρας δυναστείας μετὰ τὸν κατακλυσμὸν ἔτη φνέ* (555) *κατὰ τὴν δευτέραν ἔκδοσιν Ἀφρικάνου.* Syncellus, p. 104. ed. Dindorf.

‡ *Syncellus* was the title given to the *cell-companion*, commonly the destined successor, of a patriarch.

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therefore conclude that we possess a faithful copy of the dynasties according to the views of Eusebius. But his list of the dynasties differs greatly from that of Africanus. It is evident that Eusebius had Africanus before him, and frequently copied from him; but there is no sufficient reason for charging him with wilfully falsifying the text of his predecessor. It is clear that Eusebius made use of some other edition of Manetho's dynasties, differing in important points from the one consulted by Africanus. It is, however, agreed by all modern critics that the list of Eusebius is not so trustworthy as that of Africanus.

It has been necessary to enter into these particulars, in order that our readers may perceive in what manner Manetho's dynasties have come down to us. They are confessedly the copy of a copy, and are moreover in a very corrupt state. This is admitted on all hands, and is indeed obvious even to a casual observer. The viith dynasty, according to Africanus, contains 70 kings, reigning collectively only 70 days; and the xivth dynasty consists of 76 kings, reigning 184 years—or less, upon an average, than three years a-piece. In some cases the names of the kings are not inserted at all, but only the lengths of their reigns. There is an irreconcileable discrepancy in the numbers. The sum of the reigns of each dynasty, and the sums of the dynasties of each book, are given; but these sums do not tally with the results obtained by adding up the years of the separate reigns and dynasties. If we adopt even the lower numbers in Africanus, the sum of all the dynasties amounts to upwards of 5200 years. Adding this number to the 340 years B.C., at which the xxxth dynasty ceases, we must place the commencement of the reign of Menes about 5600 years B.C., or full one hundred years before the creation of the world, according to the longest of the Scriptural schemes of chronology.

This immense period of time has been a stumbling-block to all chronologists, and accordingly numerous attempts have been made both in ancient and modern times to bring it within more reasonable bounds. The favourite resort has been the supposition that many of the earlier dynasties were contemporary, and had been so distinguished by Manetho, but were woven into a continuous series by the Epitomists. The theory of contemporary dynasties was first started by Eusebius, and was adopted by most of the earlier modern chronologists. It has been revived by M. Bunsen, M. Lepsius, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Stuart Poole, and most modern Egyptologers, who have been led to adopt it chiefly through their excessive respect for the authority of Manetho. It is sufficient to reply that there is not the slightest historical testimony in favour of this theory. On the contrary, all ancient writers

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writers, both sacred and profane, invariably represent Egypt, with the exception of one or two periods of anarchy, as governed by a single king. If such contemporary dynasties had been of frequent occurrence, surely some notice of so remarkable a fact must have been preserved; and if they had occurred in Manetho's work, Africanus and the other Christian chronologists would have eagerly seized upon a circumstance which would have enabled them to bring the Egyptian chronology into accordance with that of Scripture. That they knew nothing of the kind is evident, not only from their silence, but from the confession of Eusebius, who avowedly invented the hypothesis in order to reduce the excessive length of Manetho's chronology. Moreover, Manetho himself appears to exclude the idea of contemporary dynasties in all other cases, by his expressly naming two contemporary races of kings in the xviith dynasty, one of the shepherd invaders probably reigning at Memphis, and the other of native Egyptians at Thebes. Since Africanus records this instance, we may fairly conclude that he would have mentioned others of a similar kind if any such had existed in the original work.

In reducing the length of Manetho's dynasties, M. Bunsen depends entirely upon a passage in Syncellus, in which it is stated that the thirty dynasties of Manetho occupied 113 generations, and 3555 years. M. Bunsen assumes as an indisputable fact, that this was the length assigned by Manetho himself to the Egyptian monarchy.

'We may venture to assert that the numbers of Manetho have been transmitted to us quite as correctly as those of the Canon of Ptolemy. *It may therefore be held as established*, that Manetho assigned to the Egyptian empire, from Menes to the death of the younger Nectanebus, a period of 3555 years.'

M. Bunsen conjectures that Syncellus may even have had before him a part or the whole of Manetho's original work, from which he copied the above statement. This appears to us a most improbable conjecture; and it is very strange that M. Bunsen should imagine that Manetho's original work was unknown to the learned Julius Africanus in the third century, and yet was read by the Byzantine Syncellus six hundred years afterwards. Indeed, the whole theory is a striking instance of the rash and uncritical method which characterizes M. Bunsen's speculations. He *assumes* that Manetho gave 3555 years as the length of the Egyptian monarchy, and he then makes a mere *conjecture* the key-stone of his arch. The conjecture, too, is very improbable; for if either Africanus or Eusebius had been aware of this lower sum, they surely would not have failed to

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to notice it, when they were so anxious to reduce Manetho's numbers. Moreover, there are very strong grounds for believing that this period of 3555 years was not derived from Manetho's genuine work. So much importance has been attributed to the passage of Syncellus, that it is necessary to subjoin the exact words, with a few remarks.

'Τῶν γὰρ ἐν τοῖς τρισὶ τόμοις ριγ' (113) γενεῶν ἐν δυναστείαις λ' ἀναγεγραμμένων αὐτῶν ὁ χρόνος τὰ πάντα συνῆξεν ἔτη ͵γφνέ (3555) pp. 97, 98, ed. Dindorf.'

Now it is evident, though M. Bunsen does not notice it, that the words αὐτῶν ὁ χρόνος are corrupt. Although old *Chronos* has wrought many wonders in this world, we cannot assign to his pen any written document. It has been pointed out by Böckh that instead of ἀναγεγραμμένων αὐτῶν, we should read ἀναγεγραμμένων αὐτῷ (that is, τῷ Μανεθῷ), and that instead of ὁ χρόνος the name of some writer must have originally stood. We know from Syncellus himself (p. 99, ed. Dindorf) that there was a certain Old Chronicle, which was long considered a work of authority, but which is now admitted by all modern scholars, including M. Bunsen himself, to have been the work of some Christian impostor. It was probably composed after the time of Eusebius and before that of Anianus and Panodorus, two Egyptian monks in the fifth century, who drew up synchronisms of Jewish and profane history. It is apparently from their writings that Syncellus was acquainted with the Old Chronicle, and it is probable that the name of Anianus should be substituted for ὁ χρόνος in the passage under discussion. If we suppose that the first half of ὁ [Ἀνια]νός was obliterated and the termination νος alone left, the copyist might have filled up the blank by writing ὁ [χρό]νος. We have the express testimony of Syncellus (p. 95) that the Old Chronicle assigned 113 generations to the thirty dynasties, the very number specified in the other passage. We may therefore conclude that the 113 generations and the 3555 years come from the Old Chronicle, and not from the genuine Manetho, and are therefore utterly worthless.*

It is indeed strange in the present state of historical criticism, when the method has been so fully explained and so admirably illustrated by recent historians, to find M. Bunsen systematically disregarding the laws of evidence, and endeavouring to reconstruct the history, and even the chronology, of a distant age by a series of arbitrary conjectures. Even if they were more

* The reader who wishes to pursue this subject further may consult C. Müller's *Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum*, vol. ii. pp. 536, 537, and Böckh, *Manetho und die Hundssternperiode*, p. 436, *sq.* p. 521.

plausible

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plausible and probable than they are, they cannot, from the nature of the case, admit of proof. M. Bunsen has yet to learn the important principle laid down by one of the greatest of our modern historians, 'that conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind, than the fancy without the reality of knowledge,' and that it is the duty of the historian not 'to screw up the possible and probable into certainty.' Having first conjectured that the period of 3555 years came from Manetho's own hand, M. Bunsen next proceeds to reduce the lists in Africanus and Eusebius to this lower number. This is a long and intricate process, in which the kings and dynasties and numbers undergo such extraordinary transmutations and transformations that a cautious historical critic stands aghast at both the audacity and the credulity of the author. It is quite impossible for us, with the space at our command, to follow M. Bunsen through his various devices for the reduction of the numbers, and to state the objections which occur to us at almost every step. The extensive alterations which he makes in Manetho's dynasties are completely fatal to their historical value. The number and importance of these corrections, if admitted, prove such radical confusion and corruption in the present text, that it is quite impossible to believe that any process of conjectural criticism can restore it to its original condition. For our own part, we do not believe that Manetho's dynasties have come down to us in so corrupt a state as M. Bunsen supposes; but if we did, we should have to throw them aside as useless.

We have already seen that M. Bunsen attaches even more importance to the 38 Theban kings of Eratosthenes than to the dynasties of Manetho. They commence with Menes, and the name of each king is given in succession with the length of his reign. M. Bunsen not only maintains that this list of 38 kings establishes a chronological canon for the most ancient period of Egyptian history, but also that it supplies a *key* for the restoration of Manetho's dynasties. The latter point he endeavours to establish in the following manner:—The conquest of Egypt by the Shepherd races forms an important epoch in the history of the country, and terminates the first period of the monarchy. The rule of the Shepherd races forms the second period; while the third comprises the history from the expulsion of the foreign races to the Persian conquest. To these three periods M. Bunsen gives the names respectively of the Old, the Middle, and the New Monarchy. Since the list of Eratosthenes begins with Menes, M. Bunsen conjectures that it must end with some important historical crisis; and 'what could that great event have been, worthy of forming such a standard epoch, but the irruption

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tion of the Shepherd race, and the occupation of the imperial throne by Shepherd rulers?' He accordingly draws the conclusion that the 38 Theban kings were the kings of the Old Monarchy, and that the latter lasted 1076 years. According to Manetho's lists the Old Monarchy lasted about 2500 years; but upon comparing the kings in Manetho with those in Eratosthenes, it is found as a general rule that the same names occur only in those dynasties which are called by Manetho, Theban, or Memphite, or Thinite. Hence it is argued that all the other dynasties belong to inferior contemporaneous rulers; and that the list of Eratosthenes contains only the names of the imperial kings who reigned either at Memphis or Thebes.

'Eratosthenes corrected, throughout, all the *deficiencies and blunders which Manetho did not perceive to exist* in the Egyptian method, in respect to the continuous chronology. The *records of the whole empire were in confusion;* restorations had been made which contradicted each other. Eratosthenes discovered the only certain clue in the archives of Thebes, where a register was kept of every king there recognised as such, and how long he reigned. By this means a coherent chronology could be framed (which is exactly what we require), and it would appear whether the sovereigns recognised at Thebes were always the legal sovereigns or not.'—vol. iii. pp. 13, 14.

It will thus be seen that the only check upon Manetho is Eratosthenes, and if the agreement between the two cannot be established, the whole fabric which M. Bunsen has raised at once falls to the ground. As this is a matter of primary importance, we must request our readers to follow us in a brief examination of some of M. Bunsen's extraordinary and arbitrary corrections in order to bring his two authorities into agreement. The following are a few specimens of the treatment to which Manetho's names are exposed. In the first dynasty the name written Miebidos or Niebais (Niebaes) is converted into Miabies or Miebaes, in order to suit the name in Eratosthenes, which in its turn has to be changed from Diabies to Miabies. In the third dynasty we have Tyreis changed to Tychres, Sesorchris for Mesôchris, Sesortasis for Tosertasis, Sayres for Aches (!), and Snephuris for Sêphuris; while Ratoises changed to Rasoisis, as well as Bicheris, are taken from the latter part of the fourth dynasty and here introduced. In the famous Fourth Dynasty, Sebercheres becomes Nephercheres and Thamphthis Phamenophthis.

The names in Eratosthenes are subject to even more violent changes. The sixth king Momcheiri is changed into Sesorcheres merely because he must be Sesorcheres! a king discovered in Manetho's Tosorthes or Tosertasis. 'Nor is there any other name

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name which can be intended by *Momcheiri*, an evident misspelling' (ii. pp. 73-4). The manner in which Sesorcheres became Momcheiri should have been stated. The next king Stoichos becomes only Toichros, but to identify him with Tetka-ra Assa (which M. Bunsen erroneously supposes, as we shall show presently, to be his monumental name), a further emendation is needful. Therefore he proposes to read—Ἄσσης Τοῖχρος υἱὸς αὐτοῦ ὃ ἐστιν ἡλιοθέτος for Στοῖχος υἱὸς αὐτοῦ ὃ ἐστιν Ἄρης ἀναίσθητος. The next king Gosormies is more boldly treated. 'In Gosormies we identify Tosorthos, Sesorthos = Sesortosis' (p. 76), and accordingly Sesortosis appears as the true form. Among later emendations, we must notice Enentefinaos for Sethinilos or Thinillus, and Mentuphis for Chouther!! It is needless to multiply instances of a method by which 'anything may be made out of anything.' We will only adduce one further characteristic example. The last name in the list of Eratosthenes is Amuthartaios: it is corrected by M. Bunsen to Amuntimaios, a name obtained by changing the words of Manetho ἡμιν Τίμαος into Ἀμυντίμαος.*

But even after all these extraordinary transformations to make the lists of Eratosthenes coincide with the Theban and Memphite and Thinite dynasties of Manetho, there still remains a difference of more than two centuries between the two authorities, according to the calculation of M. Bunsen himself; for while Eratosthenes is supposed to assign 1076 years to the Old Monarchy, the corrected computation of Manetho makes it last 1286 years. The value of the supposed 'Key' must be tested by its power to unlock the secret. If by the omission of all the dynasties except the Theban and Memphite and Thinite, the sum of Manetho's reigns had amounted to 1076 years, we might have reasonably inferred that M. Bunsen had hit upon the right method; but when two centuries still remain unaccounted for, the hypothesis is quite useless. Indeed the chronology of Eratosthenes seems to be based upon entirely different principles from that of Manetho. The former is derived from the Theban records, the latter in all probability from those of Heliopolis; and M. Bunsen's attempt to reconcile the two must be regarded as a signal failure.

M. Bunsen assigns to the Middle period of the Egyptian monarchy 922 or 929 years, during which time he supposes the Shepherd-kings to have reigned at Memphis. His treatment of this period is exceedingly unsatisfactory. The conquest of an old established and civilised kingdom by the nomad tribes of Asia has been an event of too frequent occurrence to

* The sentence runs: ἐγένετο βασιλεὺς ἡμιν, Τίμαος ὄνομα. Joseph. *c. Apion.* i. c. 14.

excite

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excite surprise or mistrust. Led by some enterprising chief like Cyrus, Zinghis Khan, or Timour, the hardy mountaineers and shepherds of Asia have frequently overrun the fertile and well-cultivated plains of the south, reduced to subjection the civilised inhabitants, and settled in their countries as lords and masters. In a few generations, however, the conquerors have adopted the habits and learned the vices of the conquered, and enfeebled by luxury and effeminacy have in their turn fallen victims to new invaders from the north. But that a nomad Asiatic tribe maintained itself in Egypt as a separate and independent race of conquerors for more than 900 years—a far longer period than from the Norman conquest to the present day—and that it was at length expelled by a national insurrection, seems to us so improbable in itself, and so contrary to all analogy and experience, that nothing but the decisive evidence of contemporaneous documents could compel us to accept it. These Shepherd-kings have not left on the monuments a single trace of their long dominion,* which is the more surprising when we recollect that the successive rulers of Egypt, whether natives or foreigners, have always bequeathed some memorial of their reigns, and that the nomad tribes of Asia have ever been ready to adopt the usages and imitate the example of the monarchs whom they have supplanted. In no other part of Manetho's lists do we find such hopeless discrepancies in the various authorities. If we are to believe Josephus, Manetho assigned 511 years to the sovereignty of the Shepherds; if we are to credit M. Bunsen's interpretation of the lists of Africanus, their sway lasted more than nine centuries. The monuments, as we have seen, are silent upon the subject: Herodotus, Diodorus, and the other Greek writers, make not the slightest allusion† to the event. Hence some modern critics have been disposed to reject it altogether; but it is impossible that an event so humiliating to the national pride would have been fabricated by the Egyptian priests; and the discovery of a papyrus in which a Shepherd-king is mentioned, proves beyond the possibility of doubt the fact of the conquest.‡ It would seem that there existed no contemporary documents relating to it, and that the real history of the event, together with the

* Lepsius indeed states that there is a monumental inscription of a Shepherd-king; but this is denied by M. Bunsen.

† Unless, however, the shepherd Philition, who is mentioned by Herodotus (ii. 128), be supposed to refer to the event; but the Pyramids were built long before the rule of the Shepherd-kings.

‡ This interesting document is part of one of the papyri in the British Museum which have been published by the Trustees. An interlinear translation of a portion of it made by a very able Egyptologer, Dr. H. Brugsch, is given in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. ix. pp. 200 *seqq.*

names

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names of the kings and the length of the empire, was irretrievably lost. With the tendency to exaggeration which characterises the whole of Egyptian history, a few generations may easily have been magnified into as many centuries; and the absence of all records would afford the priests an admirable opportunity of enlarging this period of their annals, and thus adding a few hundred years to the history of their country. But whether this be the case or not, the uncertainty attending this period shows how hopeless must be the attempt to reconstruct the history of a still earlier age.

The credulity and the scepticism of M. Bunsen are alike extraordinary. As long as he deals with the registers of the Egyptian priests, he exhibits blind faith and unreasoning confidence, but as soon as he examines the Biblical records he begins immediately to doubt, hesitate, and disbelieve. His Egyptian chronology, derived from unknown sources, and to a great extent constructed out of his own guesses and conjectures, seems to him both reasonable and authentic; the chronology of the Hebrews, drawn up from the venerable documents of an early age, and not inconsistent with the known facts of history, is denounced by him as absurd and ridiculous:—

'The ordinary chronology, then, we declare to be devoid of any scientific foundation; the interpretation indeed by which it is accompanied, when carefully investigated, makes the Bible a tissue of old woman's stories and children's tales, which contradict each other. When confronted with authentic chronology it generally leads to impossible results. It does not harmonize with anything which historical criticism finds elsewhere, and which it is under the necessity of recognising as established fact. It is, as regards the religious views of educated persons, the same thing as the stories in the Vedas, about the world-tortoise, are to those who are supposed to believe them—a stone of stumbling, and it will become more and more so every ten years. For it contradicts all reality, and necessitates the denial of facts which are as clear as the sun, or, if it does not succeed in that, compels them to be passed over altogether as matters of no moment. In countries where research cannot be prohibited by the police, or is not punishable by excommunication, this, indeed, in the long run, becomes exceedingly laughable, but it does not on that account cease to be immoral.'—vol. iii. pp. 348, 349.

The Scriptural chronology has at first sight one striking feature in its favour. Instead of claiming for the Jewish people a fabulous antiquity, and filling the unknown past with enormous cycles of years, the records of the Jews represent them as emerging from obscurity only a few hundred years before the foundation of Solomon's Temple, and they assign to the creation of man only a few thousand years before the Christian era. Before we

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we reject these moderate computations of time let us glance at the chronological systems of the other ancient nations of the East. With the exception of the Jews, all other Oriental races have grossly exaggerated their antiquity, and interwoven astronomical calculations into the history of the past. The Brahmans of Hindostan have a divine age of 4,320,000 years, divided into four separate periods, of which the fourth, in which we now live, commenced on the 18th of February, B.C. 3102.* The Babylonian history was arranged in certain cycles. Their smallest cycle, called a *Sossus*, consisted of 60 years, a division of time extensively employed throughout the East; their next cycle was named a *Nerus*, and contained 600 years; while their largest division of time, comprising six Neri, or 3600 years, was termed a *Sarus*. The Babylonian chronology has been preserved by Berosus, a priest at Babylon, who was nearly a contemporary of Manetho, and to whose statements M. Bunsen assigns almost as much value as to those of the Egyptian priest. According to Berosus, the ante-diluvian Chaldæan kings reigned 432,000 years, that is 120 sari; and the first dynasty after the Flood 34,080 years, that is 9 sari, 2 neri, and 8 sossi. Indeed it has been pointed out by a modern scholar that the Babylonian kings, from the time of the Flood to the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, occupy exactly 36,000 years, or 10 sari, so that it would appear that Berosus constructed his whole history in two cyclical numbers, the ante-diluvian portion consisting of 120 sari, and the post-diluvian of 10 sari.† Even in the New World the Aztecs, like the nations of the old continent, had distinct cycles, each of several thousand years' duration.‡ The Egyptians, in like manner, possessed a Sothiac cycle of 1460 years; and Professor Böckh, of Berlin, has brought forward many strong reasons for believing that Manetho's history was constructed so as to fill up a certain number of Sothiac cycles.§ His arguments have been hardly noticed, and certainly never refuted, by M. Bunsen and his followers; but their intrinsic value, as well as the reputation of their distinguished author, require a more careful consideration than Egyptologers have hitherto vouchsafed to give them. If they are true, they prove that M. Bunsen's efforts to form an historical chronology out of Manetho's lists have been entirely

* See Sir Wm. Jones, *On the Chronology of the Hindoos*, in vol. iv. of his works; Prof. Wilson's translation of the *Vishnu Purâna*, p. 22, *seq.*; and Lassen, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, vol. i. p. 500.

† See Gutschmid, *Rheinisches Museum*, vol. viii., quoted by Bunsen, vol. iii. p. 452.

‡ See Prescott, *Hist. of Mexico*, vol. i. p. 55, London, 1843.

§ Böckh's essay, to which we have already referred, is entitled *Manetho und die Hundssternperiode*. It was published in 1844 in Schmidt's *Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*.

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thrown away. The Sothiac period is called from Sothis, the Egyptian name of Sirius, or the dog-star. The so-called heliacal rising of this brightest of the fixed stars coincides with the summer solstice and the first indication of the rise of the Nile, always the most important event in the life of the Egyptians. This was the natural commencement of their year, but as their civil year consisted of 365 days, and no system of intercalation was adopted, it began every four years one day too soon. Hence it was only once in a period of 1461 Egyptian, or 1460 Julian years, that the beginning of the natural and civil years coincided. The civil year always commenced on the first day of Thoth; and the heliacal rising of Sothis on that day marked the commencement of a great cycle. Now we know from Censorinus that this happened on the 20th of July, A.D. 139, and it has been calculated by modern astronomers that Sirius actually did rise heliacally on that day in Central Egypt; consequently the previous Sothiac cycle must have commenced on the 20th of July, B.C. 1322. In like manner the three preceding cycles would have begun in B.C. 2782, 4242, and 5702 respectively. By adding up the numbers in the lists of Africanus, Böckh comes to the conclusion that Manetho placed the accession of Menes in B.C. 5702, that is, at the beginning of the first of these Sothiac cycles. He also shows that the preceding dynasties of Manetho, consisting of divine and semi-divine beings, filled exactly 17 Sothiac cycles, or 24,800 years; accordingly Manetho's Egyptian chronology contained 20 complete Sothiac cycles, 17 belonging to the gods and 3 to mortals, while the twenty-first was the period in which Manetho himself lived. His views will be more clearly seen by the following Table:—

B.C. 20 July,	30,522	Beginning of 1st Sothiac cycle and commencement of the reign of the gods.
20 July,	5702	Beginning of XVIIIth Sothiac cycle. Accession of Menes.
20 July,	4242	Beginning of XIXth ,,
20 July,	2782	,, XXth ,,
20 July,	1322	,, XXIst ,,

The corruptions in the numbers of Africanus have compelled Böckh to make a few conjectural emendations, but if this were not so, there could not be the slightest doubt of the correctness of his scheme, and consequently of the unhistorical character of Manetho's chronology; for even M. Bunsen would hardly venture to believe that the accession of the first king of Egypt coincided accidentally with the commencement of one of these great astronomical cycles. It should, however, be added that Böckh's corrections of the numbers of Africanus are few and

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trifling—far less both in number and importance than the emendations of M. Bunsen. Our limits prevent us from entering into a discussion of this question, but we have a strong persuasion that Manetho, like Berosus, did arrange his history according to certain cyclical calculations. At all events Böckh's elaborate and valuable dissertation is sufficient to throw the gravest doubts upon the historical character of Manetho's chronology, and to make us pause before we sacrifice the simple and reasonable computations of the Bible to the complicated and improbable cycles of an Egyptian priest.

M. Bunsen claims the authority of the monuments in favour of Manetho's dynasties. He tells us again and again that the lists of kings are corroborated and authenticated by contemporary monuments, and he asserts this in such confident terms, and with so little reservation and modification, that the unlearned reader must form an entirely false conclusion respecting the nature and value of the evidence thus supplied. The first question which arises is, whether these monuments are contemporary with the events which they authenticate. There seems to be some vague idea in many persons' minds that an inscription must be of more value than a statement in a book, but a moment's reflection will show the absurdity of such a notion. When a person records events which happened before his own time, he is entitled to credit only in proportion as he possesses the means of ascertaining their truth, and whether he cuts them upon stone or writes them upon paper, their value must remain the same. Dr. Hales, in his work on Chronology,* speaks of the 'high authority' of the Parian Chronicle; but the dates of this document are of no more value than those of Timæus and Eratosthenes, and derive no additional authority from having been carved upon stone. The Tablet of Abydos, which contains a long list of Egyptian kings, cannot have the authority of a contemporary document, but simply represents the belief of the Egyptians of the time of the Tablet respecting their past history. The fact of the name of Menes being found upon a monument is brought forward as a proof of his historical existence; but as this monument confessedly belongs to an age long after the time of Menes, it is of no value as an original witness. The national belief is doubtless an important part of the history of a people, but it does not guarantee the reality of a person or an event.

It is, therefore, only contemporary monuments which can be used for historical purposes, but we readily admit that most of the Egyptian monuments belong to this class. The inscriptions

* Vol. i. p. 133, 2nd ed.

generally

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generally contain the name of the reigning sovereign, characterised as 'gifted with life always,' whereas a deceased king is described as 'justified.' The vast number and excellent preservation of these inscriptions would seem to promise abundant materials for reconstructing the history of the country, but, upon examination, they are found to be deficient in one or two points of cardinal importance. In the first place, they contain no *general æra*. Events are simply dated by the year of the king's reign, but, except from the style of the monument, no clue is given to the period in which the sovereign lived; and we have no means of reckoning either upwards or downwards to any fixed period or epoch. In one word, the monuments supply us neither with a chronology nor with data for constructing one. The lists of kings found upon monuments and in papyri are not arranged in strictly chronological order, and, even if such were the case, they could not, as we have already observed, possess the authority of contemporary records. Nearly all these lists—certainly all the more important ones—are of a religious character, representing or giving the names of the earlier kings, to whom the reigning sovereign is paying adoration: hence chronological accuracy was not necessary and was not observed. There can be no doubt that offerings were made to these kings in the chambers in which the tablets were set up. Kings obnoxious to the priesthood for heresy or other reasons would probably be omitted, and the wishes of the reigning sovereign would probably be consulted in the admission of his predecessors to whom he wished to pay honour. But whatever be the reasons for the arrangement which we find, it is certain that these lists ought to be used with great caution and hesitation in drawing up a regnal succession.

It is a serious error to suppose that the chronology of Manetho and Eratosthenes is established by the inscriptions on the monuments. Upon this subject there seems to be a strange confusion of ideas even in the mind of M. Bunsen himself. It is perfectly true that some of the royal names in the lists of Manetho and Eratosthenes are also found upon the monuments and in the papyri, but this only proves that these writers did not fabricate their lists of kings. It is not doubted by any competent critic that the Egyptian priests made use of the monuments in drawing up their lists. In fact, it could hardly have been otherwise. The monuments stood daily before their eyes, and with each separate work was associated the name of a king. Such names would doubtless find a place in the registers of the priests when they began to construct the history of their country, and accordingly Manetho and Eratosthenes would incorporate them

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in their lists. But it by no means follows that either these writers or the authorities which they followed, insert the monumental names in their true chronological order. An example will illustrate our meaning. We find in the fourth dynasty of Manetho a king named Suphis, who, it is said, built the largest pyramid. Colonel Vyse, in his examination of the Great Pyramid, discovered, in an inner chamber, previously unopened, the name *Khufu* or *Shufu*. This discovery unquestionably corroborates the statement of Manetho, that there was a king of the name of Suphis, and that he built the Great Pyramid; but it equally corroborates the accounts of Herodotus and Diodorus, who ascribe the building of this pyramid to Cheops or Chembes (Chemnis). M. Bunsen, however, is not content with this. He claims the authority of the monument for placing Suphis in the fourth dynasty, and for assigning to him a specific date. He seems to imagine that because the monument confirms one part of Manetho's statement, it must necessarily confirm the other; but the pyramid which told Manetho the name of its builder, told him no tale of its date. The same remark applies to all similar cases. The monuments give no era and no successive notation of time, and consequently M. Bunsen's appeal to them in support of his chronology is a delusion and a snare.

Our object in this inquiry has been to ascertain whether M. Bunsen possesses any reliable data for reconstructing the more ancient chronology of the Egyptian empire. Our limits will not allow us to examine that part of his work which treats of the 'New Empire,'* from which period something like an authentic history may be said to begin. But two or three astronomical dates, which occur upon the monuments of this period, must not be entirely passed over. We have already seen that there is no instance, upon the monuments, of the Egyptians reckoning from an era or by the years of a cycle. The only exception is the well-known inscription, containing a year of the era of Menophres, or the Sothiac cycle beginning B.C. 1322, which Lepsius had the bad taste to carve on the face of the Great Pyramid,—an act of Vandalism and a wanton injury to the venerable monument which no traveller in Egypt who has any respect for antiquity can behold without indignation. Such an inscription would have been entirely foreign to ancient Egyptian customs. It is, however, admitted by all Egyptologers that the monuments contain records of certain astronomical phenomena in connexion with the calendar. These have been calculated by M. Biot on data furnished him by M. de

* So called by M. Bunsen, who places it in B.C. 1626.

Rougé,

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Rougé, and the following are the approximate dates at which he arrives :—

1. Rising of Sothis, in reign of Thothmes III. (xviiith dynasty), about B.C. 1445.
2. „ „ Rameses III. (xxth dynasty), about B.C. 1301.
3. Star-risings „ Rameses VI. and IX. (xxth dynasty), about B.C. 1241.
4. Supposed Vernal Equinox, in reign of Thothmes III. (xviiith dynasty), about B.C. 1441.

It must be admitted that these dates, even if inaccurate by some years, offer valuable checks upon any system of chronology put forward. Accordingly M. Bunsen, in the preface to his third volume, has examined the first of these dates, which he terms "the absolute date of the reign of Tuthmosis (Thothmes) III." He argues that the date may be either B.C. 1470 or 1454, according to the place of observation; but as he assigns a much higher date to the reign of Thothmes III. (B.C. 1574), neither of the above dates suits his purpose. He therefore has recourse, according to his favourite method, to a supposed blunder in the monument; and by altering the inscription he obtains the "absolute date" which he requires. "Now, supposing the workmen to have cut three of those little strokes [for the months] instead of two, the inscription would run," &c. &c. Hence he gains 120 years. In this arbitrary manner does he treat what he admits to be "the *only one* of the five monuments examined by Biot and De Rougé which combines all the requisites, and may therefore give a positive date." He leaves unexplained the date of the supposed vernal equinox (No. 4) in the reign of the same king, which is a strong confirmation of the first date; and he thus forcibly adjusts the monument to his chronology. It would be easy to show that there is no occasion for this change, and that M. Biot's date of the reign of Thothmes III. is far

[illegible]

The following reasons would seem to show that absolute exactness is not attainable in such records.—1. It is not proved whether the star-risings were absolutely heliacal or somewhat different. 2. In some records the days are given, as if the days of rising, when we have reasons for believing that they are conventional days—for instance, the star-risings of No. 3 of the time of Rameses VI. and IX. are reckoned for the 1st day of 15, not for a single day, which would of course make an interval of uncertainty of 60 years. 3. In some records the day of rising is not indicated: this Lepsius (*Chronologie*) holds to be the case with No. 2, whereas Mr. Poole supposes a conventional day on a Sothiac Calendar, and M. de Rougé and M. Biot maintain a single day to be *spoken* of and *meant*. 4. There is also a possible cause of error in the uncertainty as to whether the records give days of local observation, or days of observation at some fixed place or places to obtain a mean for part of Egypt or the whole country.

Though a calculation might possibly be affected by most or all of these causes, the result would still be worth obtaining.

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more probable than that of M. Bunsen; but whether this be the case or not, we must protest, in the interests of sound criticism, against the rash alteration of a monumental inscription, in order to make it square with a preconceived hypothesis.*

Though the monuments supply us with no data for constructing the more ancient chronology of Egypt, it is important to ascertain to what extent they elucidate the history of the country. From the time of the xviiith dynasty we have an almost unbroken series of monuments, but for the earlier period such a continuous series is wanting. M. Bunsen contends that we possess 'authentic contemporary monuments' in nearly uninterrupted succession to the beginning of the iiird dynasty; but such a claim can only be partially established by a hypothetical and arbitrary arrangement of the names found upon the monuments, and by treating scarabæi and similar works of art as monumental records of this period. Upon looking at the monuments anterior to the xviiith dynasty we find two great groups, belonging to distinct ages, which are in a certain measure connected, but certainly not linked together, by other minor groups which can be proved to stand between them.

The first of these groups is that of the pyramids of Ghizeh and of the tombs surrounding them. These are unquestionably the oldest monuments of Egypt, and probably of the world. Their massive architecture, which wears an air of primæval antiquity, the similarity of their form to primitive structures in various parts of the world, and the archaic style of the sculptures of the tombs, alike prove their remote age. The subjects of the sculptures also differ greatly from those of later Egyptian art. One of the most striking and remarkable distinctions is the absence of representations of divinities and funeral rites, which are constantly found in tombs of a later period. The manners and customs belong to a primitive age. Labouring men are usually represented naked, which is not usual in other monuments; the chief occupations are connected with agriculture and the tending of cattle; and there is no trace of an army. The

* It would carry us too far away from the immediate object of this article to discuss M. Bunsen's account of Egyptian Technical Chronology. One point, however, is worthy of notice, especially in the case of a writer who constantly asserts that he presents us with 'the results of the latest researches.' Since the important discoveries of M. Mariette at Memphis, the subject of the Apis cycle has engaged the attention of the most eminent Egyptologers. The result has been that the former idea of this cycle having been, as stated by ancient writers, connected with the period of the lives of the bulls of this name, has been wholly abandoned, and great doubt consequently thrown upon its reality. We are therefore surprised to read in the recently published volume of the translation, revised by the author himself: 'The Apis cycle was *notoriously* a period of 25 years' (vol. iii. p. 61); and not to find any allusion whatever to the controversies upon this subject.

language

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language appears in a more primitive form; and the inscriptions, which are for the most part merely descriptive of the sculptures, are very difficult to read.

The second important group of monuments bears the names of the kings of Manetho's xiith dynasty. They consist of a small temple, remains of other temples, tombs, obelisks, and statues. The architecture is very different from that of the Pyramids, being less massive and more elegant. The sculptures, though still resembling in style those of an earlier date, exhibit a considerable advance. Separate statues have a better form and superior finish. The animals are admirably represented. There is still an absence of religious representations in the tombs, but divinities are portrayed upon other monuments. The subjects are of a less simple character than previously. The arts appear to have been more advanced, and life to have been more refined and luxurious. Soldiers are represented, and the labourers are usually clothed. The language is more developed, and perhaps may be considered to have reached its perfect state.

Such is the impression which an intelligent observer would receive upon examining the monuments on the spot. He could have no doubt of the relative age of the two groups, but he would find no means of determining the period of time which intervened between them: he would see that no one in Egypt could possibly confound two such different epochs, and that therefore the priests would place, as a matter of course, the kings of the first group in an earlier dynasty than those of the second group. So far Manetho's account is confirmed by the monuments; but further than this we cannot venture to go before the xviiith dynasty.

Our real knowledge of the most ancient history of Egypt is almost entirely confined to the Pyramids and their builders. It is rather startling to find, after the praises which have been lavished upon Manetho, that our old friends Herodotus and Diodorus have given a more faithful account of the erection of these primeval structures than the priest of Heliopolis. According to Herodotus, Cheops was the builder of the Great Pyramid, his brother Chephren of the second, and Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, of the smallest of the three.* Diodorus, in like manner, ascribes the Great Pyramid to Chembes or Chemnis, evidently a variation of the name Cheops, the second to Kephren, and the third to Mycerinus or Mecherinus.† These accounts are strikingly confirmed by the inscriptions of the monuments and the surrounding tombs. In the interior of the Great Pyramid we

* Herod. ii. 124-127, 134.

† Diodor. Sic., i. 63, 64.

find

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find the name *Khufu* or *Shufu*, evidently the same as Cheops, and also *Num-khufu* or *Num-shufu*, who is therefore supposed to have been a co-regent with Khufu. The second Pyramid contains no inscription; but in the adjoining tombs occurs the name *Kha-f-ra* or *Sha-f-ra*, clearly the Chephren of Herodotus and Kephren of Diodorus. In the third Pyramid the coffin of Mycerinus has been discovered, bearing the name *Men-ku-ra* or *Men-kau-ra*. Upon turning to the dynasties of Manetho, we find three successive kings, Suphis I., Suphis II., and Mencheres; but he makes Suphis I. the builder of the Great Pyramid, takes no notice of the second, and attributes the third to Queen Nitocris, the last monarch of the vith dynasty, who reigned many hundred years afterwards! We are aware of the ingenious expedients and conjectures to which M. Bunsen and his school have recourse, in order to save the credit of their great oracle; but it is unquestionable that in the only important fact which has come down to us from the remote ages of the Egyptian monarchy, the traditions preserved by Herodotus and Diodorus are more completely in accordance with the monuments than the statements of Manetho.

The manner in which M. Bunsen deals with the Pyramid-kings is so striking an example of his arbitrary method, that, even at the risk of wearying the patience of our readers, we must direct attention to this portion of his researches. The various authorities give the following lengths to the reigns of these kings:—

Eratosthenes.	Manetho.	Herodotus.	Diodorus.
1. Saophis I. ..29	1. Soris 29	Cheops 50	Chembes ...50
2. Saophis II...27	2. Suphis I. ..63	Chephren 56	Kephren 56
3. Moscheres ..31	3. Suphis II. ..66	Mycerinus	Mycerinus
4. Mosthes 33	4. Mencheres ..63		

M. Bunsen remarks:—

'The first two rulers were the royal brothers Cheops [the two *Shufus*]. All the information we can gather about them is, that Eratosthenes, a careful critic, assigned to the elder the first 29, and to the younger the latter 27, of the period of 56 years.'

But this period of 56 years Herodotus and Diodorus assign to the builder of the *second Pyramid*, Chephren or Kephren (*Shafra*), so that it is rather rash to take it as the sum of the reigns of the two kings Shufu. 'Manetho's division of the reigns gave the former 30, the latter 26; but then he united the two and made of them one reign of 56 years.' We may search Manetho's lists long enough before we find one of these facts and numbers. They are

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are thus obtained: Soris is changed to Sophis; this Sophis is made Cheops, and the reign of 29 years altered to the 30 years assigned by Herodotus, not to the reign of Cheops, but to the building of the Pyramid and causeway.* Herodotus, however, makes the reign of Cheops 50 years;† and although this is confirmed by the sum of 106 years‡ of this reign and that of Chephren, which lasted 56 years, M. Bunsen considers it to be an 'inaccurate statement of the Khufu epoch,' while the reign of Chephren is the 'strictly accurate account of the same epoch' (vol. ii. p. 145). M. Bunsen thus obtains the first number, 30, which he requires; but how can he show that Manetho gave the second Shufu 26 years? He finds the third reign in the lists to be 66 years. This he corrects to 56, and subtracting 30, gains 26. Mencheres is as unscrupulously dealt with. M. Bunsen discovers a second Mencheres in the Mosthes of Eratosthenes: to the first king of that name a reign of 31 years is assigned; to this supposed second 33—altogether 64—which number looks very like Manetho's 63 for Mencheres. This was too tempting to be resisted; Mencheres is at once cut in two, and two kings of this name are manufactured.

Let us glance for a moment at the historical results of this arrangement. Only 56 years are allowed for the building of the first and second Pyramids. One of the first canons of Egyptology is, that the size of a pyramid affords evidence of the length of the reign of its founder. The mode in which these structures were raised enabled their founders constantly to add to their size, and yet leave them in a state which would allow of their rapid completion after their death. This and the great size of many of them justify us in supposing that each of the most important was generally the work of a reign. If the pyramids in general indicate reigns of ordinary length, the Great Pyramid and second Pyramid must indicate reigns of extraordinary length. Fifty or sixty years must be allowed for the building of each of these monuments. M. Bunsen has assigned the second Pyramid to Shufu, the Great Pyramid to his brother Num-shufu and Shafra. For their construction he allows but 56 years, and he assigns the *smaller* portion (27 years) of this period to the Great Pyramid.

Though many of the royal names found upon the monuments are undoubtedly the same as those in Manetho's lists, the manner in which individual names have been identified is usually capricious, and for the most part very unsatisfactory. The fol-

* Herodotus (ii. 124) assigns 10 years to the making of the causeway, and 20 to the building of the pyramid. Hence the supposed length of the reign of Cheops (10 + 20).

† Herod. ii. 127. ‡ Herod. ii. 128.

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lowing list exhibits the number of royal names from the monuments and papyri which have been placed in the first seventeen dynasties by different Egyptologers. It has been drawn up from the Tables of MM. Bunsen and Lepsius, and from those of Mr. Poole in his 'Horæ Ægyptiacæ.' Manetho's numbers are added for the sake of comparison:—

Dyn.	Bunsen.	Lepsius.	Poole.	Manetho.		
				Afr.		Eus.
I.	3	2	1		8	
II.	1	..	14		9	
III.	10	1	1	9		8
IV.	6	6	4	8		17
V.	17	9	7	8		31
VI.	4	8	4	6		x
VII.	..	..	..	70		5
VIII.	1	..	..	27		5 or 9
IX.	..	..	5	19		4
X.	..	..	..		19	
XI.	7	12	7		17	
XII.	8	8	7		7	
XIII.	48	16	20		60	
XIV.		..	..		76	
XV.	..	..	5	6		x
XVI.	..	1	1	32		5
XVII.	5	5	..	86		4
	110	68*	76	467		$2x + 275$, or $2x + 279$.

Many of the kings in these lists are identified on the ground of mere similarity of name. For instance, a king Nephercheres is wanted; a corresponding name from the monuments is at once adopted without the least hesitation; and thus an apparent show of agreement is obtained. But the sober critic finds that he can venture to treat few isolated names in this manner. A series on the monuments may be shown to correspond to a series in Manetho; but we should propose never to identify a single king except on the strongest evidence. Thus we have no hesitation in connecting *Shufu* with Suphis I. of the Ivth dynasty, because we have, 1. the name; 2. early period; 3. the building of the Great

* The number of kings identified by Lepsius would not be much less than those identified by M. Bunsen, were it not that the former does not assign an exact place to many kings, as to whose order or dynasty he is uncertain.

Pyramid;

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Pyramid; and 4. approximate length of reign derived from the size of his pyramid. One of the most obvious means of distinguishing upon the monuments the period to which a king belongs, is the use of a single or double ring for the royal name. During the later period of Egyptian history we find that each king had two rings, enclosing two names, the first being of the character of a title, and always containing the name of the god Ra, and the second being a proper name. Thus, the first ring of Psammitichus II. of the xxvith dynasty reads *Ra-nefer-kat*, 'Pharaoh of the perfect heart,' and the second ring *Psametek*. These names are called by Egyptologers the prenomen and nomen. The earliest kings have only a single name corresponding to the nomen of later times. The earliest known instance of a king with the two names is that of Pepi, who is identified with Phiops of the vith dynasty. Hence the rule, that whenever a king has only one name he must be placed before Pepi, and in dynasties i.-v.; whenever a king bore a prenomen he must be placed in the vith, or a later dynasty. This important rule has been disregarded by Bunsen, who assigns to the iiird dynasty a king with two names *Tet-ka-ra Assa*, the former being the prenomen and the latter the nomen (vol. ii. pp. 75, 618), though neither in this dynasty nor in those immediately preceding or succeeding, do we find any king with two names.*

M. Bunsen's interpretation of the tablet of Abydos is a remarkable instance of the very slender and insecure foundation upon which he builds. His explanation of the first line, or doubtful part of the tablet, rests wholly upon three names. The first of these has nothing left but the final sign *f*; the second has two signs remaining, *neter-ka*. These imperfect names are unhesitatingly identified, the former with *Num-shufu* or *Shaf-ra*, the latter with *Men-kau-ra*. The third name, *Mer-en-her* (the twentieth scutcheon in the tablet), is said to be the same as the last king but two of the vth dynasty in the Turin Papyrus. But if we look to the latter document, we find an entirely different name—*Men-ka-her*—which no sound Egyptologer could confound with the name in the tablet. The contradiction between M. Bunsen's text and his hieroglyphic and hieratic authorities suggests that he is but very slightly acquainted with the latter and their correct interpretation.

With one more example of M. Bunsen's method of dealing

* M. Bunsen appears by an afterthought (though he cannot understand the passage) to have transferred the names *Tet-ka-ra Assa* to the vth dynasty, retaining a *form* of the name in the iiird dynasty (see vol. ii. [pp. 197, 198]: the pages are of very late insertion, as their numbering shows, as well as their explicit contradiction to the statement at p. 191).

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with the monuments, we will gladly close this part of the subject. There is now in the British Museum a mutilated statue, which formerly belonged to M. Bunsen himself, and with which he might, therefore, be supposed to be well acquainted. He describes it as 'the most ancient yet known' (vol. ii. p. 77, note 34); yet he acknowledges it to have been dedicated by Sesortesen I. of the xiith dynasty. In the part of the British Museum where it is now placed may be seen a small statue of the ivth dynasty, a large one probably of the same period, and a small one of the xiith dynasty. In the Louvre are two large statues of the Pyramid-period. In another part of his work he describes this statue as 'a votive statue of Sesortesen-Amenemhe' (p. 119); whereas it is elsewhere assigned to Sesortesen alone (pp. 77, 117). In the strange English of the translator he says, 'The sitting figure calls the person represented on one side AN, that on the other SESER-N-RA; which latter is the name of the second predecessor of the first Sesortesen of that [xiith] dynasty' (p. 77). It is, therefore, most reasonable to suppose that one king is meant—the ancestor and second predecessor of the king who dedicated this statue. He could not dedicate a statue of one king to two kings. Yet in the list of the second and third dynasties we find as 'monuments' under the fifth king of the latter 'perhaps = AN, Karnak 5, votive statue of Sesortesen' (p. 117), and under the last king but one, RA-N-SESER, 'votive statue of Sesortesen-Amenemhe.' The following is the curious result of these various statements:—

'1. Sesortesen dedicated a statue of a king to his second predecessor Seser-en-ra [of the xith dynasty].

2. Amenemhe also dedicated it, although not mentioned.

3. Though a statue of one king, it was dedicated to two.

a. Sesortesen dedicated it to An of the iiird dynasty.

b. Sesortesen and Amenemhe to Seserenra of the iiird dynasty, and not the second predecessor of Sesortesen.'

Here are two contradictions as to the person dedicating, and three as to the person to whom it was dedicated, besides the anomaly of two kings dedicating, and the still stranger anomaly of two having a single statue of one dedicated to them.

It has been necessary to enter into these details in order to prove the little reliance that can be placed upon M. Bunsen's interpretation of the monuments, as well as upon his principles of criticism in general. M. Bunsen complains that his researches and those of his school 'are still so shamefully underrated by German scholars;' but in this country, owing to his long residence amongst us and to the personal regard in which he was held, they have acquired an adventitious importance which their intrinsic

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trinsic value never justified. But when a writer calls upon us to correct the chronology of the Bible by a new system derived from his interpretation of Egyptian records, and denounces all persons who do not accept his conclusions as either fools or knaves, he challenges us to examine carefully the authenticity and value of these records, as well as his interpretation of them. Such an examination we have endeavoured to conduct, quite irrespectively of the Bible, upon critical principles alone; and we feel convinced that no sound scholar, whatever may be his theological opinions, can thoroughly test M. Bunsen's method and system without coming to the conclusion that he has violated the first principles of historical criticism, and that his whole superstructure is raised upon a foundation of sand.

Our space will allow us only to glance at M. Bunsen's scheme of Biblical Chronology. In examining this subject the reader cannot fail to be struck with an inconsistency of reasoning which destroys all confidence in the author's judgment. M. Bunsen puts forth theories which are in direct opposition to the historical character of the Biblical records, and yet he attempts to support them by isolated passages or statements in those records. For example: he imagines the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt to have lasted no less than 1434 years, whereas the Biblical narrative allows at the utmost 430 years. His supposition runs counter to the historical character of the whole narrative; and we should therefore imagine that it was founded upon wholly independent evidence, and that no Biblical facts were brought forward in its support. But we find, on the contrary, that it is entirely based upon some supposed synchronisms of Jewish and Egyptian history—upon such isolated facts as the occurrence of a famine and the building of a city called Raamses or Rameses during the oppression of the Israelites. If, however, a general theory of the history of the period is adopted which involves the denial of the historical character of the Biblical narrative, it is obviously illogical to lay any stress upon the details of this narrative. It is still more illogical to found upon such details a theory glaringly repugnant to the narrative to which they belong.

M. Bunsen's Biblical criticism is characterised by the same faults as the Egyptian. Whether in 'Egypt's Place,' or in his 'Bibelwerk,'* we find the same arbitrary reasoning, the same

* Of this work, which contains a new translation of the Bible, with a Commentary for the general reader ('Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde'), the first two parts, containing the Pentateuch, have already appeared (Leipzig, 1858).

dogmatism,

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dogmatism, and the same contempt for the opinions of others. But it might have been expected that, in his Biblical criticism, which is no new branch of learning, like Egyptology, M. Bunsen would at least have been correct in his facts. This, however, is far from being the case; and he displays here and there a want of knowledge which is almost incomprehensible. For instance, he says,—'In Scripture Nubia is *generally* called Nub, but Ezekiel seems to have written it Gnub.' (*Egypt's Place*, ii. p. 9.) Our readers will hardly need to be told that Nub does not once occur in the Bible. Again: he actually supposes the genealogy of Shaul or Saul, the son of Uzziah, a Levite, to be that of Saul, the king of Israel! (*Egypt's Place*, i. pp. 176, 177.) In his Biblical Chronology he indulges in the strangest conjectures. The most important date in his scheme of Biblical Chronology is that of the Exodus, which he places in the xixth dynasty, under Menephthah, the son of Rameses II., about B.C. 1320. This date depends upon the Egyptian evidence of the story of the Exodus as given by Manetho, upon M. Bunsen's chronology of the xviiith and xixth dynasties, and upon his theory of the interval in Biblical chronology from the Exodus to the time of the Kings. On each of these points a few remarks may be made.

1. The story related by Manetho is expressly stated by the historian himself to have been a popular tradition, and not derived from the Egyptian records.* It is not only inconsistent with the Biblical account of the Exodus, but it appears by its internal evidence to be hardly anything better than the tales of the Græco-Egyptians which were retailed by such men as Apion.

2. The date of the time of Thothmes III., previously noticed (page 407), is utterly irreconcileable with the date for the Exodus under Menephthah. Hence M. Bunsen's violent attempt to alter it by the supposition of an error of the sculptor who engraved it.

3. The number of years which M. Bunsen assigns to the interval from the Exodus to the time of the Kings is so much shorter than the period stated in the Bible, that we cannot accept the former without rejecting the historical credibility of the latter. M. Bunsen disposes of all contradictory evidence by denying its authority:—

'It cannot be within the province of the critic to prove from Hebrew tradition that the interval from the Exodus to the building of the Temple was between 306 and 310 years. For it is a *settled point* that

* The passage has been already quoted on p. 388.

that

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that tradition, as it stands, *contains no chronology whatever*; it would consequently be absurd to endeavour to prove anything out of it.' —Vol. iii. p. 247.

Here, as usual, M. Bunsen assumes the point at issue, and, by a dogmatic assertion, requires us to deny what the great majority of critics have always admitted—that there is a Biblical chronology of this period. The manner in which the history is squeezed into the short interval is instructive. The greater part of Joshua's rule is reckoned in the forty years in the Wilderness. All the periods of rest are omitted. Many of the Judges are made contemporary. The forty years of Eli are divided between him and Samuel, who is allowed only twelve years. The reign of Saul is cut down to twenty-two years. This is a mere arbitrary process, yet it is so satisfactory to the writer that he speaks of it as 'the chronological solution we have established.'

It is very hard to understand how M. Bunsen can accept the historical narrative of the Bible respecting the period of the Judges, and yet utterly repudiate its chronology; but his criticism of the time of the sojourn in Egypt is still more remarkable. The conjecture that this period was 1434 years, or nearly 1000 years more than the longest time hitherto assigned to it, is so contrary to all previous opinions, as well as to the definite statements of both the Old and New Testaments, that we might expect it to have been based upon the most conclusive evidence. But here, again, the only important evidence is purely Egyptian, and, what makes the matter worse, Egyptian according to the views of M. Bunsen. Assuming his date of the Exodus to be proved, he proceeds to show that the Israelites must have settled in Egypt before the conquest of the Shepherds. His arguments may be stated in a few words:—That Joseph was not the minister of a shepherd king 'is self-evident to any person of common sense and familiar with the Bible.' 'The result' of this proposition, 'when applied to Egyptian history, is simply this, that Joseph was the minister of one of the Sesortosidæ' of the xiith dynasty (vol. iii. p. 332). How the proposition and its results are connected is more than we can explain. There were, however, several kings of Egypt of the name of Sesortosis; and M. Bunsen is able to identify the very Pharaoh of whom Joseph was the minister, 'by a very unexpected and singular discovery.' This consists of a hieroglyphic inscription of a governor of a district in Upper Egypt, which runs thus:—'When, in the time of Sesortosis I., the great famine prevailed in all the other districts of Egypt, there was corn in mine.' It is sufficient simply to observe, that the frequency of famines in Egypt, both in ancient and modern times,

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times, renders such a supposed coincidence of little or no value; and yet upon such vague arguments as these is the exact length of the sojourn laid down, and the definite statement in Scripture set aside.

M. Bunsen's scheme of Biblical Chronology before the time of Abraham rests upon still more unsubstantial grounds. He claims for the period of the Deluge about ten thousand years before the Christian era, and he places the creation of man about another ten thousand years before the Deluge. These extraordinary statements depend entirely upon the author's theory of the growth of language; but, even if this theory were more probable than it appears to be, it is impossible to believe that it can—at least in the present state of philological knowledge—supply us with historical data.* However, since the publication of the German edition of his work, M. Bunsen has obtained an apparently scientific corroboration of his views, which he adduces with unhesitating confidence in the preface to the English translation of the third volume. This supposed discovery presents at first sight something more tangible than his linguistic theory. It is contained in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1858, giving an account of the explorations prosecuted near Cairo by direction of Mr. Leonard Horner, in order to discover the general depth of the alluvial land of Egypt, and, by calculations founded upon its annual rate of increase, to connect geological with historical time. Mr. Horner infers, from finding a piece of pottery in the Nile sediment, and at a certain depth below the surface of the soil, that man existed in Egypt more than 11,000 years before the Christian era; and not merely existed, but had advanced in civilization so far as to know and practise the art of forming vessels of clay, and hardening them by fire. Mr. Horner arrives at this conclusion in the following manner. Taking the colossal statue of Rameses II., in the area of the ancient Memphis, as the basis of his calculation, he found the depth of the Nile sediment, from the present surface of the ground to the upper level of the platform upon which the statue had stood, to be 9 feet 4 inches. Then adopting the date of Lepsius for the reign of Rameses II. (B.C. 1394-1328), and supposing the statue to have been erected in B.C. 1361, Mr. Horner obtains, between that time and 1854—the date of his excava-

* The most eminent Semitic scholars have rejected M. Bunsen's theory of the growth of language. Our readers will find some valuable remarks upon this subject in M. Renan's *Histoire générale et Système comparé des Langues Sémitiques*, and in *The Genesis of the Earth and of Man*, London, 1856, a work which deserves the attentive consideration of Biblical students, though we are far from endorsing all its opinions.

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tions—a period of 3215 years for the accumulation of 9 feet 4 inches of sediment; and accordingly he concludes that the mean rate of increase has been, within a small fraction, 3½ inches in a century. Hence, says Mr. Horner, 'it gives for the lowest part deposited an age of 10,285 years before the middle of the reign of Rameses II., 11,646 years before Christ, and 13,500 years before 1854.'

M. Bunsen, after quoting Mr. Horner's words, adds:—

'The operation performed, and the result obtained, are historical, not geological. The soil which has been penetrated is exclusively historical soil, coeval with mankind, and underlies a monument the date of which can be fixed with all desirable certainty. It is a soil accumulated at the same spot, by the same uninterrupted, regular, infallible agency of that river, which, like the whole country through which it flows, is a perfect chronometer. It is an agency evidently undisturbed by any other agency, during these more than a hundred centuries, by flood or by deluge, by elevation or by depression. The fertilizing sediment is found in its place throughout. Under these circumstances, it would seem reasonable to suppose that there is no material difference in the rate of secular increase; but that if there be any, the lower strata would require an inch or half an inch less to represent the growth of a century.'—vol. iii. Preface, p. xxvi.

Now, the first question which naturally arises is, can we depend upon the accuracy of the facts as thus stated? Mr. Horner is both a sound geologist and a man of honour, and he certainly would not intentionally deceive us; but, unfortunately, his testimony in this case is of little or no value, as he is not an independent witness, but simply a reporter of the observations of others. If he had been personally present, and had seen with his own eyes the boring-instrument bring up from a depth of thirty-nine feet of Nile-deposit a piece of pottery, we should have had the testimony of a trustworthy and competent witness; but his mere belief of the alleged fact, without personal observation, is of no value whatever in a scientific point of view. Before accepting such a statement as an undoubted fact, we should require information upon many points, as to which we are at present entirely in the dark. We know nothing of the credibility or competency of the person or persons who made the discovery; but we do know that, in all such cases, whatever is wanted is always found. If a gentleman in this country has the misfortune to fancy that he has coal or copper on his estate, and directs borings to be made, the instrument almost invariably brings up the desired specimen, though the practical geologist is aware, from the nature of the strata, that the existence of either copper or coal is a physical impossibility. So notoriously is this the case, that all who have

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had experience in these matters attach no importance to such specimens, unless the alleged discoverer is a scientific observer, of whose character and competency there can be no question. When, therefore, Mr. Horner gave special instructions to his agents to attend to the following point, among others:—'If any fragments of human art be found in the soils passed through; and, unless they be brick or other rude material, to preserve them'—our experience of similar excavations would lead us to expect that such fragments of human art would be sure to be forthcoming. But, even if this be not the case, and the pieces of pottery were actually found in the places indicated, there are several circumstances which render Mr. Horner's inference respecting their extreme antiquity extremely doubtful.

If we adopt a date of the first colonization of the country consistent with the chronology of the Septuagint, and admit the correctness of Mr. Horner's estimate of the mean rate of the increase of the alluvial soil, we may fairly calculate that at that time the general surface of the plain of Memphis was at least thirteen feet below its present level, and that the bed of the Nile was in the same place much more than twenty-six feet below its banks—that is, *much more than thirty-nine* feet below the general surface of the plain; for the bed of the river rises at the same rate as the bordering land, and is in this part of Egypt at least twenty-six feet below the land in most of the shallower parts. Now, according to an ancient tradition,* Menes (that is, one of the earliest kings of Egypt), when he founded Memphis, is related to have diverted the course of the Nile eastwards, by a dam about 100 stadia (about twelve miles) south of the city, and thus to have dried up the old bed. If so, many years must have elapsed before the old bed became filled up by the annual deposits of the inundation; and the piece of pottery may have been dropped into it long after the time of this early king, for we do not know the course of the old bed, and the statue may stand upon it. Or the piece of pottery may have fallen into one of the fissures into which the dry land is rent in summer, and which are so deep that many of them cannot be fathomed even by a palm-branch. Or, at the spot where the statue stood, there may have been formerly one of the innumerable wells or pits, from which water was raised by means of earthen pots.

Again: we know from the testimony of Makrîzî that, less than a thousand years ago, the Nile flowed close by the present western limits of Cairo, from which it is now separated by a plain extending to the width of more than a mile. In this plain,

* See Herod. ii. 99.

therefore,

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therefore, one might now dig to the depth of twenty feet or more, and then find plenty of fragments of pottery and other remains less than a thousand years old! Natural changes in the course of the Nile similar to that which we have here mentioned, and some of them, doubtless, much greater, have taken place in almost every part of its passage through Egypt.

Thus far we have adapted our remarks to Mr. Horner's estimate of the mean rate of the increase of the alluvial soil. But this estimate is founded upon a grave mistake: that is, upon the assumption that the upper surface of the platform, on which the colossal statue stood, was scarcely higher than the general surface of the plain. The temple which contained the colossal statue was one of the buildings of Memphis; and according to Mr. Horner's assumption, it is a necessary consequence that both the city and the temple must have been for many days in every year, to the depth of some feet, under the surface of the inundation! This is quite incredible; and we may therefore feel certain that the Nile-deposit did not begin to accumulate at the base of the statue till Memphis had fallen into ruins about the fifth century of our era.

These considerations, and many others which we might urge, tend to show that Mr. Horner's pottery is no more likely than M. Bunsen's chronology, to compel us to abandon our faith in the old Hebrew records. But one fact, mentioned by Mr. Horner himself, settles the question. He tells us that 'fragments of *burnt brick* and of pottery have been found at even greater depths [than thirty-nine feet] in localities near the banks of the river,' and that in the boring at Sigiul, 'fragments of *burnt brick* and pottery were found in the sediment brought up from between the fortieth and fiftieth foot from the surface.' Now, if a coin of Trajan or Diocletian had been discovered in these spots, even Mr. Horner would have been obliged to admit that he had made a fatal mistake in his conclusions; but a piece of *burnt brick* found beneath the soil tells the same tale that a Roman coin would tell under the same circumstances. Mr. Horner and M. Bunsen have, we believe, never been in Egypt; and we therefore take the liberty to inform them that there is not a single known structure of burnt brick from one end of Egypt to the other earlier than the period of the Roman dominion. These 'fragments of burnt brick,' therefore, have been deposited after the Christian era, and, instead of establishing the existence of man in Egypt more than 13,000 years, supply a convincing proof of the worthlessness of Mr. Horner's theory.

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ART. V.—1. *Bibliotheca Devoniensis: a Catalogue of the Printed Books relating to the County of Devon.* By James Davidson, Exeter. 1852.

2. *Monasticon Diœcesis Exoniensis.* By George Oliver, D.D. Exeter and London. 1846.

3. *Transactions of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society.* Vols. I.-VI. Exeter. 1843-1858.

4. *A Perambulation of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor.* By Samuel Rowe, M.A., late Vicar of Crediton, Devon. 2nd edition. London and Plymouth. 1856.

5. *The Anglo-Saxon Episcopate of Cornwall, with some Account of the Bishops of Crediton.* By E. H. Pedler, Esq. London. 1856.

WHEN the learned Jean Bodin, toward the end of the sixteenth century, published his famous treatise 'De Republica,' there was one among his many critics whose name, at least from the men of Devonshire and Cornwall, deserves to be redeemed from the complete oblivion into which it has fallen. This is Nathaniel Carpenter, whose father was rector of Hatherleigh, near Oakhampton, and who was himself a fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, where he seems to have been one of the most remarkable men of his time. In his Geographie delineated forth,—the first complete treatise on the subject published in English—he replies at considerable length to Bodin, who 'is over peremptorie in overmuch censuring all mountainous people of blockishnesse and barbarisme, against the opinion of Averroes, a great writer, who, finding these people nearer heaven, suspected in them a more heavenlie nature.' Carpenter proceeds accordingly to 'checke Mr. Bodin's bold conjecture' by an express reference to 'our mountainous countries of Devon and Cornwall,' and by a display of choice flowres cropt from that Hesperian garden:—

'It cannot be styled,' he asserts, 'our reproach, but glorie, to draw our offspring from such an aire, which produceth witts as eminent as the mountains, approaching far nearer to heaven in excellency, than the other in height transcend the valleys. Wherein can any province of Great Britain challenge precedency before us? Should any deny us the reputation of arts and learning, the pious ghosts of Jewell, Raynolds, and Hooker would rise up in opposition.'

A long string of names follows, setting forth the riches of the 'sweete hive and receptacle of our western wittes' in statesmen, soldiers, seamen, philosophers, poets, and in 'many inferior faculties wherein our Dævon hath displayed her abilities;' and whatever the hills and rocky tors of 'our Dævon' may have had

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to do with the matter, it is certain that the list is one that can be rivalled by few other counties, probably by none:—

'I should not,' he concludes, alluding perhaps to the glorification of 'nous autres Français,' implied in the 'bold conjecture of Mr. Bodin,' 'have spun out this theme so long, but to stop their mouthes, who, being sooner taught to speak than understand, take advantage of the rude language and plaine attire of our countrymen, admiring nothing more than themselves, or the magnificent splendours of their own habitation. As though all the witt in the world were annexed to their own schooles, and no flowres of science could grow in another garden. But a rude dialect being more indebted to custom than nature, is a small argument of a blockishe disposition; and a homelie outside may shroude more witt than the silkworme's industry. I have sometimes heard a rude speech in a frize habit expresse better sense than at other times a scarlett robe; and a plaine yeoman with a mattocke in his hand, speake more to the purpose than some counsellours at the barre.'

If Mr. Bodin's acquaintance with the sweet receptacle of western wits was in all probability very limited; and, if he ever lighted on it, he must have been considerably edified by this elaborate attack on his general proposition. As a Devonshire man, however, Carpenter may have thought that some defence of his native county was not uncalled for on other grounds. Notwithstanding Queen Elizabeth's often quoted saying, that 'The Devonshire gentry were all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence,' it is certain that, as well at that time as long afterwards, the remote land of Western Barbary enjoyed, on certain points of civilization and manners, a very questionable pre-eminence. 'A sweet county?' said Quin the epicure, on his return from eating John Dories at Plymouth—'no, sir; I found nothing sweet in Devonshire—except the vinegar.' Fifty years since the nicer delicacies of the table were evidently quite unknown to the savage natives. Some ignorance of so refined a science may reasonably be expected from a people whose manners, when Herrick wrote, were 'rockie as their ways,' and whose gentry, according to Lady Fanshaw, however loyal and hospitable, were 'of a crafty and censorious nature, as most used to be so far from London.' After this, we are not surprised to find Clarendon accounting for Monk's 'rough and doubtful' answer to the Duke of Ormond about the regiment to be sent from Ireland for the King, by the fact that 'he had no other education but Dutch and Devonshire.'

The roughness and independence which are perhaps to some extent still characteristic of the men of Devonshire, were no doubt greatly fostered by two geographical features of their county, which have influenced its history from the earliest times—its

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—its isolation and the position of its harbours. Shut in by the Cornish peninsula on one side, with which the Saxon 'Defnsætas' felt little sympathy, and by the sea on the north and south, the only land communication of Devonshire with the rest of England lies eastward through Somerset and Dorset. Great woods and deep marshes, however, formed for many centuries a kind of natural barrier, and would have prevented much intercourse with the neighbouring counties had their original settlers been more nearly of kindred race than in fact they were. The men of Devonshire were thus early compelled to depend upon their own resources—a task in the prosecution of which no small difficulties were to be successfully encountered. The earliest notices of 'our Dævon' suggest very different images from those with which its name is now associated—the soft sea breezes, the rose and myrtle covered cottages, and the broad green meadows dotted with lazy cows. The country was wild and desolate, and so thickly covered with forest that 'the woodlands of Dyvnaint' is the expression by which it is generally referred to in the earliest Welch poems. Aldhelm's 'Dira Domnonia' * alludes perhaps as much to the moral condition of the district, where the heretical Britons refused to keep their Easter in due season, as to its physical character; but the Domesday Survey, with its miles of wood and coppice, and its thinly-scattered population, supplies material for a sufficiently rugged picture, the accuracy of which is confirmed by subsequent chroniclers. Poor and hungry (jejunum et squalidum), according to William of Malmesbury, was the land about Exeter, now among the most productive in the county. Its scanty crop of oats, says the Monk of Devizes, somewhat varying Johnson's famous definition, supplied one and the same nutriment to man and beast. There were indeed certain districts, in the South Hams and elsewhere, which seem always to have been noted for their fruitfulness; but the mass of the county had to be reclaimed by patient industry. In Fuller's time the work had been tolerably accomplished, and Devonshire stood high among the agricultural counties. 'No shire,' he says, 'shows more industrious, or so many husbandmen, who . . . . . make the ground both to take and keep a moderate fruitfulnesse; so that Virgil, if now alive, might make additions to his Georgicks from the plough-practice in this county.'

* The expression occurs in one of his poems—

'Quando profectus fuerim
Usque diram Domnoniam
Per carentem Cornubiam
Florulentis cespitibus
Et fecundis graminibus.'

If,

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If, however, the situation of Devonshire with respect to other English counties was remote and isolated, some compensation was afforded by the many and excellent harbours on its southern coast, supplying not less ample opportunity for the development of its energies by sea, than the reclamation of its heaths and coppices did by land. At a very early period, the position of these harbours immediately opposite Brittany and the west coast of France, and later, their convenience as points of departure for the new-found world of America, gave them an importance of no ordinary character, and produced a race of hardy and daring seamen, of whom Westcote, writing in the reign of James I., asserts that 'the whole world brings forth no better.' The difficulties to be encountered both by sea and land went to form the character of the men of Devonshire; in whose history may be traced, we think, a certain independence resulting from the isolation of their county—a carelessness and indifference about the great events which were stirring other parts of England—a dislike of all change, as in the matter of the reformation of religion—and at the same time a resolute defence of what appeared to them their own interests, as instances of which we may refer to the rising at the time of the Reformation, and to the conduct of the clubmen during the civil war. Perhaps the buccaneering spirit which prevailed so extensively among the Devonshire adventurers of the sixteenth century, and the fact that many of the pirates who haunted the narrow seas during the reigns of James and Charles I. were natives of Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Barnstaple, may be regarded as illustrations of the same independent and 'unclubbable' tempers.

No satisfactory or accurate history of Devonshire exists. The nearest approach to one is the volume which forms part of Lysons's 'Magna Britannia,' published in 1822. The earliest collections for the county were made in the first half of the seventeenth century, by Sir William Pole of Shute, Tristram Risdon of Winscot, and Westcote of Shobrook, near Crediton. Westcote's book, printed for the first time in 1845, is curious, and may be accepted as a very complete 'View of Devonshire' about the year 1630, in spite of certain omissions of which, as he tells us himself, he had been accused, such as his having made no mention of the great bear which fought nine dogs when the Duke of Anjou, the French King's brother, was in Devonshire. Polwhele's 'History of Devonshire, 1793-98,' was never completed, and abounds in every kind of inaccuracy, although gossiping stories occur in it here and there which deserve sifting. A far more important book is the 'Damnonii Orientales Illustres, or Worthies of Devon,' of the Rev. John Prince, vicar of Berry Pomeroy,

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Pomeroy, published in folio in 1701, and reprinted, with additional notes, in 1810. Both editions have now become rare. Prince's book was welcomed with a chorus of applause from all his brother clergy, many of whom came forward with laudatory verses, as, for instance, Mr. William Pearse of Dean Prior:—

'You've done the work, Sir; but you can't be pay'd
Until among those Worthies you are laid.
Then future ages will unjustly do
To write of Worthies, and to leave out you.'

The Devonshire 'Orientales Illustres' are far the most part something more than 'grands hommes de province;' and we can scarcely imagine a more delightful volume than might be made of Prince's Worthies, with the additions to be derived by modern research, and with illustrations from good portraits, personal relics, ancient manor-houses, and sepulchral monuments.

That Devonshire has been far from idle of late years in collecting material for her future historian is sufficiently proved by the list of works we have placed at the head of this article. The handsome volumes of the 'Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society' contain many valuable and well-illustrated papers relating to the Ecclesiology of the county; and the same Society has issued a series of so-called 'Rough Notes,' in which the principal features and present condition of every church in Devonshire are duly recorded. The printed resources relating to Devonshire are catalogued in Mr. Davidson's excellent 'Bibliotheca,' a volume of more than 200 pages. Dr. Oliver, in such a well printed folio as Mabillon would have turned over with pleasure, has supplied us with a 'Monasticon' far more complete than that contained in the latest edition of Dugdale; and Mr. Rowe has lovingly and laboriously 'perambulated' the wild country of Dartmoor, in many respects the most attractive, and, if its borders are included, the most picturesque portion of the county. But there is something in every nook to reward investigation. 'I only know,' says the author of 'Tom Browne,' 'two English neighbourhoods thoroughly; and in each, within a circle of five miles, there is enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life. I believe this to be the case almost throughout the country.' We doubt if there be a single Devonshire parish of which the same thing might not be said.

The first indistinct appearance of Devonshire through the mists of dawning history connects it with the mysterious Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, which, for so many ages were 'hid from those who sailed the main.' There can be no doubt that the tin of Dartmoor was worked at a very early period, nor that the harbours of Devonshire were the chief emporia from which it

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it was conveyed across to the neighbouring continent, or on board the ships of Phœnician traders. Exeter, the 'Caer Isc' of the Britons, situated, like most Celtic towns, just at the point where the river ceases to be navigable, and Seaton, at the mouth of the Axe, on the eastern border of the county, seem to have been the principal centres of this ancient traffic. From the latter a road has been traced extending quite across the island to Yarmouth, and resembling, in its general character, the better-known 'Pilgrim's Way' which ran from Southampton or its neighbourhood to the eastern coast of Kent. These roads are certainly not of Roman origin, and they apparently indicate a very ancient commercial intercourse with Armorica (the Veneti?) on the one hand, and the Teutonic tribes in the neighbourhood of the Rhine on the other. Much tin may have been exported from Seaton, the ancient Moridunum, which was connected by a line of British road with Exeter; but the relics which have been discovered in so great numbers at this latter place—including numerous coins of the Greek dynasties of Syria and Egypt *—afford a more certain proof of its great importance as the centre of the Mediterranean tin trade, long before the appearance in the West of the legions of Vespasian. In order to find the yet lingering traces of the tribes who laboured in the mines and stream-works, and who peopled the deep coombes of Devonshire at that distant day, we must climb the heights of Dartmoor and wander over the dusky moorland, amidst whose solitudes they have been preserved. Here, remains of the so-called 'primeval' period—cairns, kistvaens, stone circles, and avenues of upright stones or parallelithæ—abound, and, although of comparatively small size, derive a peculiar impressiveness from the wild character of the landscape in which they are set. Among them the 'parallelithæ' as archæologists have agreed to call the long rows of upright stones, placed at regular distances from each other, opening here and there into circles, and winding in a serpentine form along the hillside—are almost peculiar to Dartmoor, and deserve perhaps more attention than they have hitherto received from Celtic antiquaries. On a small scale they resemble the famous avenues at Carnac, in Brittany. The most important have been described by Mr. Rowe; but there is scarcely a heather-clad tor which does not possess at least one of these avenues, more or less perfect, half hidden among the fern and heath, and generally terminating close

* Numerous coins of Antioch, Chalcis, Zeugma on the Euphrates, and Alexandria, have been discovered at Exeter—always at great depths. In 1810 a large quantity were found about 20 feet below the surface of the present Fore-street, which is in fact the Ikenild Way. Figures of some of these coins may be seen in Mr. Shortt's 'Sylva Antiqua Iscana.'

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to some brook or streamlet. Their object is altogether unknown, and few archæologists will now be disposed to acquiesce in the fantastic Helio-arkite theory with which Mr. Rowe has attempted to connect them. Rude stone foundations of huts, not unlike the Irish 'cloghauns,' and indications of ancient mine-works, are generally found in their vicinity; yet it is singular that no similar avenues exist in Cornwall, where other Celtic remains abound, and that no tradition whatever respecting them has been preserved among the Devonshire or Cornish miners—a class of men most retentive of all ancient customs and usages connected with their work. Local folk-lore asserts that the stone avenues on Dartmoor, like the hut-circles and the kistvaens, were erected in far distant times, when winged serpents frequented the hills and wolves inhabited the valleys.*

The whole of this period, however, belongs more or less to the mythic æra of winged serpents. Historically we know nothing concerning it, and its few surviving relics—coin, or trackway, or rude stone monument—return but very uncertain answers to our questions. Nor is the case much altered when the Romans appear on the stage. No complete narrative has been preserved of the conquest of the west of Britain by the lieutenant of Aulus Plautius, in command of the famous Second Legion, and we are left to conjecture—though that conjecture amounts to all but a certainty—that one of the two 'validissimæ gentes,' which, according to Suetonius, were subdued by Vespasian on this expedition, was that of the Dumnonii. The struggle for the 'garden of Britain,' as Mr. Merivale somewhat prospectively calls the then wild country of Damnonia, judging from the numerous camps and entrenchments which crest the hills, and from the thirty-two battles mentioned by Eutropius, must have been a severe one. Exeter, it is probable, was still important on account of its tin trade, and its possession may have been one of the chief inducements toward the conquest of the West. Coins of Claudius in great numbers, indicating a very early occupation of the city, have been found within its walls; and the last and best historian of Rome is disposed to regard the strong camps which guard on either side the narrow gorge of the Teign as having witnessed the final struggles between Roman and Damnonian.† The scene is at any rate picturesque enough for the last act of the drama; and

* Mr. Kemble has suggested that some such remains as these are referred to in early Saxon charters, where 'stân-rœwe' are occasionally mentioned as boundaries, without any marked epithet implying their antiquity. (Arch. Journal, vol. xiv.) In this case they may have been the work of the first Saxon settlers. A field at Stanton Drew, in Somersetshire, in which somewhat similar remains exist, is known as the '*Thing*-field.'

† Merivale's Hist. of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vi. p. 28.

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the antiquary, as he traces the strong lines of Wooston, or struggles upward to the watch-tower of Prestonbury, may please himself with the conjecture that it was during the attack on one of these fortresses that the life of Vespasian was saved by his son Titus, then a novice in arms. The incident occurred, at all events, during this Western campaign.

With the exception of numerous relics brought to light from time to time at Exeter, Rome has left but few traces of her four hundred years' occupation of Devonshire. A beautiful tesselated pavement, discovered at Uplime in August, 1850, by the Rev. Geo. Tucker, is the only trace of a villa which has been found throughout the county. But Devonshire and Cornwall abounded in metal; the strength of the inhabitants was not to be despised; and, although the new masters of Damnonia seem to have found small inducement to create a British Baiæ at Torquay or at Teignmouth, their usual methods for keeping in check a newly subdued country, and for developing its resources, were not neglected here. The Ikenild Way, which seems to have joined the Foss at Seaton,* was continued westward into Cornwall, and nearly to the Land's End. Besides the colony of Isca, the most important Roman city in the West, there were two smaller stations on this road, at the points where it crossed the Dart and the Tamar. The line of road itself possibly followed that of an earlier British trackway; but its broad, well-marked crest, still visible in many parts of its course, stamps it unmistakeably as a Roman work; and the piers and foundations of a Roman bridge were discovered about fifty years since in the neighbourhood of Newton Abbot, at the place—still called the 'Hackneild ford'—where the road crossed the Teign. Throughout its whole course from Exeter to the Tamar, this ancient road followed much of the same line as the South Devon Railway, though it managed to avoid the difficulties of rock and sea-shore which were voluntarily encountered by Mr. Brunel.

A Roman relic of a different character is the famous legend of Brutus of Troy, which from the first was connected with the coast of Devonshire. The Brito-Romans, like the Gauls and other races of the West, were not unwilling to share the most honoured traditions of their new masters; and the Romans themselves probably found their full account in imposing them. Thus the 'littus Totonesium' became to the Briton what the shore of Latium was to the descendant of the 'pious Æneas;' and the barbaric stream of the Dart might claim a distant cousinship with the

'Cæruleus Tibris, cœlo gratissimus amnis.'

* See Dr. Guest's Essay on the Four Roman Ways, Arch. Journal, vol. xiv.

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The 'Totnes strand' extended at least from Berry Head to the Bolt, and lies directly opposite the point at which the coast of France trends away toward the south. Prawle Point, the most southernly headland of Devonshire, stretching out between Berry Head and the Bolt, and Point St. Matthieu on the opposite coast of Brittany, thus became marked 'stations' for the early mariners who ventured to cross the stormy British sea.* A tradition of some actual landing upon this part of the coast may possibly have been used as their groundwork by the Roman legend-writers; but the fabric which they constructed evidently made no slight impression on the native islanders, and became the approved version of their early history and origin. The stone on which 'Sir Brutus,' as the later romancers called him, first set his foot, is still pointed out in the picturesque old town of Totnes, to which place, as the local rhyme asserts, he first gave its name:—

'Here I stand and here I rest,
And this place shall be called Totnes.'

His companion, the valiant Corineus,—

'Li duk ayre Corinée, qui conquist Cornewaille,'

—proceeded westward along the coast to Plymouth, where he encountered Goemot, the most powerful of the giant race by which alone the island was at that time peopled. Goemot was overthrown and killed in a wrestling-match with Corineus, who became the ancestor of all Cornishmen, and who is supposed to be the 'giant Cormoran,' or, more properly, Corinoran, of whom mention is made in the veritable history of Jack the Giant-killer. The struggle between these mighty men of valour was recorded, at least as late as Elizabeth's time, by what Carew calls the 'pourtrayture of two men with clubbes in their hands,' cut on the turf of the Hoe at Plymouth; and the steps by which Corineus, after his victory, dragged the body of Goemot to the edge of the cliff, whence he flung it into the sea, were pointed out until very recently. 'A payment of 8*d.* for new cutting of

* 'Prol in Anglia' (Prawle Point) is mentioned by an ancient commentator on Adam of Bremen's 'Historia Ecclesiastica' as one of the stations at which vessels touched in their voyage from Ripa in Denmark to the Holy Land. The passage was made from the 'Sincfall'—an arm of the sea which formerly ran up to Damme, the port of Bruges—to 'Prol,' in two days and a night. The station beyond 'Prol' is St. Matthieu—one day's sail. Adam of Bremen dates about 1070, and his commentator a little later. The original 'Totnes' (the 'projecting *ness* or headland'—A. S. *töten*, to project—so Tothill, Totteridge) may have been either Berry Head or Prawle. The whole coast was named from it; and the landing of Brutus is fixed by Layamon (ab. 1205) at 'Dertemuthe in Totenes.' The name of the entire district became at last confined to its chief town—probably of British foundation.

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the Gogmagogs on the Howe', appears in the town annals for 1567; but the 'pourtraytures' have received more poetic commemoration. Spenser, in that part of the 'Faerie Queene' where he records the early history of Britain and the arrival of Brutus, thus apparently refers to them:—

'But ere he had established his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his salvage fone,
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groning flore:
That well can witness yet unto this day
The Western Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.'*

Can Spenser himself have visited 'the Western Hogh' when on his way to or from Ireland? or had he learned its traditions from his patron Raleigh, to whom they must have been sufficiently familiar?

The intercourse with Brittany, for which the position of the 'Totnes shore' afforded so great facility, was evidently sustained during the last years of Roman domination, and during the advance of the Saxons westward. Of this latter period—one of the highest interest and importance—the true history has yet to be written; and we must await the publication of the valuable paper read by Dr. Guest at the Bath meeting of the Archæological Institute for the best guiding clue through its obscurities which has hitherto been furnished. It is clear that the conquests of the kings of Wessex, west and south of the Hampshire and Somersetshire 'Ayon' rivers, were of a very different character from their first settlements in the south-eastern parts of Britain. The Britons of Devonshire and Cornwall appear, after the departure of the Roman legions, under the rule of their own princes, whose power was evidently considerable, and who, during the struggle they had to sustain with the Saxons, found important assistance in the possession of the harbours from which the passage was usually made from the Greater Britain to the Lesser. For more than half a century, in conjunction with the Cymric princes of Wales, they compelled the West Saxons to respect the boundaries which had been agreed on between the two people: and it should be added, for the special honour of the county, that the famous Arthur, the 'flower of kings,' and the glory of later romance, by whose victories the establishment of those boundaries was apparently first effected, is to be

* Book ii., Canto 10.

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regarded as one of the earliest and greatest 'worthies of Devon.' Such is at all events the judgment of the two writers best qualified to pronounce on so difficult a question—Mr. Rees and Dr. Guest, both of whom consider the historic Arthur to have been a member of the royal house of Damnonia. The power of these Western princes, however, was soon greatly broken; and as the West-Saxe pushed themselves downward from the borders of Exmoor, and gradually established themselves in Devonshire, they either incorporated such of the older inhabitants as remained, with their own families, or the two people dwelt peaceably side by side, the Britons no doubt paying some kind of black mail to the invading and more powerful race. In Kent, in Sussex, and in Hants, where the Saxons had appeared nearly two centuries before as heathen adventurers, the Britons had been exterminated. In Devon and Cornwall their chiefs became the 'liege men' of the kings of Wessex, who were now Christian princes. Nor were they so completely powerless as to cause no uneasiness to their Saxon masters, until Athelstan, the 'lord of earls and giver of bracelets,' led his 'host' into Devonshire in the year 926, defeated Hoel, chief of the western Britons, in a battle, the scene of which has been traditionally fixed on Haldon, near Exeter,—expelled the Britons from the old Roman city of Isca, which they had hitherto inhabited in common with the Saxons,—and fixed the Tamar as the boundary between the two races. From this time the Britons of 'West Wales'—the name given to Devonshire and Cornwall in the Saxon Chronicle—were effectually quieted, and the line of their native princes can no longer be traced.

The Saxon kings of Wessex had become Christian before they advanced far into Devonshire—a fact which will partly account for their new policy of conciliation, and which must have prevented the destruction of such religious buildings as already existed in the country. The Christian Saxons, in Devonshire as elsewhere, bore witness, by more than one remarkable example, to the 'deep, earnest, conscientious spirit of self-sacrifice and love of truth which characterised the nation.'* Looking down upon the valley of Crediton, the seat of the Saxon bishopric—a scene which, with its quiet green meadows, its church embosomed among trees, and the roofs of the old town straggling upward between the steep hills on either side, recalls, and most of all beneath the rosy flush of sunset, some exquisite landscape by Turner,—who does not feel that its interest is increased tenfold when he remembers that somewhere in the valley below

* Kemble, Sax. in England.

him

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him rose the timbered hall of the Saxon thane, beneath whose rafters Winfred of Crediton—the St. Boniface who carried the word of truth to the kindred races of Central Germany—first saw the light? In the disposition of the ancient Saxon 'host' it is asserted that the men of Kent claimed the van, whilst the not less honourable post of rear-guard was assigned to the soldiers of Devonshire. It would seem that they coveted the post of danger in a nobler warfare. If Kent was the first corner of English ground which became Christian, Devonshire, after the fiery cross had been passed onward, supplied the leader who was to convey it across the narrow seas to the ancient country and homes of the Teutons. Fulda, the great monastery which he founded, and Mayence, the see over which he presided as archbishop, bore witness to him on the Continent; and we may trace the principal events of his life in the frescoes which adorn his beautiful basilica at Munich. In his native valley his only record is a well, which still bears his name, and which, it is pleasant to think, supplied water for the baptism of one who was afterwards to 'sprinkle with healing drops' so many thousands of the fierce sons of Woden. Should the fine windows of Crediton church ever be filled with painted glass, a conspicuous position will be assigned, we trust, to the venerable figure of St. Boniface.

St. Boniface was martyred 5th June, 755; but it is probable that the selection of Crediton as the seat of the Devonshire bishopric, first established in the early part of the 10th century, after Athelstane's victories in the west, was made from the respect with which it was regarded as the birthplace of the German apostle. The dust of some of the Saxon bishops is perhaps still reposing there; but the present church is of far later date; and to find any relic of those ancient days we must visit Coplestone Cross—perhaps originally a boundary of the parish, but which no doubt also served, after the good old Saxon fashion, to mark a place where the remoter 'Ceorls' might resort to offer their devotions. Its sides are covered with the quaint, interlacing ornaments so familiar to us in the illuminations of Saxon manuscripts; and display the fractures and the weather stains of nearly a thousand years. The probably Saxon family of Coplestone—'Esquires of the White Spur'—one of the most ancient in Devonshire—

> 'Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,
> When the Conqueror came, were found at home'—

of which the late Bishop of Llandaff was a member, takes its name from this cross.

One other relic of the Saxon bishopric exists in the well-known and

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and very remarkable manuscript, 'The Great Book in which all things are wrought poetry-wise,' which Leofric, the last bishop of Crediton, in whose days the seat of the bishopric, for the sake of greater security, was removed to Exeter, left by will to his cathedral. It is still carefully guarded by the cathedral authorities, and reposes, apart from less far-descended volumes, side by side with the manuscript of the Exon Domesday. The contents of this venerable Codex have been made generally available by Mr. Thorpe, whose volume is in the hands of all Saxon scholars.

We have dwelt at some length upon the early intermixture of Saxons and Britons throughout Devonshire, because we believe that in more than one way it has left traces which are even now distinguishable. Not only are Celtic names of places found scattered all over Devonshire, side by side with those of Saxon origin, but among the peasantry themselves, especially in the southern division of the county, two very distinct types may be recognised. One exhibits the fair hair, blue eyes, and delicate features which make up the true Saxon ideal—'Non Angli sed angeli:' the other, not less strongly marked, displays the longer features, the black hair, and the 'colorati vultus,' which Tacitus describes as characteristic of the Silures of South Wales, and which may be seen in perfection among the acknowledged descendants of the old Cornish. This latter type seems to us to be that of the ancient Damnonii, once the lords of 'West Wales.' Its very counterpart is found on the opposite shores of Brittany, where a new Damnonia was formed by those Britons who voluntarily exiled themselves from Devonshire: and the Breton peasant, with his floating black hair, his gay ribbons, his vast silver buckles, and his creed of half-heathen superstitions, might still find his brother, though somewhat less picturesquely clad, on the moors and in the deep valleys which he left himself so many centuries ago.

The resemblance is certainly not least striking in the matter of superstition. Without going so far as Sir John Bowring, who apologises for the superstitions of the Siamese by suggesting that 'his native county of Devon' might supply examples of local folk lore scarcely less marvellous, we suspect that there are few corners of England in which so much of heathendom still survives. The Penitential of Bishop Bartholomæus of Exeter (1161-1186) has been preserved. Many of the heathen practices and beliefs which it condemns, lycanthropy among others, have disappeared from the west; but a long string of superstitions remains, which are perhaps as vigorous and life-like at present as in the twelfth century, or even as in that earlier time when King Athelstane, in the midst of his 'witan' at Exeter, sent forth his 'dooms' against

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against the evil practices of witches and warlocks. The peasantry of the remoter Devonshire parishes seem to have changed their homes but little since the time of the Conquest. At all events, many of the existing registers are found to contain the same surnames since their commencement in the days of Elizabeth—

'So far more safe the vassal than the lord.'

Hence the same wild creed has been handed down from generation to generation: the same spots on the lonely moor, and the same gloomy 'pools' in the river that were shunned by his forefathers, are avoided as 'critical' (to use his own word) by the Devonshire peasant now: and many of the same 'carmina' and 'incantationes' that were solemnly condemned by Bishop Bartholomæus, may still be found in active use among the wise women on the borders of Dartmoor. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to make any very exact division of the existing folk-lore between Celt and Saxon; but it is certain that the intermixture of the two races may be traced here, not less distinctly than in dialect or in features. 'Arthur's Quoit'—a huge granite block on the edge of Dartmoor—looks, or did look, across to 'Athelstane's Chair,' on the side of the adjoining tor; and Sigmund the Waelsing, who among our Saxon ancestors represented Sigfried, the great hero of the Niebelungen-lied, has left his name to the deep pool of Simonsbath on the Barle (in which he is said to have taken a daily plunge—his 'castle' was Simonsbury, in Somersetshire)—and again, side by side with traditions of King Arthur, to the parish of Simonsward in Cornwall. The names of the British king and of the old Saxon hero occur, in both cases, in districts which are still lonely and uncultivated, and which probably served, at one period of the Saxon conquest, as 'marks' or boundaries, always regarded as sacred, and placed under the protection of some deity or hero. But the great 'mark' of Devonshire—the border which protected the struggling Briton, and to whose long mysterious range of heights and hollows the Saxon looked up from his cultivated fields with an undefined terror—was Dartmoor. It is still the chief guardian of Devonshire folk-lore; and whoever may find himself in the heart of its lonely wastes when daylight is closing, and the air seems to fill with

'undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow ground,
And wither drearily on barren moors'—

will scarcely wonder that the spirits of the elder world should not yet have been effectually dislodged from their ancient solitudes.

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Except that the howl of the wolf is no longer to be heard, and that the red deer, the old 'burgesses' of the forest, have been completely extirpated, the whole district is still the same as in the days of Athelstane or of Canute, and the terrors of the Saxon borderland still cling about it. No Devonshire peasant cares to venture upon it, except in company. The Pixies, thorough mischievous elves, who delight to lead all wanderers astray, dwell in the clefts of broken granite, and dance on the greensward by the side of the hill streams. The 'wish-hounds,' breathing flame, and attended by a swart 'master,' who carries a hunting-pole, wander in packs over the dusky wastes of heather. The circles of grey stones which mark the last resting-places of the Celts, become endowed, at midday and at midnight, with a mysterious vitality, and dance like the Pixies; and the rivers themselves, which have their sources on Dartmoor, still retain something of the reverence with which they were anciently regarded. They are spoken of, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked of the great rivers of Scotland, with a certain respect, and an almost personal character is attributed to them. 'Dart' especially—*the* Dart is rarely heard—bears traces of his former distinction. The 'cry of Dart,' as the moormen call that louder sound which rises from all mountain streams towards nightfall, is ominous, and a sure warning of approaching evil when heard at an unusual distance. His waters become tinged with blue when about to receive a victim—no very rare occurrence. The local rhyme runs—

'River of Dart, oh, river of Dart,
Every year thou claim'st a heart.'

The rock and river worship, of which these are evident relics, belonged equally to Celt and Saxon. The Pixies, only found in the western counties, may be traced back both by name (*Pwc*, a goblin) and by their more graceful nature, to a British origin. They are the *Tylwith Têg* (fair family) of Wales. In Devonshire, and especially on Dartmoor, they are seldom visible except as shapeless bundles of rags—a peculiarity which seems to belong to them alone among the many tribes of fairyland. Sometimes, but very rarely, they are seen dancing by the streams dressed in green, the true livery of the small people. They ride horses at night, and tangle their manes into inextricable knots. They may be heard pounding their cider and threshing their wheat far within the recesses of their 'house' on Sheepstor—a cavern formed by overhanging blocks of granite. Deep river pools, and deceitful morasses, over which the cotton grass flutters its white tassels, are thought to be the 'gates' of their country, where they possess diminutive flocks and herds of their own. Malicious, yet

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yet hardly demoniacal, they are precisely Dryden's 'spirits of a middle sort'—

> 'Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
> Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell'—

a character which cannot, however, be assigned to their unearthly companions, the wish-hounds.

These have no redeeming tinge of white, and belong to the gloomiest portion of the underworld. The wild hunt of Dartmoor is one of those superstitions common to all the north of Europe; but in the especial form which it here takes, it is, no doubt, a Saxon legacy, and the 'master' is the yet lingering representative of Woden, under whose protection the mark or boundary was, according to Mr. Kemble, chiefly placed. 'Wisc' or 'wish' was, we learn from the same authority, a name of that grim old deity (lord of the wish or desire); and 'whishtness' is still the Devonshire name for all kinds of supernaturalism. The distant cry of the wish-hounds may frequently be heard, in the solitary recesses of the moors, at noontide, on a Sunday:* and there are some remarkable legends which tell of their appearance in church during service time, and of the exorcisms by which they were expelled; a piece of 'witchery in broad daylight' which takes us back to the struggle between the old heathens and advancing Christianity. For, although the 'West Sexe' were nominally Christians when they began to make permanent settlements in Devonshire, they certainly brought with them the heroes and deities of their former creed very little, if at all, lessened in influence. The local names which in Kent and Hampshire so frequently indicate sites of the old religion are equally found in Devonshire; and from many a green hillock and lichen-tinted rock there starts up, at the touch of the etymologist's spear, some antique goblin—

> '——— of regal port,
> And faded splendour wan'—

whose very name has long since been forgotten. We might proceed to trace these and other relics of the ancient creed in the local legends, such as that which assigns the raising of the great cromlech at Drewsteignton to three 'spinsters'—no doubt the Saxon fates, the Valkyrs or Norns; or in the traditions which belong to the more ancient families, such as that of the white

* The wild 'Jäger' of Germany also hunts on Sundays. So Burger's ballad—

> 'The beams of God's own blessed day
> Had tinted yonder spire with gold,
> And, calling sinful man to pray,
> Loud, long, and deep, the bell had tolled.'

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bird which is said to forewarn the Oxenhams of approaching death. But we must hasten to quit this enchanted ground, over which the 'small people' seem to cast something of their own influence, so difficult is it to break loose from its fascinations. Of the remaining superstitions of Devonshire, active as they are for good or for ill, it is hardly necessary to say much. They differ little, except, perhaps, in their greater life and diffusion, from those of other counties. The white witch drives a good business, for which she is partly indebted to her blacker sister, who 'lays spells' and 'oversees,' so as to—

'Hurt far off, unknown, whomever she espies.'

The process of healing, as brought about by the white witch, involves a number of charms and rhythmical forms, many of which are of the highest antiquity. It was one of these, we believe, which enabled Grimm to complete a Saxon charm of the heathen period, a fragment of which he had discovered in an ancient manuscript. Many more, we are certain, remain to be collected; and we will conclude this portion of our subject by expressing an earnest hope that the archæologists of Devonshire will not lose sight of the mine of wealth, yet to be thoroughly worked, which they possess in their native folk-lore and traditions.

Exeter was still the most important city of the West at the period of the Conquest, when Githa, the mother of Harold, took refuge within its walls, whence, after the city had submitted to the Conqueror, she escaped to Bruges. The details of the siege are preserved to us by Ordericus, whose narrative indicates that the port was frequented by numerous strangers, half pirates, half merchants, by whom the tin and wool of the moorlands were, no doubt, conveyed to the commercial towns of Flanders, then commencing their career of prosperity. Of the castle of Rougemont, which William founded close within the walls of the city (the position is precisely that of other Norman castles, such as Canterbury and Rochester), only the fragment of a gate-tower, and this of very late Norman character, remains. Other Norman castles rose speedily on the 'honours' of the principal leaders who had followed the Conqueror into the West (which he did not visit for more than twelve months after the battle of Hastings), and had received their share of the spoil. Powderham, guarding the entrance of the Exe, and first built by William Count of Eu, also founder of the castle of Hastings; Oakhampton, overlooking 'the woodland and the waste,' whose fine Edwardian ruins, shadowed by great ash-trees, and washed by the brawling stream of the Ockment, are among the most picturesque

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turesque remains in Devonshire, and whose park is nightly visited, in her gilt coach, by the ghost of one of its former possessors—a Lady Howard, attended by a black hound, who carries off in his mouth a single blade of grass: a penance which is to continue until the whole park is bare; Totnes, the castle of Judicael, son of Alured the giant, the keep of which still commands, from its lofty mound, the winding stream of the Dart; Berry Pomeroy, in the midst of its thick woods, which, besides the ivy-covered ruins of a vast Tudor mansion, built by the Seymours, retains some portions of the stronghold of the Pomeroys, fragments of whose Norman castle also exist in the Cinglais, not far from Falaise; Plympton, with its circular Norman keep, which protected the rich valley stretching upwards from the point where the Plym ceases to be navigable; Lidford, the head of the royal forest of Dartmoor and the prison of the Stannary Courts—

'Where in the morn they hang and draw,
Then sit in judgment after'—

appropriately haunted by the ghost of Judge Jeffries, in the shape of a black pig; and Tiverton—one of the castles of the De Redvers, Earls of Devon, and afterwards of the Courtnays—were the principal strongholds constructed by the Normans in Devonshire immediately after the Conquest. None of these, and, perhaps, not even the Exeter Castle of Rougemont, were fortresses of the first class. Against the native Saxons, scattered and few in number, only slight defences were required; but the coast on either side, open to hostile descents both from Brittany and Ireland, demanded careful watching, and the greater number of the Devonshire castles are accordingly situated either on the banks of navigable rivers, or at no great distance from the sea. But, if Saxon and Cornishman were little to be feared, sufficient troubles speedily arose among the Normans themselves, and the houses of the first great feudal lords of Devonshire rapidly became extinct. Few can be traced beyond two or three generations. The Pomeroys indeed continued lords of their original castle until the reign of Edward VI., when Sir Thomas Pomeroy joined the Devonshire rising for the old religion, and lost his lands in consequence; but, with one remarkable exception—that of the Bastards, who still remain on their ancient estates, and whose cousins in Normandy possessed until recently the primitive château of the race—there is not a single Devonshire family the direct descent of which can be traced from an ancestor whose name is recorded in the Exon Domesday.* The blazonries

* It is probable, however, though it cannot be directly proved, that some of the lesser

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ries which, during the feudal period, became most familiarly known among the hills and valleys of the West were those of the Norman houses which replaced the first settlers. The sable cross of Mohun; the three horseshoes of Ferrers; the lozenges and ermine of Dinham; the red lion of Nonant; the vermilion bends of Tracy, whose connexion with Devonshire has been so curiously illustrated by Dr. Stanley; the twelve golden billets of Champernowne; the silver bend of Fortescue; and, most famous of all, the three torteauxes of Courtenay; these, and many a less distinguished 'coat armour,' were displayed on the embroidered banner that floated over the donjon-keep, or amidst the 'solemn pageantries' enriching the stained windows of minster and of chantry; and it is, for the most part, the bearings of these later families, and of those by which they were in turn succeeded, that remain to be traced on the shields of such mail-clad knights as are reposing 'in their habits, as they lived,' on the altar-tombs of the western churches.

In monuments of this class, and in sepulchral brasses—no untrustworthy guides to the ancient condition of a province—Devonshire is far from deficient. They are scattered throughout the entire county, and frequently occur in remote churches, among the hills, or on the edge of the moorland, to which access is even now difficult, and where we should least expect to find such memorials of former prosperity. One of the earliest and most interesting effigies is that of Sir Stephen de Haccombe, in Haccombe Church, dating from the reign of Edward I. The grim old knight's curiously damascened armour would have made Sir Samuel Meyrick's eyes sparkle with enthusiasm. Exeter Cathedral contains a good series of early bishops, among which the effigy of Bishop Bronescombe, a native of Exeter, who died in the year 1280, is especially striking. In Crediton Church is an effigy supposed to be that of Sir John Sully, a venerable warrior, who was present at the fight of Halidon Hill, at the siege of Berwick, at the battles of Cressy, Najara, and Poictiers, and who, at the age of 105, gave his evidence on what is known to heralds as the 'Scroop and Grosvenor controversy.' Altar-tombs and effigies, however, are not so numerous in Devonshire as brasses, of which—although they have not escaped the usual fate of such

lesser Devonshire families are descended from Norman sub-tenants, mentioned in Domesday: and some of the old Saxon families certainly survived the Conquest. Perhaps among these should be classed the Fulfords of Great Fulford—one of the most distinguished families in the county—who can point to a series of ancestors, taking honourable part in the great events of their times, from the reign of Edward I., whom Sir Amys de Fulford accompanied to the Holy Land. We may also mention, as possibly of Saxon origin, the very ancient family of Yarde—now represented by Lord Churston, and (more directly) by the Yardes of Trowbridge.

memorials,

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memorials, many of them, perhaps the finest, having been either removed or destroyed—a sufficient number remain, ranging from the 14th to the 17th centuries, to afford a series of very high value and interest. There are none indeed which can rival the best of those in the eastern and southern counties, where French and Flemish artists were frequently employed; but the work of those in Devonshire is generally good, their details graceful, and, 'with some few exceptions,' says Mr. Crabbe, who has recently examined them with considerable attention, 'they maintain their position as works of art till the end of the 16th century.' Only two ecclesiastical examples occur. The most complete series relating to a single family is at Haccombe, a church unusually rich in monuments, where are five brasses of Carews; the earliest, dating from 1469, being that of the 'armiger insignis' Sir Nicholas, whose time-worn features appear from under the lifted visor of his salade: a fine and curious specimen. The brasses of Sir John Hawley and his two wives, in Dartmouth Church (1403); Sir Peter Courtenay in Exeter Cathedral (1409)—

'Devonie natus, Comes, Petrusque vocatus
Regis cognatus, camerarius intitulatus,
Calesie gratus, capitaneus ense probatus,'—

Dame Elizabeth de Bigbury in Bigbury Church, whose brass is powdered with scrolls, bearing the words 'JHU mercy,' 'Lady helpe;' Sir John Crocker, cupbearer to Edward IV., at Yealmpton; John and Jane Greenaway (1529), on the floor of their fine chapel at Tiverton—the merchant with his furred robe, his purse, and inkhorn, the lady with her chatelaine and pomander-ball; and Thomas Williams (1566), in Harford Church, who died Speaker of the House of Commons, and who, as we are startled at learning from the inscription at his head,

'Now in heaven with mighty Jove doth raigne'—

sufficiently prove that there is no want of variety among the Devonshire specimens. Armour and civilian costume, the changeful fashions of ladies' robes and the still more surprising vagaries of their head-dresses—heart-shaped, horned, butterfly-shaped, diamond-shaped—may be duly studied in these enduring pages; which prove to us, in conjunction with the statelier recumbent effigies, that the county was, from a very early period, covered by a numerous body of small proprietors, of gentle descent and entitled to bear arms, such as still forms one of its characteristic features. The constant changes and fluctuations of these families and their lands—

'Nunc mei, nunc hujus, post mortem nescio cujus'—

are not less distinctly indicated.

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If, however, the houses of the lay proprietors, of all ranks and classes, were subject to incessant disturbance, there was one great landowner, whose estates never changed hands. The Church, in Devonshire as elsewhere, retained her property at the time of the Conquest; and the Italian proverb, 'Dove abitano i fraté e grassa la terra,' was as applicable here as in other parts of England, or in its own bright South. But the 'grassezza' was the result of the monastic settlements, and not the original inducement to their formation. The two Benedictine Abbeys founded in Saxon Devonshire—Buckfast and Tavistock—were each of them established on sites which, when the black monks first took possession of them, could have been little better than tangled brake and coppice. The position of Buckfast, especially, in the upper valley of the Dart, where the river, after 'fleeting through the moors with a long, solitarie course,' descends between precipitous hills, covered with birch and oak woods, must have been as wild and as lonely as St. Benedict himself could have desired. But the long, green meadows which now stretch upward by the river side, were cleared by the first colonists; and the Cistercians—which order was established at Buckfast on the reconstitution of the Abbey after the Conquest—proved themselves as skilful farmers here as they did at Waverley or at Beaulieu. Part of their great barn or 'spicarium,' into which stores were gathered from many a grange and outlying manor, still remains; and a greensward path winding southward over the moors is still known as the 'Abbots' Way,' and said to be the track along which the wool from their hill farms was conveyed toward Plymouth and Tavistock. The house became one of the wealthiest in the west country; and, at least in its earlier period, must have been a school of agriculture for the entire district. It could boast, too, of one learned Abbot—William Slade—who, after lecturing on Aristotle in the schools at Oxford, came to meditate on the 'Master' beside the rocky stream of the Dart. But the general history of the Abbey was uneventful; and only one sparkle of interest appears at its close, when Gabriel Donne, a monk of Stratford-le-Bow, was appointed its last Abbot, as a reward for his share in the capture of Tyndale the reformer, at Antwerp. It is only within the last fifty years that the remains of the conventual church and of the adjoining buildings have disappeared. They extended, a great mass of ruin, toward the river; and the larger part of them was used for building a woollen factory, covering the site of the monastic orchards and herb gardens, which rises close beyond an ivy-clad tower of the Abbot's lodging,—Old England and Young England side by side. Turner's noble drawing records, as no other pencil could do, the grand features of the general scene,

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scene, backed by the grey cones of Dartmoor; but the imagination alone can reconstruct it in the perfection of its ancient beauty, when the Abbey towers rose uninjured from the midst of their green meadows and corn-fields — spots of sunshine between the darker coppice that still clusters over the hill sides.

Buckfast was possibly the first religious house of importance established in Devonshire. But it was speedily eclipsed by the Benedictine Abbey of Tavistock, founded about the year 960 by Ordgar, Earl or 'Ealdorman' of Devonshire, whose wealth, says Master Geoffry Gaimar, was so great, that 'from Exeter to Frome' there was not a town or a city which did not call him master. He was father of the fair Elfrida, famous for the romantic story of her marriage with King Edgar, and of Ordulph, who completed the works begun by his father at Tavistock, and whose gigantic bones, perhaps the remains of some extinct animal, are still shown in the church there. Ordulph, however, was entitled to the relics of a giant, if the traditions of his great size and strength are to be credited. He was buried at Tavistock, in the church of his own monastery, which the Northmen, coming up the Tavy, destroyed during the lifetime of the first Abbot; but which, under the auspices of the second, Livingus, Bishop of Crediton and the friend of Canute, was restored, and increased so much in wealth and in the splendour of its buildings, that it became, and remained, the chief religious house in the two western counties. The great church, with its shrine of St. Rumon, whose relics had been the gift of the giant Ordulph, was almost equal in size and importance to the Cathedrals of Wells or of Exeter: and the beauty of its site has been especially praised by William of Malmesbury, who enlarges on the benefits which the brethren derived from the adjoining woodlands, from the abundance of fish, and from the running streams which were conducted through the offices of the monastery. The delicious trout of the Dartmoor rivers no doubt found favour in the eyes of the Benedictines, whose cellars, besides 'vins de Rochelle' and Devonshire cider, were supplied with mead and metheglin wherewith to relish the quarters of red deer venison, which, it is to be feared, often found their way inside the walls at undue seasons. The early Abbots, like Aldred, who had offered a golden chalice at the Holy Sepulchre, and brought home his palm branch from the Jordan, and who afterwards, as Archbishop of York, consecrated both Harold and the Conqueror, were men of learning and piety. Many of the later functionaries caused no small scandal and disturbance. Two were deposed by

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by the Bishop of Exeter. Abbot John de Courtenay is severely reproved for having

'——————— loved the deer to track
More than the lines and the letters black,'

and for the total want of discipline in his convent: and Abbot Cullyng not only winked at the private suppers of the monks in their cells, but actually permitted them to flaunt about the streets of Tavistock in secular 'buttoned tunics,' and in boots with pointed 'beaks.' At the dissolution the Abbey lands passed, almost entire, to the first Lord Russell, whose descendant still possesses the greater part of them. Some remains of the conventual buildings, but of late character, still exist; but the stately church was taken down in 1670, and little more than its foundations can now be traced. Notwithstanding its troublesome Abbots, the scholar will look with some respect on the site and on the few relics of this great monastery. Whether it ever possessed, as is generally asserted, a school for the preservation of the Saxon language, is uncertain: but the first printing press ever seen in the West was established here early in the 16th century. A copy of Boethius, 'imprented in the exempt monastry of Tavistock, in Denshyre, by me, Dan Thomas Rychard, monk of the sayd monastry,' in the year 1525, may still be inspected in the library of Exeter College, Oxford.

The Benedictines possessed six establishments in Devonshire besides Tavistock; but none of these were of great importance. The farmer-like Cistercians—

'Lancea Longini, grex albus, ordo nefandus,'

as their monastic brethren, envious of their wealth, delighted to call them,—took more kindly to the green valleys of the West, and were masters of five houses in different parts of the county, all of which were large and wealthy. Buckfast was by far the richest. Buckland, founded at the end of the 13th century, was famous for its apple orchards, which, if not the first in Devonshire, soon became the most important; and it is probably to the zeal of the white monks in procuring the choicest grafts from Normandy, and in the careful management of their trees, that the county is indebted for its pre-eminence in the matter of cider. Ford, on the eastern border, was under the especial patronage of the Courtenays, 'in whose train this house,' says its anonymous chronicler, 'was one of the finest feathers.' Among the other orders, the Augustinian Canons possessed the richest establishment in the county—Plympton—which slightly exceeded even Tavistock in the amount of its annual income, although the buildings

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buildings of the Benedictine Abbey were far more extensive and imposing. The priory of Plympton—of which the curious seal displays the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant seated on her lap, and bearing a hawk, hooded and belled, on her wrist—drew its chief revenues from a large tract of unusually rich land at the head of the estuary of the Plym. Much of the town of Plymouth belonged to it; and the earliest church there—the present St. Andrew's—was founded by the Augustinians. Close to the shore of Tor Bay, but surrounded by deep woods which there feather downward to the very edge of the water, rose the stately Premonstratensian Abbey of Tor, the wealthiest house of its order in England, founded by the Briweres toward the end of the 12th century. The mendicant friars established themselves, as usual, in the chief towns, Exeter and Plymouth.

It may be remarked that there were only three female monasteries in Devonshire, and not one in Cornwall. One or two of the great Norman abbeys had cells or priories in Devonshire, situated, as was generally the case in the southern counties, either close to the sea or on the banks of navigable rivers. This indeed is observable, more or less, of all the religious houses in the county, the sea-bord of which is in effect its richest portion, and that which best repaid the cultivation bestowed upon it by the regular orders. Their manors and estates, however, were scattered over the whole of Devonshire, so as to make it difficult to appreciate their due proportion and extent. But no one can turn over the pages of Dr. Oliver's volume without perceiving that Devonshire supplied her full share toward the support of the monks. They were in fact the great landowners of the county.

Fuller's 'all-eating time' has left but scanty morsels of the monastic buildings 'in the dish, for manners' sake;' but the churches of Devonshire present a very ample and varied carte for the consideration of the archæological gastronome. From a careful examination of the notes and papers of the Exeter Architectural Society, it is evident that the entire county, at no long period after the Conquest, had become covered with small churches, the result, no doubt, of the increased vigour of the Norman bishops, fostered, in its turn, by the zeal of Lanfranc and of Anselm. The chief existing relics of these churches are the fonts, which abound throughout the diocese. Here and there too, an enriched doorway or capital survives to tell of what has once been; and the dark masses of Bishop Warelwast's towers still flank the transepts of his cathedral, carrying us back to the days of the 'Beauclerc' and of King Stephen; but no entire church, and no very extensive portions of Norman buildings,

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ings, remain in the county. With the succeeding period it has fared somewhat better. The existing chancels of many parish churches were built at this time, and display much beautiful Early English work in their windows, sedilia, and piscinæ. The Lady Chapel of the Cathedral, commenced by Bishop Bruere, early in the reign of Henry III., affords an example of unusual excellence. But it is to the time of the later Plantagenets, when English chivalry displayed its utmost splendour, and when the religious art of England attained its most perfect development, that Devonshire can point with the greatest pride. Under the second and third Edwards the choir and nave of Exeter Cathedral, one of the most perfect specimens of Decorated remaining in England, were completed; the first, by Bishop Walter de Stapleton, whose name is dear to every son of Exeter College, which he founded, and whose monument remains in the northern choir aisle; the latter by Bishop Grandison, the stout defender of the privileges of his see, and the most 'princely' prelate who ever ruled over it. Beginning at the Lady Chapel, therefore, the student may trace the gradual development of style from Early English to Geometrical, and from Geometrical to Curvilinear, until he finds himself before the western front, the niches of which are peopled with patriarchs, kings, and saints—an elaborate history in stone. It was not fully completed in 1359, when we may imagine the Black Prince, with the captive king of France, pausing for a moment before it, and then, with all the stately train of princes and prelates, disappearing beneath its portals to sweep upward through the richly decorated nave toward the high altar.* The impressions of these royal visitors must have differed somewhat from those of the Grand Duke Cosmo of Tuscany, who inspected the Cathedral on his way to London in 1669, and who there beheld and wondered at the heretical bishop, 'Doctor Antony Sparrow,' in a marble tabernacle, on a seat covered with red cloth, and wearing on his head 'a small cap, similar to that of the Roman Pontiffs, without

* Knyghton's statement, that the Black Prince landed at Plymouth on his return from France with his royal captive (although in direct opposition to the detailed account given by Froissart of his arrival at Sandwich), is confirmed by extracts from the city records of Exeter, printed by 'Richard Izaak, chamberlain thereof,' in 1681. Under the year 1357, 'John Spicer, Mayor,' he says—'Prince Edward brought over to England John the French King, and sundry of his noblemen, all as prisoners; who landed at Plymouth and from thence came to this city, where they were honourably received and so conveyed to London.' In 1371 the Prince was again in Exeter. 'Edward the Black Prince returns sick from France, with the Princess his lady, and Richard their son (who was afterwards King of England by the name of Richard II.), and arrived at Plymouth: in his way toward London came to this city, where they were honourably entertained.'—Izaak's 'Remarkable Antiquities of the City of Exeter,' pp. 54, 59.

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any other ornament;' whilst—sight of horror!—'under the tabernacle, on a level with the floor of the church, in an enclosure of wood, stood the wife of the bishop and his children, no less than nine in number.' The utmost stretch of Italian charity could not forgive so many little bishops,—still less the audacious display of them in the wooden enclosure.

The works at the Cathedral, no doubt, gave rise, as is usually the case, to others in different parts of the county. There is much Decorated scattered through it; but no examples occur that can in any way vie with the great beauty of the Cathedral details. The fine collegiate church of Ottery, lately restored, and now bright in all the glories of polychrome, is chiefly of this time, and well deserves careful study. Few churches, however, remain which are Decorated throughout; and even of the succeeding Perpendicular there are few which do not exhibit very decided traces of Mr. Ruskin's 'pestilent Renaissance.' But it was during this period that by far the greater number of existing Devonshire churches were built; and the size and importance of many sufficiently prove that the great western landowners 'loved the church as well, and gave as largely to 't' as the barons and franklins in other parts of England. Crediton, Cullompton, Tiverton, and Broadclyst, are among the best and most perfect examples in the county of this final period of Gothic architecture.

A certain deficiency in rich and elaborate ornament, which, as compared with those of other counties, may be observed more or less throughout the churches of Devonshire, is probably owing to the nature of the materials with which the local builders were compelled to work. On the borders of Dartmoor, and indeed wherever it was possible, granite has been used; grand and effective in its heavy masses and simple mouldings, but incapable of being chiselled into the buds and bells, the palm branches and the fern leaves wreathed about the arches and capitals of churches in the sandstone and oolite districts. The ferruginous trap, which is the principal stone in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and in great part of North Devon, is scarcely softer than the granite; and although Caen stone was largely imported, and is the chief material used for the Cathedral, it found in Devonshire a serious rival in a reddish porphyritic 'elvan,' known as the Roborough stone (to the old fortress of which hundred it probably gave name, Ro-burh [A. S.], the red castle), which is still quarried in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. None of these materials lent themselves to elaborate carving; and the very rich stone-pulpits which remain in some few churches are worked in Caen stone.

But,

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But, as if by way of compensation for this deficiency, the woodwork, which is still to be admired in the churches of Devonshire, in spite of the terrible havock to which it has been exposed, even within the last fifty years, probably exceeds in beauty and intricacy of detail that of any other English province. How the native artists luxuriated in twining vine branches, and in all the graceful maze of forest boughs and flowers, we may see in the beautiful screens of Cullompton, of Dartmouth, of Harberton, of Atherington, and of numberless other churches scattered over the county. All were elaborately coloured; and, especially in those churches which belonged to the large monasteries, the lower panels were filled with painted figures of saints, many of which remain, of no ordinary execution, and effective in spite of grotesque accompaniments.

In one other point the churches of Devonshire surpass those of most other counties—beauty of situation. Sometimes located close to the old manor-house, and sheltered by the same ancestral woods; sometimes on high ground, and looking across a wide landscape of coppice, and orchard, and meadow, to the distant ridges of Dartmoor; and sometimes rising in the midst of the long green coomb, over which the lichen-tinted tower flings the shadow of its own antiquity—it is scarcely possible to determine to which position the 'insita species venustatis,' such as Bede admired on the hill of St. Alban's martyrdom, belongs most completely. There is something too which finely harmonises with the surrounding scene in the influences, visible on the buildings themselves, of the soft mists and warm breezes of the west; and the most thorough-paced ecclesiologist would hardly look with an evil eye on the golden mosses and the hart's-tongue that light up the gray walls with touches of the loveliest colour. Whether he would feel equal sympathy with our own liking for many details in the interior fittings of remote Devonshire churches, is perhaps more doubtful. Devonshire has by no means been behindhand in zeal for church-building and church restoration; and such results as have been obtained at Cullompton, at Tiverton, at Ottery, at Yealmpton, and in many other places, may be pointed out with no small pride and admiration. True restoration, however, demands not only the delicate hand of an artist, but still more, a delicate feeling for local character and sentiment. All situations will not bear the same treatment; and there is many a village church, nestled under the tors of Dartmoor, which, with its worn benches, its dimmed window quarrels, its admonitory texts, and its rough granite pavement, is to us far more impressive in its ancient simplicity than

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than the most elaborate display of carved work and of colour could possibly render it. Such churches retain the old world character of the district, and we trust will long continue to do so.

The Reformation probably brought but little change to the fabrics of the Devonshire churches. The laity were indisposed to listen to the new teaching; and the mass of the western clergy, far from favouring it, seem to have been distinguished by more than usual ignorance and incapacity. If we are to believe Alexander Barclay, whose 'Shippe of Fools' was completed at St. Mary Ottery in the year 1508, and who declares that the eight minor canons of that collegiate church were 'right worthy' of places on board, the richest benefices in the county were by no means bestowed on the most deserving:—

> 'For if one can flatter, and bear a hawk on his fist,
> He shall be made parson of Honiton or of Clyst.'

The first Lord Russell, who, at a somewhat later period, became patron of the latter benefice, seems to have regarded such hawk-bearers with especial favour. It was he who bestowed the living of St. Thomas's at Exeter on Welsh, the chief clerical leader of the Western rebels in 1549, a truly muscular Christian, whose portrait is thus drawn by Hoker, in his account of the rising:—

'This man had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set and mightily compact. He was a very good wrestler; shot well both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and piece very well; he was a very good woodman and a hardy, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, nor his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercises of activity, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour.'

In spite of his gentleness, however, this worthy person, after the relief of Exeter, was hung in chains on the top of his church tower 'in his popish apparel, with a holy-water bucket and sprinkle, a sacring bell, a pair of beads, and such other like popish trash, hanged about him; and there he remained a long time. . . . . He very patiently took his death.' Before this result was attained, Exeter had been besieged for six weeks by the 'commons' from all parts of the county, who 'brought with them their wives, horses, and panniers, promising them upon such a day that they should enter the city, and then to measure velvets and silks by the bow, and to lade their horses home with plate, money, and other great riches.' The remoteness of the county, the slight intercourse of its inhabitants with the rest of England, and the absence, according to Hoker, of 'learned' teachers, were all

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all unfavourable to the proposed changes; and with small exception, the entire county was opposed to what were called the 'King's Proceedings.' About 4000 of the rebels are said to have fallen in the various skirmishes at Exeter, at Feniton, and on Clyst Heath, in which latter fight, such was the valour and stoutness of the Devonshire men, 'that the Lord Grey reported himself, that he never, in all the wars that he had been in, did know the like.'

With the accession of Elizabeth commences the golden age of Devonshire. From a very early period Dartmouth had been the principal harbour on its southern coast; but, early in the sixteenth century, it suffered much from deposits brought down by the river from stream-works on the moors; and although Dart accompanied Tamar and Plym to the feast of the rivers in Spenser's days, he appeared in somewhat damaged condition—

'And Dart, nigh choaked with sands of tinnie mines.'

Dartmouth never recovered its importance; and the expeditions to America and the South Seas, which became so frequent in the reign of Elizabeth, gave the pre-eminence at once and finally to Plymouth, which had been steadily rising as Dartmouth declined, and which, as the best and most western harbour, was preferred as their point of departure by the many voyagers to the 'Newfound world.' A passion for this American 'adventure' took possession of the entire county; and it would be difficult to produce a roll of more distinguished names than those of the Devonshire seamen, whose exploits belong to the history of their country, and whose weather-beaten countenances raise such a host of romantic associations as they look out upon us from the stiff panels of Mark Garrard or of Zucchero. In October, 1562, Captain John Hawkins set out for the West Indies with three vessels—the 'Solomon,' the 'Swallow,' and the 'Jonas'—the first of the long series of expeditions which sailed from Plymouth, of which place Hawkins was a native. His exploits against the Moors, his share in establishing the slave-trade (a matter in which the cold blue eye of his portrait is not without its testimony), and his bravery at the time of the Armada, need only be alluded to here. The daring spirit of the father was inherited by the son, Sir Richard Hawkins, who in 1593 set out on a voyage round the world, but was taken by a Spanish squadron on the coast of Chili, and for nine years kept a prisoner in Spain. He it was, says the Devonshire tradition, who was the hero of the well-known ballad—

'Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an Englishman?'

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and should any one be sceptical enough to doubt the fact (seeing that the honour is claimed by many other counties), he may still inspect, in the possession of one of Sir Richard's descendants, the actual jewels which were sent by the fair Spanish dame to the 'sweet woman,' whom, as the 'gallant captain' confessed, he had already 'to his wife' in England: —

'Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold.'

Possibly Sir Richard had already experienced something of the Spanish temper at home. A certain William Downman, mayor of Plymouth after Sir Richard's return, had formerly been his servant, 'as,' says a MS. Chronicle of the town, 'was his wife to the Lady Hawkins, who, disdaining to sit below one that had been her maid, endeavoured to keep the upperhand, which, the other attempting, the lady struck her a box on the ear. It made great disturbance; at length it was composed, and Sir Richard gave the town a house in the Market-street for satisfaction.'

The local traditions of Sir Francis Drake, the companion of the elder Hawkins during his last voyage, when both perished, have been preserved by Mrs. Bray in her 'Banks of the Tamar and Tavy.' In the recollections of Plymouth and its neighbourhood he survives rather as a public benefactor than as a great seaman and adventurer. It was by his advice and assistance that the 'leat' of water, from which the town is still principally supplied, was brought into it from the sources of the Meavy river, distant nearly fifteen miles; and, just as in Bedouin tradition, Alexander is said to have brought the waters of the fountains of Solomon, near Tyre, 'from Baghdâd by the help of a Jân,' the local folk-lore asserts that on this occasion Sir Francis Drake was assisted by more than natural powers. After a due amount of magical ceremony, he mounted his horse and rode from the springhead over moor and through valley toward Plymouth. As his horse's tail swept along the ground it opened a course for the water, which followed in the rider's track till it reached the fountain at the head of the town. This fountain, a quaint old structure, was removed about thirty years since.

Drake and Hawkins take the earliest place in the catalogue of Elizabethan heroes connected with Devonshire. A second pair, Gilbert and Raleigh, united as well by family ties as by common reputation, follow closely in their wake. The mother of both was a Champernowne of Modbury, one of the most distinguished families in the West; and if it be true that genius is generally inherited from the maternal side, the mother of two such sons is

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entitled to special respect and consideration. The establishment of the fishing trade on the coast of Newfoundland is due to Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and it is worth remarking that the ancient Christmas play, now rarely to be seen in Devonshire, may still be admired at St. John's, whither it was conveyed by the inhabitants of certain Devonshire parishes, who, until very recently, looked to the Newfoundland trade as their regular means of support. The character of no adventurer of that age was loftier than that of Gilbert, and Queen Elizabeth herself, according to the old rhyme, graciously observed that she

'——held all men not worth a filbert
Compared unto Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'

His 'lively effigies,' in Prince's time, 'was yet remaining in his grand nephew's house at Compton; which,' he continues, 'I have there seen in this figure. The one hand holdeth a general's truncheon, and the other is laid on the globe of the world: Virginia is written over; on his breast hangs the golden anchor, with the pearl at peak,'—a present from the Queen—'and underneath are these verses—

'Here you may see the portrait of his face
Who for his country's honour oft did trace
Along the deep; and made a noble way
Unto the growing fame, Virginia.
The picture of his mind, if ye do crave it,
Look upon Virtue's picture, and ye have it.'

What has become of this portrait?—than which few would be more interesting either at Greenwich or in the National Portrait Gallery. Compton Castle, not far from Torquay, which was acquired in marriage with an heiress of the Comptons, and to which the descendants of Sir Humphrey removed from the ancient house of Greenaway on the Dart, has long been in ruins. Pictures and 'plenishing' have of course disappeared; but the building itself, dating perhaps from the very beginning of the fifteenth century, is one of the finest remains of a fortified house in England.

It is asserted by gossiping old Aubrey that Sir Walter Raleigh, the half-brother of Gilbert, retained a strong Devonshire accent to the end of his life, notwithstanding his early removal from the county and his subsequent 'climbing' into Court favour. Something of the brightest portion of his life—

'The fragrance of the old paternal fields'—

hung about him throughout all his wanderings and vicissitudes. That he looked back with some longing toward his early haunts is certain from his eager desire to become the purchaser of Hayes, his

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his birthplace, a farm in the parish of East Budleigh, which his father (himself a sea captain) held on lease. The house is still standing, and the room in which Sir Walter is said to have been born is still pointed out. More important, however, and perhaps more authentic relics, are the remains of Fardel, near Ivy Bridge, the hereditary seat of the Raleighs—an honourable family, 'which,' says Sir William Pole, 'needed no other father than such as begot them, and no other mother than such as bare them,' although Sir Walter himself was 'traduced in his time as an upstart, a Jack, and a new man.' Of the Elizabethan heroes of Devonshire, the only one who could not directly repel these 'unpleasant'st words' was Sir Francis Drake. All the others were gentlemen 'of coat armour;' and the 'fusils in bend argent' of the Raleighs no doubt figured in the great hall and in the chapel windows of Fardel.

Throughout this period the narrow streets and quays of Plymouth were kept alive by the constant arrival and departure of the seamen's barks and pinnaces; and many an 'heir of Linne' found his way there in the hope of getting a passage to the golden lands of Virginia or Florida—whose marvels were then filling all imaginations. So, at least, suggests the old ballad, true of many besides the 'lusty Stukely':—

'Have over the waters to Florida,
Farewell good London now;
Through long delays on land and seas
I'm brought, I cannot tell how,
In Plymouth town, in a threadbare gown,
And money never a deal.
Hay! trixi trim! go trixi trim!
And will not a wallet do well?'

The romance and interest of the time, however, culminate in the arrival of the Armada. No reader will have forgotten the life-like picture which has been drawn by Mr. Kingsley in the concluding chapters of 'Westward Ho;' and one of the first recollections occurring to the visitor who stands for the first time on the heights above Plymouth, will be of that eventful day when the news was brought to the English Admiral, then, says the local tradition, playing at bowls on the Hoe, how the mighty crescent fleet, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, was slowly labouring up the Channel, 'the winds,' in Camden's words, 'being as it were tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning under their weight':—

'Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

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With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
And slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.'

On that anniversary, July 19, the mayor and corporation always 'wore their scarlet,' and treated their visitors to cake and wine. In the parish registers and account books the year is marked as that of the Great Deliverance; and in one, that of Milton Abbot, after intimations of the condition of watch and ward which had prevailed throughout the county, such as charges for scouring the parish harness (armour), and repairing the parish butts for the archers, are inserted the words 'The Byble Respyted,' an evident allusion to the great Protestant victory.

The importance of Plymouth and its harbour continued steadily to increase during the succeeding reigns. In the summer of 1620, the famous 'Mayflower'—the ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to New England—was compelled by contrary winds to put in first at Dartmouth, and afterwards at Plymouth, having brought the little band of emigrants from Delft to Southampton. The Pilgrims, according to a journal of their proceedings published in 1622, 'were kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends dwelling at Plymouth;' and it seems to have been in recollection of the kindness shown to them at this port, from which they took their final departure, that they gave its name to their new settlement in America. It is probable that the Separatist pilgrims found many congenial spirits at Plymouth. The town was essentially Puritan, as, indeed, was the greater part of Devonshire at the commencement of the struggle between King and Parliament.

This, however, by no means ensured the peace of the county. Mr. Davidson's very useful 'Bibliotheca Devoniensis' contains the titles of a vast mass of pamphlets relating to Devonshire at this time, most of which may still be consulted in the British Museum. They are filled with curious local details, well meriting disinterment at the hands of some zealous antiquary, and sufficiently attest the trials and troubles to which 'our Dævon' was exposed during that disastrous period. The first marked event in the county was the death of Sidney Godolphin, one of the 'four wheels of Charles's wain,' at Chagford—a place, says Clarendon, which, 'but for the misfortune of his death, could never have had a mention in the world.' According to a local tradition, it was in the open granite porch of the 'Three Crowns'—one of the most picturesque of hostels—that this 'young gentleman of incomparable parts' fell by a musket-shot during

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during one of those skirmishes which were then frequent throughout the open country. Of the towns, Plymouth was seized, and defended by its inhabitants in the absence of the King's general; and, in spite of vigorous attacks on the part of the royalists, held out to the close of the war. Exeter, at first Parliamentarian, and made the head-quarters of the Parliamentary general, the Earl of Stamford, was taken by Prince Maurice for the King in the autumn of 1643. The Queen took refuge within its walls, and here gave birth to her daughter, Henrietta Maria. It was at this time also that Fuller the historian sheltered himself from the storm at Exeter, where he printed his 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times,' dedicating his book to the unhappy Queen; and here we may suppose him to have first observed the use of gambadoes, 'much worn in the West, whereby, whilest one rides on horseback, his leggs are in a coach, clean and warme, *in those dirty countries*'—a somewhat disparaging expression, perhaps suggested by recollections of weary rides through narrow Devonshire lanes, deep in mud, and overhung by dripping branches. Through such lanes King Charles had himself ridden when he passed westward into Cornwall in 1644, in pursuit of Essex and his forces—a royal progress which must have contrasted sadly enough with that made in the first year of his reign, when he visited Plymouth attended by Duke 'Steenie' and all his court, and witnessed the departure from the harbour of Lord Wimbledon's ill-fated expedition to Cadiz. It was on this occasion that the King and his retinue were entertained by Sir Richard Reynell at his house of Ford, near Newton Abbot. Charles passed two days there; and among the delicacies of the bills of fare, which have been preserved, besides an infinite number of 'beeves,' 'muttons,' and 'veals,' appear 'one barnacle, one hernshaw, two nynnets, six sea-pyes, three pea-hens, and two gulls.' Little did King Charles imagine, as he presided at the board graced by these remarkable entrées, that the Prince who was finally to chase the Stuarts from their throne would pass his first night in England beneath the roof-tree of Ford. William of Orange halted there after landing at Brixham. The bed, of carved mahogany, in which he slept, was preserved at Ford until very recently, and, we believe, is still in existence.

How completely, after the fall of the chief Western royalists,—

> 'The four wheels of Charles's wain,
> Grenville, Trevanion, Godolphin, Slanning, slain,'

—the licence of their troopers caused the Cavaliers to be detested throughout the county, is evident from various indications; among the rest, from a contemporary pamphlet, which sets forth how a boy

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boy 'about Crediton in the West' was carried into the air by the devil, for the express purpose of inspecting the preparations making in the infernal regions for the fitting reception of Goring and Grenville. The clubmen of the county declared for the Parliament in September, 1645; and Fairfax, who entered Devonshire with his army in the following month, encountered no serious check in his course of reducing the few towns and garrisons that still held out for the King.

The story of Fairfax's proceedings in Devonshire is told at full length by his chaplain, Master Joshua Sprigge, in his 'Anglia Rediviva'—a short, black-covered volume, which the descendants of the Western Cavaliers, when they fell upon it in the hall-window of some Puritan neighbour, must have regarded with much the same horror as Independent Tomkins displayed at the sight of the folio Shakspeare in the oriel at Woodstock. The house of Great Fulford, with its picturesque park and noble beech avenues, was among the first to surrender, and was placed under the command of Colonel Okey, the regicide. Before advancing to Ashburton, near which town the chief remaining strength of the royalists was collected, Fairfax reviewed his troops within the area of the ancient camp of Cadbury, on a lofty hill commanding the windings of the Exe—a gathering which, with all its accompaniments, may safely be commended to any historical painter in quest of a picturesque subject. Ashburton—where the house in which Fairfax lodged is still pointed out—speedily fell; and, during the skirmishes which took place in its immediate neighbourhood, Cromwell appears on the scene, visiting Devonshire for the first and only time. He fell suddenly upon Wentworth's brigade at Bovey Tracey, disturbing the officers at cards, as Puritan scandal-mongers delighted to repeat, and compelling them to beat a hasty retreat to Ilsington, the manor and birthplace of Ford the dramatist, where they garrisoned themselves in the church. In June, 1646, Charles Fort—at Salcombe, near Kingsbridge—the last which held out for the King in Devonshire, was surrendered on honourable terms by its governor, Sir Edmund Fortescue, to Colonel Welden, the Parliamentarian governor of Plymouth, who had blockaded it for four months. Its battered ruins may still be visited; and the keys are still preserved at Fallapit, then and now the ancestral seat of the Fortescues.

So, for the present, the cause of the Stuarts was extinguished in the West. The death of Admiral Blake, at the entrance of Plymouth harbour, in August, 1657, on his return from the expedition to Santa Cruz, and that of Major-General Lambert in the severe winter of 1683, on the island of St. Nicholas, under Mount

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Mount Edgcumbe, after an imprisonment of twenty-one years, were of course regarded with very different feelings by the representatives of the two great parties. In the curious MS. journal of James Yonge, a member of an ancient Devonshire family who was resident at Plymouth during the latter part of the seventeenth century, Lambert figures as the 'arch-rebell,' and his death in his island-prison is duly recorded. The barren little rock hardly admitted of such successful growing of tulips and carnations, 'the best that could be had for love or money,' as the General had delighted in at Wimbledon: but Lambert was a painter of flowers as well as a cultivator of them, and he may have soothed many a weary hour by the transfer of their brilliant hues to canvas, as well as by the solution of mathematical and arithmetical problems, which was another of his favourite amusements. A curious account of his interview with Myles Halhead, a Quaker, will be found in the valuable series of Historical Notes recently collected from 'Notes and Queries.' The Quaker seems to have visited the old General at Plymouth chiefly for the sake of pointing out that his troubles had come upon him in retribution,—'for that truly, John Lambert, you soon forgot your promises ..... and made laws, and consented to laws, and suffered and permitted laws to be made against the Lord's people.'

The great event of 1688—the landing of William in Torbay—once more somewhat ruffled the tranquillity of Devonshire. Lord Macaulay's brilliant pages are in effect so many photographs of the events from the arrival of the Prince at Brixham to his final departure from the county; but, in spite of the long array of Devonshire thanes who are there recorded as hastening to join themselves and their followers to the Protestant ranks, it is certain that a considerable time elapsed before the new state of things became generally accepted,—

> 'Ere general freedom, equal law,
> Won to the glories of Nassau
> Each bold Wessexian squire and knight.'*

The feeling, to borrow a phrase of Walpole's, may have been not so much Jacobite as 'only not Georgeabite'; but there was many a squirelet who held, with Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, that, 'what with French antics and book-learning, and the new turnips, and the rats, and the Hanoverians,' very little indeed was left of the real Old England. Now and then we meet with indications of something more serious than grumbling. A

* Akenside—Letter to Sir F. Drake.

seizure

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seizure of arms was made at Plymouth. The Duke of Ormond, 'Queen Anne's darling,' appeared at the entrance of the harbour with a French armament, intending, on his landing, which never took place, to set up the standard of the Stuarts; and Sir Coplestone Bamfylde was carried off to the Tower in state, on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the Pretender; for which the ten days' journey to London in his coach and six, with the necessary accompaniments of upsets and stickings in the mud, was perhaps sufficient punishment. There was, however, no real disturbance in Devonshire; and throughout the reigns of the Georges the county steadily increased in wealth and prosperity, although not without such changes as were more or less distasteful to the Sir Hildebrands:—

'The capacious tankard of double-racked cyder,' writes Chappell of Exeter, about the time of George III.'s accession, 'or wholesome tho' home-brewed October beer, improved by the addition of a nut-brown toast,—with which, and perhaps a broil'd rasher, or a steak of hung beef, the hospitable Franklin of the last century could regale himself, his neighbours, and friends,—are now rejected for a compleat set of tea-tackle and a sugar-loaf; the bounties of Ceres and Pomona undervalued, and the dispiriting infusion of the leaves of an Asiatic shrub preferr'd to the exhilarating beverage derived from the red-streak apple tree or the barley mow. The glittering rows of pewter plates and platters, which of yore adorned the dresser and shelves of the neat and œconomic housewife, give place to frangible earthen dishes and saucers, less fit for their purposes than even the wooden trenchers in use before the neglect to cultivate and preserve our timber made more work for the miners, pewterers, and cutters. But glazed earthen plates must now dull the edges of our knives; and the country squire, to keep a step higher than his neighbouring farmers, to please his modish madam, and escape being censured as a tasteless churl, must prefer the brittleness and frailty of Dresden porcelain, to the solidity and permanence of Damnonian pewter.'*

We have already noticed many distinguished Devonshire worthies; but the list of those less immediately connected with the actual march of events is far longer, and certainly not less important. The 'pious ghosts' of Hooker, of Jewell, and of Reynolds, need scarcely be called up here. The birthplace of the second, Bowden, an old farm-house in the parish of Berry Narbor, is still pointed out: of the other two, no record survives in their native county. Nor must we delay longer among the lawyers—although the list is no ordinary one, beginning with Henry the Sixth's Lord Chancellor Fortescue, author of the

* Review of part of Risdon's Survey of Devon. Chappell was for many years the steward of Sir William Courtenay.

remarkable

remarkable treatise 'De Laudibus Legum Angliæ,' and ending with Sir William Follett. We proceed to the poets, over whom the streams and valleys of the West exercised a more direct and lasting influence. Three, who have obtained permanent places in the literature of England, were resident in Devonshire at the commencement of the civil war—William Browne, author of 'Britannia's Pastorals;' Ford, the dramatist; and Robert Herrick. The two former were natives; and, if the principle on which Fuller has arranged his worthies is to hold good, 'Non ubi nascor sed ubi pascor,' Herrick must also be claimed as a Devonian, since his 'Hesperides' are at least as full of the daffodils and violets that star the steep crofts and orchards of Dean Prior, as of any recollections carried westward from Cheapside, or from the 'Apollo' at Temple Bar. Ford, the gloomy and terrible subjects of whose tragedies seem partly to have reflected his own temperament, had returned from London to die at his birthplace, Ilsington, near Ashburton. The melancholy music of his verses will haunt the wanderer beneath the gnarled and storm-twisted oaks which there stretch upward toward the heaths of Dartmoor; but, with the exception of an occasional word, extinct elsewhere, but still to be heard in Devonshire, there is little trace in his works of any influence caught from the scenery and associations of his native district. Nor does he seem to have been himself remembered there; and Prince's worthies of the name of Ford are authors of 'Treatises about Singing Psalms,' and the like—

> 'There goes the parson, most illustrious spark!
> And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.'

As some compensation for the want of Devonshire allusions in Ford, the 'Britannia's Pastorals' of Browne exhibit throughout a series of careful landscape paintings from his native county. The banks of the Tavy, the Walla brook which flows into it, and the wooded hollow of Ina's Coombe, close to Tavistock, are all directly referred to; and the copses, the steep ferny lanes, and the wild flowers which make up the staple of his pictures, are all studies from the same neighbourhood. The many direct local allusions in Browne's poems have been well illustrated by Mrs. Bray, herself one of the celebrities of Tavistock.

The wildest district of Devonshire—the forest of Dartmoor—has found an ardent and accomplished laureate in Carrington, whose poem reflects its character with most entire and loving fidelity. The wide, shadow-swept wastes of heather, the sound of rocky waters, and the turf smoke slowly ascending through the sharp mountain air, come back to us as we turn over its pages. The

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The wanderer on Dartmoor should by all means make Carrington his companion. His poem has well been compared to certain wines, which can be drunk in perfection nowhere but among their native hills; and with Carrington in one hand, and Mr. Murray's red book in the other, it will be the traveller's own fault if he misses the most remarkable points of beauty or of interest. As in all similar regions, the borders of the central moors are more picturesque than the highland itself, which forms the watershed of the county, and rises, at its greatest eminence, to a height of more than 2000 feet. Deep, narrow coombes, covered with a coppice of birch and oak, lie between the hills that extend, like bastions, into the lower country; and each of the river valleys—the Plym, the Dart, the Teign, and many a lesser stream—presents scenes of ancient, untouched woodland, and, in its upper course, of granite-strewn glen and ferny hill, such as might well inspire a far worse poet than Carrington. The tourist may make a circuit of Dartmoor, never leaving, for more than a hundred miles, this wild and romantic scenery, far more suggestive of the days of Sir Tristrem or of Britomart, than of these brisker times of telegraph and railroad. It resembles, and very closely, those parts of Galloway—the scenery of Guy Mannering—which form a ring of wooded glens about the central moors and mountains. But the Devonshire landscape impresses us with a far greater sense of security and ancient peacefulness than that of Dumfriesshire or the Stewartry. No rude 'tower of lime and stane' rises on its heathery knoll at the head of the glen, or looks far out over the moors to catch the first glance of the distant forayers. The only enemies feared by the Devonshire franklin were 'winter and rough weather;' and the ancient farm-houses, with their granite porches, their great walnut trees, and the beehives ranged under their casements, are generally niched into the sunniest corner on the hill side, or preside over the green, quiet meadows through which the river sparkles onward. In early spring—

'When all the hills with moor-burn are a-blaze,'

and the peaks of the distant tors are half shrouded by wreaths of white smoke—when the bright green of the birch woods and larch plantations rivals the golden blaze of the furze, and every coppice is fragrant with great tufts of primroses, the scene from a hill-side on the Dartmoor border is exceeded in beauty by none with which it can be compared, either in England or in Scotland.

We must not, however, lose ourselves among the attractions of Devonshire scenery. In spite of their number and variety, no great

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great 'show-point' has, we believe, been omitted in the 'Handbook.' Almost every class of scenery has its representative in the county, which supplies a not less wide range of climate, from the bracing, highland atmosphere of the moors to the sunny warmth of the south coast, where oranges and citrons ripen in the open air, and where flowers which are elsewhere treated as exotics—the lovely 'Devoniensis' rose among them—flourish unprotected throughout the winter. The two Devonshire railways, among the most picturesque in England, afford the tourist an easy access to much of the county; but he must still, if he mean really to enjoy it, wander among the intricate net-work of lanes which cross and recross it in all directions. And if the distant views are somewhat excluded, and roving propensities somewhat checked, no traveller with the eye of an artist will quarrel with the steep banks covered with ferns and wild flowers, and in due season scarlet with strawberries—'most toothsome to the palate,' says old Fuller, who has placed them among the 'natural commodities' of Devon '(I mean if with clarett wine or sweet cream), and so plentiful in this county that a traveller may gather them sitting on horseback in their hollow highwayes.' Such was the depth of these 'hollow highwayes' in Westcote's time, that he tells us a man might have then ridden from one end of Devonshire to the other without seeing a single flock of sheep. Perhaps the feat might still be accomplished; but the tourist must in such case carefully avoid the magnificent panoramas which open here and there from the lanes themselves, and which may always be seen by turning into the open fields at the hill crests.

Until the tall hedges of the Devonshire lanes have entirely disappeared from the land—a consummation which, it may be feared, will follow in the train of modern agriculture—the ancient dialect of the county will continue to maintain its place. It will, no doubt, become obsolete as the province is more and more opened by railways and good roads; and in the mean time the diligence of the local antiquary should be exerted to procure as complete glossaries as possible.* The dialect should be of no small interest to archæologists, since, according to Giraldus Cambrensis (writing in 1204), the 'more ancient mode of speaking lingered longer in Devonshire than elsewhere,' although, he adds, the language now appears more unpolished—

* The best illustrations of the Devonshire dialect which exist at present are the 'Exmoor Scolding' and Mrs. Gwatkin's 'Dialogue.' The locality in which a word is found should always be carefully noticed, since the difference between the dialects of North and South Devon is considerable.

'incomposita.'

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'incomposita.'* The 'ancient mode of speaking' was the genuine Saxon of Wessex; and words and phrases may yet be heard in Devonshire, which have never become extinct through all the changes of a thousand years. In what degree beauty, as well as antiquity, is to be found in the local dialect, is a question which will be variously decided, according as the judges are Devonians or not. Roger North, who accompanied the Lord Keeper Guildford on his circuit at the end of Charles II.'s reign, insists that 'the common speech of Devonshire is more barbarous than in any other part of England—the north not excepted.' Few certainly would now be found to agree in this judgment, although the stranger may still meet with many a word rusted with age, and requiring explanation to all but antiquarian ears. Where this is difficult, let us hope it may be as judiciously avoided as in the case recorded by Peter Pindar in his 'Royal Visit to Exeter:'—

> 'Now Varmer Tab, I understand,
> Drode his legs vore, and catched the hand,
> And shaked wey might and main:
> "I'm glad your Medjesty to zee,
> And hope your Medjesty," quoth he,
> "Wull ne'er be mazed again."
>
> "Mazed, mazed—What's mazed?" then said the King,
> "I never heerd of zich a thing;
> What's mazed, what, what—my Lord?"
> "Hem," zaid my Lord, and blowed his nose;
> "Hem, hem, Zir—'tis, I do suppose,
> Zir—zome old Devonshire word."'

The agriculture of Devonshire—still sadly behind the rest of the world—is improving year by year, and the enterprise of the greater landowners will, no doubt, eventually raise the county, in this respect, to a high position. The mild climate of its lower districts has been taken advantage of by the gardeners. Devonshire, among many other contributions, has supplied our lawns and ornamental grounds with the brilliant double furze and the evergreen or 'Luccombe' oak—a cross between the Turkey oak and the cork-tree. Such nurseries as those of Luccombe and Pince, and of the Veitches at Exeter, will sustain a comparison with any in the world; and among 'show places,' Mr. Loudon has pronounced the beautiful gardens and grounds of Bicton to be more complete in every branch, and in more

* Cambriæ Descriptio, l. i. c. 6, quoted by Sir Frederick Madden, Preface to Layamon's Brut, p. xxvi.

admirable

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admirable order, than any he had met with elsewhere. Devonshire is now almost entirely an agricultural county; for, although the woollen trade still lingers in a few towns, it is not sufficiently extensive to be of great importance, and now disperses but slender 'labours of the loom'—

> 'Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring wave
> Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
> The serge and kersie to their blanching streams.' *

Yet Devonshire was at one time a centre of this manufacture. In the 12th and 13th centuries, Totnes was one of the chief clothing towns of England, and 'hose of fine Totnes' appear in sundry romances and in the Welch 'Mabinogion,' when the dress of an important personage is described as especially splendid. Crediton became the later wool mart of the county. 'As fine as Kirton (Crediton) spinning,' was a general proverb; and Westcote asserts that 140 threads of woollen yarn spun in that town were drawn together through the eye of a tailor's needle, 'which needle and threads were, for many years together, to be seen in Watling Street in London, in the shop of one Mr. Dunscombe, at the sign of the Golden Bottle.'

The modern history of Plymouth, of its dockyards, its harbour, and its wide-extended commerce, demands a volume to itself. The influence of its great public establishments is felt throughout the county, of which it has become by far the most important town. Mr. Cotton's noble gift to Plymouth of his very valuable art library, sketches by the ancient masters, prints, and pictures, ought to make it a school of art for both Devon and Cornwall. In this respect, as in so many others, the county has been distinguished above most of the other counties of England. The succession of eminent Devonshire artists, at the head of which stands the glorious name of Sir Joshua Reynolds, includes Northcote, Haydon, and the present accomplished President of the Royal Academy.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life and Times of Charles James Fox.* By Lord John Russell. Vol. I. 1859.

2. *A History of England during the Reign of George III.* By William Massey, M.P. Two first volumes. 1855, 1858.

THE work of Lord John Russell will probably disappoint many readers, more from the promise held out by the announcement than from any real deficiency in the execution. A 'Life of Fox' by such a hand as his Lordship's, familiar through

* Dyer's 'Fleece.'

party

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party and household tradition with the personal character of the great Whig leader, enabled by a long course of public life to judge of his achievements and failings as a statesman, would indeed be no common gain to the literature of our country. It is the more disappointing to find that, in the present instance, his Lordship has, in his own words, only 'attempted rather to follow the political career, than to portray the personal life, of Mr. Fox;' and that, in point of fact, the volume before us contains very little except the mere skeleton narrative of public facts, and extracts from parliamentary speeches, which are within the reach of any industrious man. Some of the observations of the author are extremely interesting, and it is to be regretted that he should speak so seldom in his own person. It would, however, be premature to criticise a work of which the present may perhaps be regarded as a mere introductory volume. In the mean time we intend to concern ourselves on this occasion with one portion only of Lord John Russell's labours. He has dwelt with much force on the circumstance that a clue to a large portion of our Court and Parliamentary history for more than twenty years is to be found in the antagonism of will and character between George III. and Charles Fox. But we are forced to add that he is unable to take a generous view, in our belief, of the real character and position of the two champions who are thus set in historical opposition to each other.

'There are periods in history,' it was observed in this Journal a few years ago, 'on which the calm of impartial opinion never rests. The grave softens no animosities—time clears away no prejudice. Nearly a century has elapsed since the accession of George III.; yet misrepresentation is as busy with his name now as when the mob chalked 45 on every wall in London, and Wilkes, Junius, and Horne propagated their calumnies.' Yet we had imagined that even the strength of Whig tradition was beginning to soften under the influence of years—at least in writers of the higher order—that the justice his personal virtues deserved was beginning to be rendered to the monarch—and that, while retaining even more than contemporary admiration of the great qualities of Fox, modern readers were at least ready to admit that, in the quarrels between him and his Sovereign, the faults were by no means confined to one side. Lord John Russell, however, we are sorry to say, adopts the stereotyped Whig parallel of the last century—the Tyrant on one hand, the Friend of the People on the other; the political Arimanes and Oromasdes of our Jacobin grandfathers:—

'George III. was actuated by a conscientious principle, and a ruling passion. The conscientious principle was an honest desire to perform his

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his duty; and the ruling passion was, a strong determination to make the conclusions of his narrow intellect and ill-furnished mind prevail over the opinions of the wisest, and the combinations of his most powerful subjects. For the space of fifty years these two traits of his character had a mighty influence on the fortunes of Great Britain and of Europe. His domestic life, the virtuous example which he gave in his own court, his sincere piety, contributed much to the firmness with which the nation resisted the example of the French Revolution, and gave solid support to the throne on which he sate. But his political prejudices prolonged the contest with America; his religious intolerance alienated the affections of Ireland; his national pride and his hatred of democracy promoted the war against France, whether monarchical * or Jacobin.

'On the other hand, it was the taste of Mr. Fox to vindicate, with partial success, but with brilliant ability, the cause of freedom and the interest of mankind. . . . . *These views and sentiments* made him through life obnoxious to the King. We shall see the results of this antagonism, which was throughout, on both sides, not only political, but also in some degree personal. Thus, for a great part of his life, he appears as a kind of rival to the throne.'—*Life of Fox*, p. 26.

Although the task be an unpleasing one, we should think our work imperfectly done if, before endeavouring to criticise this passage, we did not illustrate it by parallel instances from other historical writers of the modern age of literature—living men, witnesses, so to speak, whom we must call into court, to assume the responsibility of the personal accusations which party bias, often perhaps unconsciously, has induced them to leave on record against their great political enemy. And first we must cite the portrait which is drawn by Lord Brougham in his Historical Sketches :—

'Of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged—of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanised—of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections—George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office he was the slave of deep-rooted selfishness; and no feeling of a kindly nature was ever allowed access to his bosom whenever his power was concerned, either in its maintenance or in the

* We cannot assign a definite meaning to this phrase. George III. made peace with monarchical France in 1763. He certainly was not answerable for her making war on us in 1778. And if the allusion is to the war with the Emperor Napoleon, the King was too much impaired in intellect at that period to have much share in the responsibility for it.

manner

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manner of exercising it. *In other respects he was a man of an amiable disposition*:— and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant that his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of his whole heart, and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty, were alike forgotten; and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of a cunning which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or to destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire. His conduct throughout the American war, and towards the Irish people, has often been cited as illustrative of the dark side of his public character; and his treatment of his eldest son, whom he hated with a hatred scarcely betokening a sound mind, might seem to illustrate the shadier part of his personal disposition: but it was in truth only another part of his public, his professional conduct; for he had no better reason for this implacable aversion than the jealousy which most men have of their successors, and the consciousness that the Prince, who must succeed him, was unlike him, and, being disliked by him, must during their joint lives be thrown into the hands of the Whig party, the adversaries he most of all hated and feared.'—*Sketches of Statesmen*, vol. i. p. 10.

Among those who form in our opinion far too depreciating an estimate of George III.'s character must be included the most recent historian of his reign, Mr. Massey, whose unfinished work we have cited at the head of this article. Though a man of temperate and judicial mind, he writes as a political partisan, and one by no means free from the one-sided tendencies, without which it would appear few can interest themselves in writing history or in reading it. But if his conclusions on questions of policy will be received according as his premises are accepted or rejected, his judgments on men will be recognised for the most part as unusually just and reasonable. They form in fact the most interesting, if not the most valuable, part of his work. Wholly free from arbitrary arrogance, and from that spirit of literary antithesis which is the common fault of historical authors in our day: almost timidly conscientious in the assignment of praise and blame, and generous to a fault in making allowance for infirmities and difficulties, he brings at the same time to his task a practical politician's knowledge of public life. These are valuable qualities, and we are sorry that his treatment of the King is an exception to his usual style, and a blot in our view on the general fairness of his pages.

We turn to the popular historian of English Civilization, Mr. Buckle, who, in his grand panoramic view of things past, present,

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present, and to come, has condescended to daub in, with two or three smirches of his dashing brush, a very rough portrait of his deceased Majesty, in which the features are evidently borrowed from the usual shop-caricatures:—

'The reactionary movement was greatly aided by the personal character of George III.; for he, being despotic as well as superstitious, was equally anxious to extend the prerogative and strengthen the Church. Every liberal sentiment, everything approaching to reform, nay, even the mere mention of inquiry, was an abomination in the eyes of that narrow and ignorant prince—without knowledge, without taste, without even a glimpse of one of the sciences, or a feeling for one of the fine arts, education had done nothing to enlarge a mind which nature had more than usually contracted. . . . . In that immense mass of evidence now extant, and which consists of every description of private correspondence, records of private conversation and of public acts, there is not to be found the slightest proof that he knew any one of those numerous things which the governor of a country ought to know, or, indeed, that he was acquainted with a single duty of his position, except that mere mechanical routine of ordinary business which might have been effected by the lowest clerk in the meanest office in his kingdom.'

Now, we believe that in merely bringing together these passages we have already half gained our cause in behalf of the memory of the Sovereign thus strangely misrepresented. No one really familiar with the portrait of the central figure of that long reign—that King who was for many years a kind of household divinity to great numbers of the steadiest, soberest, most thoroughly English of his subjects, and from whose name the traditional halo has scarcely yet faded away in the minds of their descendants—no one familiar with his real defects, as well as with his virtues, versed in all the lights and shadows of the picture, but will at once dismiss them as the mere ebullitions of party prejudice. But instead of criticising them in the gross, we prefer falling to 'something of a slower method,' and offering some small contributions of our own towards the ascertainment of the real justice or injustice of the principal charges specially deducible from them.

And first, as to the King's alleged hostility to men of liberal opinions, and in particular to Lord Chatham and to Fox.

'The elder Pitt,' adds Mr. Buckle, 'as the avowed friend of popular rights, strenuously opposed the despotic principles of the Court; and *for this reason* he was hated by George III. with a hatred *that seemed scarcely compatible with a sane mind.* Fox was one of the greatest statesmen of the eighteenth century, and was better acquainted than any other with the character and resources of those foreign nations with which our

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own interests were intimately connected. To this rare and important knowledge he added a sweetness and an amenity of temper which extorted the praises even of his political opponents. But he, too, was the steady supporter of civil and religious liberty; and he, too, was so detested by George III. that the King, with his own hand, struck his name out of the list of Privy Councillors, and declared that he would rather abdicate the throne than admit him to a share in the Government.' *

There is no doubt evidence enough to the following effect: that the King did, in popular parlance, 'hate' Lord Chatham, though much rather with a kind of petulant aversion, than with a 'savage rancour,' or a feeling approaching to insanity. But the arraignment against him on this subject is chiefly founded on one of his familiar notes to Lord North, printed by Lord Brougham, under the date of the 9th August, 1775. So much use has lately been made of these notes as illustrating the royal character, that it is as well the reader should be reminded, once for all, what they really are. Lord Stanhope tells us that they 'were laid before Sir James Mackintosh, who, *extracting the most important passages*, transcribed them into a MS. volume.' We believe we may add that the originals are *lost*. What we have, therefore, are *not* the King's notes, but simply Sir J. Mackintosh's hurried extracts; and how far he may have curtailed and adapted them (using them in all honesty for his own purpose only) it is impossible for us to say. Some of them bear internal evidence of being the mere abstracts of the transcriber. Taken as genuine, they are mere scraps written down in all the confidence of friendship, and all the freedom of ordinary conversation, and of precisely the same value, and subject to the same deductions, as records of hasty conversation between intimate friends would be, when referred to as expressions of permanent opinion.

'The making Lord Chatham's family suffer for the conduct of their father is not in the least agreeable to my sentiments. But I should choose to know him to be totally unfit to appear on the public stage, before I agree to any offer of that kind, lest it should be wrongly construed, to fear of him. . . . . But when decrepitude or death puts an end to him as a trumpet of sedition, I shall make no difficulty in placing the second son's name instead of the father's, and making the pension 3000*l*.'

* As to this threat, Mr. Buckle is, we believe, in the right; but there is singular variation in the accounts left by contemporaries, as to the time and circumstances of this supposed resolution of the King. We are inclined from the evidence to believe he seriously entertained it twice: once on the occasion of the Lord George Gordon riots, when he is said to have been turned from it by the remonstrances of M. de Luc, who at that time had much of his confidence; again in the following year, when obliged to part with Lord North.

Strong

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Strong language, doubtless; but before we condemn the King for using it, let us examine a little into the relations between himself and Lord Chatham. To those who, like Mr. Buckle, believe that George III. hated Lord Chatham because he was a 'champion of popular rights,' of course the circumstance is at once satisfactorily accounted for. There may be those who will care to search a little below the surface. They will find that, whatever Mr. Pitt's merits towards his country may have been, his personal conduct to George III. had been for several years of the most annoying kind. They will find the great patriot, in the King's closet and in Parliament, oscillating between the most presumptuous arrogance, capricious exclusiveness, and a sycophancy almost unintelligible to modern English ears. They will find that in close communion with his Sovereign, Chatham strangely combined all the fulsome prostration of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, with all the dictatorial pride of the minister of a citizen king. They will find that, whenever a great crisis required his powers, he was either at Hayes 'lying on his back, talking fustian,' or else in sinister activity, intriguing in turn with every section of the factions which disputed the power and patronage of St. James's—alike indispensable and intolerable. Distance of time, and the lustre which envelopes his name, have now softened the harsher outlines of the great statesman's character; but a very slight familiarity with the minuter records of the period is enough to show us how insufferable a nuisance he must have been to those who had the misfortune to oppose him, or the greater misfortune to co-operate with him; but most of all to the poor King, alternately cajoled and snubbed by his too powerful subject, elevated to a deity one day, degraded (literally) to the meanest of mankind the next, and exposed to language which it was almost equally dangerous to the royal authority to notice and to leave unnoticed. But it is too true that they will find far stronger cause than all this for the King's aversion; that, in plain English, the great statesman was one on whose assurances no reliance could be placed, whose vehemence was controlled by no regard for veracity. There were two passages in Lord Chatham's later life which seem to us to have especially warped the King's inclinations against him.

The King's detestation of Wilkes, from whom he had suffered so much, was notorious, and surely justifiable. On the 16th November, 1763, Mr. Pitt, in Parliament, thus qualified Wilkes as the author of the 'Essay on Woman:'—'He did not deserve to be classed among the human species. He was the blasphemer

* *See* Pitt's famous Speech of March, 1770.

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of his God, and the libeller of his King.' The orator then proceeded to reconcile this abuse of Wilkes with his own (at that time) close alliance with his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, Wilkes's notorious patron:—

'He was proud to call him (Lord Temple) his relation. He was his friend, his bosom friend, whose fidelity was as unshaken as his virtue. They went into office together, and would die together. He knew nothing of any connexion with the writer of the libel. If there subsisted any, he was totally unacquainted with it.'

On this speech the King congratulated Mr. Grenville, and Lord Barrington described it as 'worth 50,000*l.* to the ministry, for it would secure them a good session.' We know better now; and the King, doubtless, was soon well enough informed of the real value of Pitt's Demosthenic repudiation of connexion with the libeller. Thanks to the precautions taken by Lord Temple to preserve the evidence of his own infamy, we are now able to read in the Grenville Papers the amount and character of that nobleman's connexion with Wilkes at the date of Pitt's speech. In the preceding month of October we find his Lordship addressing Wilkes in half-a-dozen flattering couplets, beginning—

'What Muse thy glory shall presume to sing,
So highly honoured by a mighty king?'

On the 18th Mr. Wilkes informs his poetical correspondent that he 'is proud to have obligations to Lord Temple,' and 'takes the liberty of going into his private affairs,' explains the circumstances of Mrs. Wilkes's jointure and his own Buckinghamshire estates, 'and wishes to raise the sum of 3000*l.* to be entirely happy,' through the medium of his Lordship's purse. On the 12th of November, four days before Pitt's speech, we find Wilkes 'closeted with Lord Temple for two hours and a half.' On the 13th Wilkes 'visits his Lordship' again. And are we to believe,—or are we to suppose the King believed, except for the first moment—in Pitt's asseverations of his own ignorance of his brother-in-law's ostentatious patronage of the libeller? Why, the supposition is too strong even for Dr. Thackeray, model biographer as he is. 'According to Mr. Wilkes,' says that gentle writer, 'the conduct of Mr. Pitt, in making these strong declarations, was hypocritical towards the public and deceitful towards himself.' It is clear enough in short, that as soon as the echoes of the orator's eloquence had died away, his denial was totally discredited, and by none more than the King, to propitiate whose favour it had been chiefly uttered. Can we be surprised at the temper into which his feelings towards the utterer finally settled?

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Years, however, passed on, new combinations and new cabinets were formed, and Mr. Pitt, alternately domineering and sycophantic, certainly did not improve his position in the King's good graces, whatever subjection the latter may have been forced occasionally to endure beneath him. The extraordinarily servile character of Pitt's language on receiving the pension and peerage has been often remarked on. Here is another specimen of the kind of diction in which it was his pleasure to accost his Sovereign, in the intervals of flagrant opposition to him. It is the draft of a letter to the King, from the 'Chatham Correspondence,' vol. iii., p. 230 (March, 1767):—

'Lord Chatham most humbly begs leave to lay himself at the King's feet, and wants words to convey to his Majesty his duty, submission, and devotion, and how deeply he is penetrated with the exceeding condescension and transcendent goodness of his Majesty. The appearance of returning reason in the House of Commons is solely owing to his Majesty's magnanimity and wisdom, in the present crisis! . . . He counts every hour till he is able to attend his Majesty's gracious presence.'

A few years more, and the stilted courtier was addressing the House of Lords in the famous speech, already referred to, in which he asserted that his Majesty was still under the influence of Lord Bute—'that favourite, at the present moment abroad, yet his influence by his confidential agents as powerful as if he were at home. Who does not know the Mazarinade of France? that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still—and what is there to distinguish the two cases? . . . A long train of these practices,' was his famous peroration, 'has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne, greater than the throne itself.' This was said at a time when the King had not seen Lord Bute for six years, and when Lord Chatham must have been perfectly well aware that he had not done so. It may be, as the Duke of Grafton then asserted, and as Lord Stanhope believes, that this most calumnious charge originated in the cause so lavishly assigned to the King's own acts by his enemies—'the effect of Chatham's distempered mind, brooding over its discontents.' But what must have been its effect on the mind of the King? That charge—of favouritism towards Lord Bute—scarcely founded at all on the outset, wholly unfounded since 1763—had embittered his life. It had blasted those early prospects of popularity with the nation which he had cherished in all the freshness of a youthful and eager nature. It had caused his people to regard him with hatred, his nobility to treat him with cold suspicion. It had driven his ministers into abandoning the Princess Dowager to a public mark of disgrace, which the nation had at last the decency

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to repudiate, but which made a deep impression on her sensitive son. It had driven that mother to implore from him a protection against insult which it was impossible for him to give, until he was forced to reply, in the stern language reported by Horace Walpole in his Last Journals, 'I bear such things, and she must bear them.' It had caused the mob to huzza, in defiance of the common decencies of human nature, at the death of her whom they had persecuted in life. Grossly false as the charge was (as is now admitted on all hands), it was of that class of falsehood which proverbially admits no refutation: for a negative cannot be proved. It had been the very curse of the King's life: a malignant shadow, fastening itself to him with all the tenacity of substance. And now, in 1770, when time and good sense were at last gradually consigning these rumours to oblivion, the foremost man in the country stepped forward, clothing gratuitous falsehood in all the colours of his unrivalled eloquence, to give them renewed life, and for the mere personal purposes of faction! And then the refined malignity of the allusion to *Mazarin*, so well understood by that generation! And this was one who so shortly before had thrown himself at the Royal feet, profuse in expressions of the most slavish devotion! Surely there is no reason to wonder at the durability of the King's displeasure, or that the mouth which, always using when in opposition, as Mr. Massey admits, 'language highly aggressive and inflammatory,' had at last given utterance to this mischievous calumny, was stigmatised by him in private correspondence with his minister as a 'trumpet of sedition.'

It is in no spirit of disrespect to the memory of Chatham that we dwell on his worst failings: as far as he is himself concerned, his mighty shade ought to stand on the other side of that river of Lethe which washes away memories of evil; but common justice towards the King demands that, when his treatment of that great citizen is made the ground of severe animadversion, history should not forget the provocation he received. It is a melancholy proof of the abasement to which extravagance may reduce genius, when we discover a mind so inferior as that of George III. entertaining, and with cause, a sentiment of aversion not unmingled with contempt for one like Lord Chatham's. But his was genius notwithstanding: and men are apt very imperfectly to realize their own meaning when we attribute that quality to any one, whether author or statesman. We thereby mark him out as differing from the rest of his race, not in degree, but in species. 'The fire of some orators,' as Lord John Russell forcibly expresses it in his Life of Fox, 'is more skilfully prepared—their flame burns longer and more steadily; but Lord Chatham's

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Chatham's flashes came from heaven.' The man of talent is but he who wins a higher number of marks in the great competitive examination of the world. The man of genius stands alone and uncompeted with. Not only does the great figure of Chatham present itself in single grandeur among the multitude of intriguing mediocrities whom England then dignified with the name of statesmen; but if we extend our imaginary view farther into the Asphodel meadow, where the distinguished shades of his age may be supposed assembled, he still retains his solitary station among them all. Far from the lowest man of genius to the highest man of talent the distance is, in truth, almost immeasurable. But this is a point of view seldom attained by the contemporaries of any man. Those of Lord Chatham certainly by no means estimated the great reality before them. They felt his personal importance, because he alone commanded the country. They dreaded his terrible eloquence, his contemptuous audacity. They shrank from contact with his superior political virtue and disdain of corruption; but they dwelt more on his weaknesses than on his greatness. Those of the higher order of intellect were of course more sensible of his real eminence than the rest. Horace Walpole, who at once laughed at him, admired him, and feared him—Burke, whose irritation at that waywardness which had upset so many political combinations, almost overpowered his sense of the grandeur combined with it—these could, to a great extent, appreciate Chatham; but even they imperfectly, until after his death. That George III. should never have understood him is no cause for surprise.

But Chatham was not only a man of genius: he was one of that peculiar order who mould the world—whose influence enters widely into the spirit, not only of their contemporaries, but of posterity. There is no wider distinction than this between men equally gifted by nature with its rarest quality. There are those who seem to work along with the grain of their age, and those who work against it. Europe, at the period with which we are now concerned, produced perhaps but two men of genius in political life—Chatham and Frederick the Great; and the two afford striking illustrations of these opposite characteristics. Frederick was neither of his nation, nor of his age. He not only professed but really felt much contempt for both. His influence over men, great as it was, resulted only from personal strength of character and sheer energy of will. And it died with him. He left a world of admirers, but no imitators—no heirs of his spirit, or continuers of his work. After his forty years of activity, his North-Germans remained the same honest, slow, meditative, imperturbable race whom he had originally been called

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called to govern—'Bêtes vous me les avez donnés; bêtes je vous les rends.' With Chatham the very reverse was the case. He was thoroughly and intensely an Englishman, and the man of his age. English in all points of his character, weak and strong—his bravery, his haughtiness, his unconformable manners, his contemptuous spirit, his constant striving after the highest aims, his disregard of difficulties and so-called impossibilities. And he imparted back again to the national character, refined and exalted by passing through the alembic of his genius, those qualities which he had derived from it with his mother's milk. His spirit ran through the nation like an infection. He raised us to the pinnacle of political glory; he humbled the Continent; he would, despite the obstinacy of others, had his own wayward will permitted it, have saved America. But after death, his influence was even greater than in life, and it breathes among us to this day. We can remember those as old people who were young in the latter period of Chatham, and took a strong youthful interest in its politics. We have seen their eyes light up at the mere mention of his name—have witnessed their vivid recollection of his person, their unconscious imitation of his gesture and glance of fire. In our parliamentary eloquence, in our political life, in our value for the unstained personal character of public men, in that bold and ready freemasonry of mutual appreciation among them which, above all other causes, preserves our system from decay; in that peculiar attitude towards foreign nations which, when rightly preserved, maintains our influence, and when exaggerated, exposes us to hatred and derision, we are all of us the sons of Chatham to this day.

But George III. was guilty in the eyes of his accusers, not only of rancour towards Lord Chatham, but the much deeper offence of hatred towards Charles Fox; and for the same reason, according to Mr. Buckle and Lord John Russell—because Fox was the friend of the people. The fact, at all events, is undeniable. The King did entertain towards Charles Fox a white heat of animosity, of very different fervour from that with which he regarded Lord Chatham, or any other opponent of his will, during his long reign: a feeling, the intensity of which scarcely seemed to diminish—increase it hardly could—throughout the life of that statesman. Had he not a cause? The full answer to this question cannot be given without displaying the King's character in more points than one.

There are few things more singular to those who study his character than the excessive and anxious pertinacity with which he supported Lord North's moribund Ministry (in 1780 and 81), striving by the exercise of every royal influence to keep vitality in

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in it; imploring, coaxing, almost threatening Lord North, in his daily and hurried notes, not to abandon him; speaking with a kind of shuddering dread of the combinations which must follow if he resigned. The same spirit shows itself in his vehement antipathy to the Shelburne-Rockingham Ministry and the Coalition Ministry. It is so difficult to account for on mere political causes, that it has commonly given rise to the easy explanation of incipient insanity. And it is certain that the intensity of his feelings at this time was very near affecting his mental health. Such was the impression (as we have been informed) of General Budé, one of those who were most constantly about his person in the earlier part of his reign. He said—

'The first five or six years he knew him' (the King) 'he thinks he never saw such a temper. He was always cheerful: never for a moment discomposed or out of humour. But the American war in some degree altered his temper from his extreme anxiety and disappointment on that head. The Coalition, and having a ministry forced on him which he detested, hurt him also. That he was just beginning to enjoy the comforts arising from his present fortunate administration, and the fruits of the popularity he had acquired by 28 years of virtuous conduct, when serious causes of agitation overturned a mind rendered more and more susceptible, which was naturally of the most feeling and anxious kind.'

We have mentioned his half-distracted notes to Lord North at this period: here is one, not hitherto printed, to Lord Dartmouth, who engaged still more of his affection:—

'27th March, 1782.

'Lord Dartmouth, Though I have directed Lord North this morning to acquaint all the Cabinet that they must come and resign their respective offices before the levee this day; as I think it would make an odd medley to see some there kissing hands whilst others are to resign, therefore I shall, if possible, be at St. James's before one for *that melancholy purpose*.

'I own I could not let Lord Dartmouth hear this without writing him a few lines to avow how very near he will always be to my heart, and that I have ever esteemed him, since I have thoroughly known him, in another light than any of his companions in ministry. What days it has pleased the Almighty to place me in, when Lord Dartmouth can be a man to be removed, but at his own request! But I cannot complain. I adore the will of Providence, and will ever resign myself obediently to His will. My heart is too full to add more.'

Why this more than natural antipathy to a change so unavoidable? In 1780 the American war was virtually over; no one knew this better than the King himself. The popular voice was now for peace; all hope of reconquest was at an end; and

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and with it all real hope of maintaining Lord North's administration in power. That minister himself was daily more anxious to be relieved of it. Was it fear of his probable successors? The King did not trust Lord Shelburne, but he had no antipathy to him: he disliked and combated the 'great Revolution families,' but with no more than a political dislike: he never showed any particular animosity to 'that incapable, nervous puppet' (the words are Horace Walpole's), whom the Whigs set up at the head of their half of the joint ministry of 1782. The influencing cause certainly was not what Lord John Russell composedly calls (in his Memorials of Fox) the King's 'incapacity to appreciate the character or respect the feelings of independent men.' The feeling at the bottom of the King's mind was simply and evidently his aversion towards the inevitable Fox. What was at this time the reason?

We leave to Mr. Buckle, and those who love his sweeping mode of judgment, the supposition that dislike to Fox's political tenets (ten years before the French Revolution) had much or anything to do with the matter. Nor would we dwell too much on a cause which found more favour in general opinion at the time—the revolt of the King's moral sense against Fox's notorious and excessive profligacy. After the detraction and ridicule of the Fitzpatrick and Lawrence school of Whig wits have done their worst, men are beginning to subside into a juster appreciation of this part of the King's character. There can now be no doubt that his opposition to vice and the vicious arose from two causes; the one as honourable to his heart as the other to his head. The one was a strong moral repugnance; an instinctive abhorrence, which even betrayed him into some of the greatest errors of his reign, in the exaggerated precautions which it induced him to take. The other was a deep conviction, which appears over and over again in his familiar writings, that court profligacy was among the most serious political evils of the day, and threatened decay to the constitution. These sentiments he carried out with all the singleness of his bold and hearty nature. His dislike to Lord Sandwich, 'whose character he disapproved,' overcame all sense of his political usefulness as a tool. He refused Fitzpatrick a place in his household. 'I don't choose,' he wrote to Lord North, 'to fill my family with profest gamesters,' and thereby made for life a witty and uncompromising enemy. Of Fox he writes to the same minister, in 1773, that he had 'thoroughly thrown off every principle of common honour and honesty;' this was when the patriot of twenty-four had ruined himself, and nearly ruined his father, at the gaming-table. 'He never had any principle,' says the King in another of these confidential notes, 'and there-

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fore can act as his interests may guide him:' harsh words, no doubt, but exactly parallel with Lord Brougham's own description of Fox's conduct at the Coalition. But, as we have said, we believe the royal hostility towards Fox to have had in truth a far deeper foundation; and this opens a separate and very important chapter in the King's personal history, not to be illustrated except by a long digression.

Much as has been said of his family virtues, the extreme intensity of his domestic affections has scarcely been appreciated. It partook a little of the morbid side of his character. His life-long passion for his Queen is familiar to all. In youth, if he had followed his temperament only, he would have been a very general admirer of the sex. Not to dwell on the old story of Hannah Lightfoot and his honourable devotion to Lady Sarah Lennox, there is little doubt that, even after marriage, one or two of the beauties of his Court—the lovely Duchess of Argyle in particular—had the credit of giving her Majesty reasonable cause for jealousy.* But notwithstanding this, his early relations to his Queen partook of extreme and jealous watchfulness. This was a point of his character—whatever he loved must be guarded with almost Oriental seclusion from that contamination of the world, which was the constant subject of his dread. After her first arrival from Germany—we quote from the manuscript reminiscences of a close personal attendant of her Majesty—the royal pair lived almost *tête-à-tête*. She 'only saw her ladies of the bedchamber once a week,' and then in the most solemn of circles. Lord Bute, adds the writer, had put it into the King's head that his bride of sixteen had a tendency to dissipation! In fact, her life was almost rendered miserable by his care—a woman nearly killed with kindness. The more honour to her true womanly character and attractions, which soon overcame her early difficulties, and won for her not only the most singlehearted affection, but the most thorough confidence, for the remainder of their lives.

It is well known how much of a similar spirit exhibited itself

* The King's early fancies soon passed away, with one alleged exception. It is said that there was a lady of his Court, of irreproachable character and singularly refined personal beauty, one whom Horace Walpole calls 'the picture of majestic modesty,' for whom he nourished an early passion, suppressed in middle life and almost forgotten, until his lunacy brought her name constantly to his lips. Even in some of his latest attacks (if the testimony of close personal observers can be credited) she was ever present to his imagination. It was a strange exhibition of some of the most recondite weaknesses of human nature—touching or ludicrous, as the observer might be himself inclined—to hear the aged sufferer

'Haunted to his latest hour
By the vain shadow of the past,'

calling on her maiden name, disused for fifty years, and imploring interviews with her, when both were tottering on the verge of the grave.

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in the King's relations to his brothers, and other members of his family—a subject which we can but lightly touch on, but which certainly places him in no favourable aspect. Nor is it at all an uncommon circumstance to find men who are most estimable in the ordinary relations of life least expansive and least amiable in their attitude towards their nearest kindred. That George III. had great provocations in this quarter all must admit. When the intriguing Irish widow, and the English milliner's base-born daughter, daringly availing themselves of the loose marriage-law of the day, claimed rank and position as princesses of the blood, it was enough to heat the blood of the Guelfs, notwithstanding the cooling D'Olbreuse infusion, to a frightful pitch of ebullition. Any violence or injustice committed towards these unlucky couples in the first heat of royal wrath might have merited excuse, if not justification. But the cold, obstinate nature of the resentment thus excited appears to us to constitute one of the more serious stains which impartial history must attach to his reputation. After he had gone through the form of external reconcilement with his brothers, and had provided munificently for the chances of their issue, he still maintained the same distance between his person and theirs which had subsisted during the period of estrangement. This fixed indifference probably ruined the Duke of Gloucester's prospects of public utility, described as he is by one who knew him well, as 'an amiable, honourable man, but unfitted to shine in company from extreme shyness.' The Duke told a friend that he had not dined above five or six times with the King in the whole course of his life: it is true that a large portion of it was spent abroad.

The Royal Marriage Act, carried through by the strong will of the King, has certainly had a singular indirect effect in injuring his memory, by stirring up against him the personal spite of Horace Walpole, the destined chronicler of his age. The two volumes of 'Last Journals' which Dr. Doran has given to the world are but a running commentary on this one text. Let us, however, listen to Mr. Massey's more serious view of the subject:—

'For a result so inadequate—for the sole purpose indeed of enabling the prerogative—was a corrupt and servile Parliament found ready to encroach upon the law of Nature. In vain were all the arguments of reason and morality urged against this impious and cruel measure. It was enough that it emanated from the same stubborn, bigoted, and selfish will which would not be thwarted, whether its intense rancour pursued an individual, a party, or a people.'

So far this language is deserved that there can be little doubt it was to the resolution of George III. that the measure owed its origin.

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origin. It is instructive, however, to compare the more indulgent judgment passed by Lord Stanhope, on precisely the same state of facts, with that of the austere commoner:

'Such domestic misfortunes and mortifications as had thus in rapid succession befallen the Sovereign of England could admit on one point only of legislative prevention for the future. To that point the King, with a just feeling of wounded dignity, applied his care. . . . . This measure (the Royal Marriage Bill) was opposed in both Houses very vehemently, and on various grounds: it passed nevertheless by large majorities, and without any alteration; and *happily for us* it has continued in force until the present day.'—*Lord Mahon's History*, vol. v. p. 310.

Apart from the strong hostile feeling with which Mr. Massey judges every action of George III., our own feelings would make us disposed to agree rather in his estimate of the measure than in Lord Stanhope's. The objections to it have never been more forcibly stated than in Horne Tooke's masterly 'Letter on the Reported Marriage of the Prince of Wales,' in 1787. It was a German importation into English society, alien from our habits as from our principles. It may be deemed, without adopting all Mr. Massey's philosophic vehemence, to have upon it that peculiar curse which attaches to every law repressing, from mere considerations of general advantage, the most sacred liberties of the individual man. And yet, when all this is said, it is impossible to help asking ourselves the question, what turn would English history have taken if this Act had never been passed?—if the attachments formed by the Princes to ladies of breeding and character had been publicly pursued?—if George IV. had openly wedded Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Duke of Sussex the Lady Augusta Murray? It is difficult to conceal from ourselves the advantages which subjects derive, at the expense of their rulers, from an institution which maintains the reigning house as a caste apart.

However this may be, we cannot but smile at the illustration of the wickedness of the measure which Mr. Massey derives from his chivalrous abhorrence of the privations which it imposes on the fair sex:—

'If we advert to the operation of the law as it affects, and as it has affected, the female members of the Royal Family, it appears to be still more cruel and revolting. The rules of English society have subjected the gentler sex to restraints from which men are absolutely free; but from the princesses of England a degree of self-denial is exacted which human nature is hardly fit to bear. Bred up in a refined and luxurious Court, surrounded by the most brilliant nobility in the world, these exalted ladies must resist all the attractions to which the female breast is

is more peculiarly susceptible. Bravery, gentleness, wit, learning, or any other accomplishments which can adorn a man—yea, even if these are accompanied by a name either of hereditary renown, or rendered illustrious by its possessor—can constitute no pretension to mate with a daughter of England. Unless the German storehouse of princes can furnish some petty Grand Duke or Landgrave, who, for the sake of her ample English dowry, will place her at the head of his paltry Court, she must pine in hopeless celibacy.'—ii. p. 147.

Nothing can be better, if the principles of romance were those of real life: but, to make it pass as argument against the Royal Marriage Act, Mr. Massey ought to be able at least to show that, ever since modern history and its social usages began—all through the reigns of the Tudors, Stuarts, Brunswicks, down to 1772—any marriage had ever been contracted with an English noble or gentleman by a maiden daughter of England. This not being the case, it is abundantly evident that the Marriage Act has nothing to do with the matter. The moral restraint, which to Mr. Massey's sentiment seems so intolerable, operated quite as forcibly as any legal prohibition, in rendering unions of this kind, notwithstanding their attractions, practically impossible. To women indeed, even more than men, the chains of artificial habit are far stronger than those imposed by law.

To return, however, to those portions of George the Third's family history which more immediately affected his relations with Fox. The same jealously sensitive attachment which he had exhibited towards his bride characterised, in a much higher degree, his feeling towards his children. His letters on the death of those whom he lost young are among the most touching of compositions. But most strongly did this intensity of feeling exhibit itself towards his elder sons, in their early youth. Mr. Smelt, the sub-governor, said that 'he never could forget the day when the King brought the Duke of York (the favourite among all) to see him after his arrival from Germany. It was not pleasure that beamed in the King's eye: *it was ecstasy*.' Similar in character, though not quite so intense, was his early sentiment for the Prince of Wales. Unfortunately for himself and his sons, his love here, as in the case of the Queen, took the form of over-watchfulness. He would fain have shut his sons up in a brazen tower, like the monarchs of fairy tales, till the perils which he dreaded for them more than death were passed. Not that all the stories of the strict and monastic education of the Princes are to be taken for gospel: if Lord Holderness was unfit for his post, Markham and Cyril Jackson were at all events Englishmen, with strong public school habits about them, and endeavoured to introduce those habits

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habits into princely education as far as they reasonably might. But much was true enough. We have seen a curious letter of the King to Lord Dartmouth, in which, as late as 1780—when the Prince of Wales had already graduated in every kind of profligacy, and was on familiar terms with its votaries—he seriously informs his Lordship, on forming a new establishment for the Prince, that he is determined to have none but grave and staid men about him, and makes William Legge the sole exception, as a testimony to the virtues of his father!

Those who have sounded the depths of affection like this can alone estimate the force of the King's revulsion of feeling when the wretched truth of his son's corruption gradually dawned upon him; and with the intelligence came the certainty that Fox, with his fatal attraction, was the main agent in leading him to ruin. We cannot read without emotion, what Horace Walpole recounts with a base kind of exultation, how the poor King, in his parental agony, 'every morning wished himself eighty, or ninety, or dead.' With our means of information, we may now conjecture that Fox found the tempter's part an easy one, and his prey only too ready to be caught. The father could not judge thus. It was in 1780 that the famous adventure with the 'Perdita' occurred; when Fox and Lord Malden had the credit of consigning the Prince of eighteen to the arms of a worthless woman, through whom they hoped to acquire power over him. It is curious that the King, in recounting this affair to Lord North, does not cite Fox's name at all. 'My eldest son,' he writes, 'got last year entangled with an actress and woman of indifferent character, *through the friendly assistance of Lord Malden.*' But the King could not have been ignorant of Fox's reputed share in the transaction with which the whole town was ringing: and we are inclined rather to attribute the suppression of his name to motives either of prudence or deep indignation. With these facts before us, and knowing as we do the character of the King, we can estimate the feelings with which, after years spent in fruitless efforts to avert the evil, he stood face to face in the cabinet with the destroyer of his son.

Even Lord John Russell is in reality aware of this, though he passes over the point, so all-important in the history of the hostility between his hero and the King, in the most slight and perfunctory way. 'There can be little doubt,' he says, 'that personal antipathy to Mr. Fox was from this time (1781) rooted in the royal bosom.' Before Mr. Fox's entrance into office,

'George the Third looked upon him as a dissolute and unprincipled man, from whom he could expect no support. But a stronger feeling than dislike and distrust now sprang up,' &c.—p. 336.

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Nor was that feeling ever really weakened, in subsequent years, in his tenacious spirit. And as successive revelations throw more and more of light on that hateful subject, the conduct of the Prince during the period when Fox was his guide and defender, so we think the righteousness of the King's anger is more and more justified, whatever may be thought of its policy. It was exhibited in a manner often undignified and sometimes unjust—never deficient in frankness. When a Whig M.P., Mr. John Nichol, the author of 'Personal and Political Recollections,' exhorted Fox to endeavour to conciliate his master, Fox replied, 'No, it is impossible. No man can gain the King.' The happiest period of his life was undoubtedly that in which by his own unwearied personal efforts he threw out Fox's India Bill and dissolved the Coalition. Sir Andrew Hammond, who attended the King at a stag-hunt the day after the final debate in the Lords on the India Bill, reported that,

'When the hounds threw off, the King lingered behind, frequently looking back as if expecting some person. Presently a horseman appeared advancing: the King asked Sir Andrew if it was not one of the yeomen prickers? The man presently rode up, and delivered a packet. The King hastily broke the seal, and exclaimed, "Thank God it's all over! The House has thrown out the bill by a majority of —; so there is an end of Mr. Fox"—accompanying the words with a strong action, throwing wide his arms as he said it.'

Twenty years later the same unchangeable feeling survived. We quote from a memorandum given by the Princess Augusta to a friend, of a communication from her father:—

'At the period of Mr. Fox's return to power, the King, then in full possession of his faculties, showed for several days considerable uneasiness of mind: a cloud seemed to overhang his spirits. On his return one day from London the cloud was evidently removed, and his Majesty, on entering the room where the Queen and Princess Augusta were, said, he had news to tell them. I have taken Mr. Fox for my minister, and on the whole am satisfied with the arrangement. When Mr. Fox came into the closet for the first time, his Majesty told them, he purposely made a short pause, and then said, Mr. Fox, I little thought you and I should ever meet again in this place. But I have no desire to look back upon old grievances: and you may rest assured I never shall remind you of them. Mr. Fox replied, My deeds, and not my words, shall commend me to your Majesty.'

We are anxious only to arrive at something like a fair conclusion in this matter, not to defend or to justify. Undoubtedly, leaving personal griefs apart, the King's was not a nature which could amalgamate with that of Fox any more than with that of Chatham. If Fox had not the latter's genius, he had, at least, in

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in the highest possible degree, the genial temperament—that far reaching, and therefore mild sagacity, which sees beyond the immediate causes that disturb political vision, and retains its deep confidence in the best principles of humanity; in freedom of thought and freedom of action; in the aptitude of mankind rather to be led than to be driven. These were precisely the points on which the King's own coarser perception failed. Could the two have felt mutual confidence, Fox's larger views might have corrected the narrowness of his Sovereign's, while the latter's uncompromising courage and solidity of principle might have lent to Fox that moral strength of which he stood all his life in need. George as King, and Fox as trusted minister, might have made a combination unrivalled in the world. But it was not to be, nor, in the nature of things, could be.*

Implacable as the King was towards his few principal enemies, whom he regarded as those of the state, we can find no semblance of evidence for Lord Brougham's sweeping charge, that kindliness of feeling had no place in his mind as soon as his prerogative or his pride was concerned. It is the common course of life that every one who is dismissed from office on party grounds considers himself, and is considered by his friends, personally aggrieved; and for many a grievance of this kind the King had to answer; but we are aware of no evidence showing a delight in inflicting any other species of loss and suffering on those he considered his adversaries. The often cited letters to Lord North show the contrary; and there are some notorious instances the other way, such as that recorded by Wraxall, of his considerate conduct towards Lord Lothian when dismissed from his household.

If, however, the King was a staunch hater, he was at least as hearty a friend. Thus much, at least, even calumny generally allows him, though our extracts show that hostile criticism has not spared even this point of his character. Of course, in the

* Mr. Buckle considers that the King's great loss in Fox arose from the latter's singular knowledge of foreign affairs. Fox's knowledge on all points which he had studied was as surprising as his modesty, in relation to those he had not, was unaffected. But we doubt whether the belief in his special familiarity with foreign affairs rested on much more than the fact, strange to the statesmen of that generation, that he could speak French and read Italian. The general ignorance of foreign languages in political circles could hardly be surpassed. Sir James Bland Burgess, who owed his post of under-secretary for foreign affairs, in 1789, mainly to his knowledge of French, reported that 'old Lord Liverpool used chiefly to entertain the foreign ministers. His Lordship made perpetual blunders. One day an accomplished Frenchman sitting near him said that in England every one might rise to eminence: to which his host replied, it was very true, and Mr. Whitbread was an example, who had raised himself to be a distinguished man from a *braconnier!* Mr. Pitt was but a poor Frenchman. Lord Grenville spoke it ill, though he wrote the language very fluently. Dundas did neither, nor did he attempt it.'

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transactions of so long and busy a life, it must have been often his lot to do or authorise acts which might be construed into disobliging friends and abandoning supporters. But it is remarkable how little offence in this line can be justly charged against him, and with what firmness of purpose he stood by those who would stand by him. His real friendships, however, were rare enough, and founded on one indispensable condition,—community of sentiments on points of religious and moral duty. We shall make no apology for quoting the annexed unpublished letter (in 1773) to Lord Dartmouth, whom of all his early ministers he seems to have loved the most; one out of several of similar import; and we trust our readers will judge it, not in the spirit of Fox and Fitzpatrick, nor in that of the hostile writers whom we have quoted, but remembering the King's firm belief, that all men have to render their account, and that Kings are of all men the most deeply accountable.

'Lord Dartmouth, I return the letter you communicated some time since to me. It contains many very useful lessons to a young man; but I could have wished that the author had put before his young friend the only true incentive to a rectitude of conduct; I mean the belief in a Supreme Being, and that we are to be rewarded or punished agreeably to the lives we lead. If the first of all duties, that to God, is not known, I fear that no other can be expected; and as to the fashionable word *honour*, that never will alone guide a man farther than to pursue appearances. I will not add more, for I know that I am writing to a true believer, one who shows by his actions that he is not governed by the greatest of tyrants, Fashion.'

His personal attachment to the Duke of Roxburgh was of a similar character: any allusion to that nobleman, years after his death, would bring tears to the King's eyes.

Considering this part of the royal character, namely, attachment to those who had served him, and his making it a point of honour to support them, the suddenness and completeness of the breach between the King and Lord Bute has always seemed to us one of the unexplained passages in his reign. In one of his letters to Lord North, he says, in a tone of indignation, that 'the Crown deserted' Sir R. Walpole; yet he certainly himself 'deserted' Lord Bute; and that in the height of his unpopularity, and after years of close communion. He appears never even to have seen the once all-powerful after 1763. George III. was communicative enough on this point, and always seems to have affirmed that his early subjection to Bute passed away as soon as he had discovered his Lordship's personal vanity and incapacity.*

* See in particular Horace Walpole's 'Last Journals,' vol. ii. p. 295, for the testimony of the Duke of Gloucester on the subject.

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But this, while sufficient to account for a gradual emancipation from Lord Bute's government, seems by no means to explain the sudden and entire character of the breach. Is it possible, as Mr. Massey conjectures, that the King had become at last aware of the popular reports respecting his mother and the minister; that he received them as such reports would be received by a nature like his; and that, exercising that strange power of self-control which seems to have enabled him to keep *some* secrets even through the period of his lunacy, he never mentioned the circumstance?

There can, however, be no doubt that in his personal relations with his subjects, still more in his exposure to public opinion in respect of them, George III. was placed at a great disadvantage by his constant and persevering endeavours to govern as well as reign; to have no favourites, to be his own minister, to secure for himself as much of power and patronage as he could possibly monopolise. We, who are concerned at present only with his memory as a man, need not enter into the constitutional consequences of this line of conduct, which he pursued in one constant struggle through his reign, more successfully, though hardly more energetically, in the first half than the last, because his own mental malady, and the superiority of such men as the younger Pitt, placed him perforce in a subordinate position. Were we defending his Majesty on this score we might cite Lord Brougham in his behalf, who, while in one passage of his 'Historical Sketches' he attacks George III. for insisting on being King *de facto* as well as *de jure*, adds in another—

> 'The example is worthy of imitation in all times which he set, in *refusing* to be made a State puppet in his minister's hands, and to let his name be used either by men whom he despised, or for purposes which he disapproved.'

That is, in consenting to be bound by the principles of responsible government just as long as he thought proper, and no longer. We believe that George III. was in this matter wholly in the wrong, and that one of the greatest blessings arising from his reign was the victory obtained in it against his own opposition, by the contrary principle under which we are now governed. But we think that those who condemn him personally, on account of it, scarcely do justice to the novelty of that principle. There used to be a class of Whigs—there are some very respectable remnants of it still—who seemed to consider 'Revolution Principles' as something coeval with human society, and implanted in it by the eternal fitness of things; who estimated all times past by this measure alone, and judged Julius Cæsar, Thomas à Becket,

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Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine the Great, according to their several deviations from the established canon of Whiggery. But if we abandon this compendious mode of reasoning, we shall find that the principle of Royal impersonality was, as yet, in 1760, in the course of development only. It began under a female reign, that of Anne; it continued through the reigns of the first two Georges rather through the happy accidents of the foreign education of both, and the sound and sensible character of the Second, than because either the nation or the political philosophers accepted it in theory. At the accession of George III. not only was the theory unrecognised, but the practice had fallen into disfavour: the country was heartily sick of the victories of court intriguers, and the monopoly of Revolution families; they were in the humour of longing for the monarchy of Stork; and if the young Sovereign resolved to obey his mother's reported exhortation, George, be a King, he did but follow the impulse of the day, although the experience of his very first year of reign ought to have convinced him of its fleeting as well as misleading character.

Leaving, however, the political view of this subject, we cannot but point out the lessons derivable from George III.'s biography for the warning of all incipient sovereigns who may wish to follow his example, as to the evils which must result from this course of conduct to a sovereign in point of personal comfort, and of public estimation. For where the king governs even in part, the popular voice of course assumes that all government is his. Every man who has a grievance—every man who deems his own services ignored, or insufficiently rewarded—still more, every man who thinks himself persecuted or betrayed—lays his wrongs upon the King. All these complaints swell the current of his personal unpopularity. If he treats with coldness, at a levée, those with whose political conduct he quarrels, he is called rancorous and implacable. If, on the contrary, he smiles courteously on those whom he is about to deprive of power, his "duplicity" is echoed through the court and the public. Who shall say how much these personal odiums which a governing king, under a constitution, unavoidably incurs, contributed to the fall of Charles X. and Louis Philippe? M. Guizot, in the last volume of his Memoirs, has a passage on this subject which is worth extracting for our purpose; for it is, word for word, almost equally applicable to the earlier years of George III.:—

'Evidemment sa confiance sérieuse et sa faveur extérieure ne se rencontraient pas toujours en parfaite harmonie. Des ennemis et des sots ont voulu voir là une fausseté préméditée; c'était simplement l'effet naturel d'une situation compliquée, encore obscure, et le travail d'un esprit

esprit encore inexpérimenté dans le gouvernement, et qui cherchait avec quelque embarras sa route et ses amis.'—*Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 50.

If such was the share of misrepresentation unavoidably incurred by the modern Ulysses himself in conducting the hazardous experiment of 'governing' under a constitution, what must have been the lot of a youth of three-and-twenty, of far less mental resources, plunged into the middle of contending aristocratic factions?

Of all the charges to which this habitual interference with political transactions exposed him, that of personal duplicity was indeed the most constantly and inveterately urged by his enemies. We are satisfied, on the contrary, that no character could have come out of so close an investigation with less of serious offence brought home to it in this important particular. A more honest man in substantial purpose never lived; and breathing, as he did, in an atmosphere of Court fraud, surrounded by deceivers, it is rather singular how little he yielded to the temptation of adopting their ways, and what general confidence was reposed in the King's word even by those who, from party motives, most affected distrust of him. And it is with great regret that we find a writer so impartial, and so mild in his ordinary judgments of men, as Mr. Massey, so constantly repeating a charge of which his own pages afford such scanty evidence. He is forced to press in as instances of 'reserve and dissimulation,' trifling anecdotes, which would not be dwelt on for a moment were it not for eagerness to accumulate proof in favour of a preconceived opinion. Some terrified Protestant had picked up a story that George III. was found (when Prince of Wales) reading in secret a work of Father d'Orléans in defence of the Stuarts. 'Upon inquiry being made,' says Mr. Massey, 'he said his brother Edward had given it him: *but his Royal Highness was not always scrupulous on the ground of veracity.*' Why this gratuitous comment? What shadow of reason is there for disbelieving the boy's account? Again: Walpole has a piece of gossip about the news of George II.'s death being privately brought to his successor while riding out; that the young King immediately rode home without saying a word, and ordered his groom to tell inquirers that his horse fell lame. The circumstance, which, if true, amounted to about the same thing as a lady's directing her servant to say 'Not at home,' is seriously printed by Mr. Massey and, stranger still, by Lord John Russell, as a proof that the King was addicted to falsehood! This is almost on a par with Horace Walpole's virtuous horror (in his Last Journals) at the King's having been caught fibbing respecting the Duke of Gloucester, by saying 'I had not believed he was married

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married at all;' and then adding, 'I believed it had taken place on a Wednesday' (whereas, in truth, it was on a Saturday): the King's meaning clearly being, that he had not believed that the ceremony between the parties amounted to a legal marriage, although *some* ceremony took place upon a particular day.

Of such idle stories there are plenty; but we believe it would be very difficult to trace home to him a single authentic instance of treachery, among all the myriad transactions which party hostility has striven to misrepresent. No man lived more thoroughly in public than George III.—no man was more sedulously watched from day to day by observers able and willing to make the most of any casual slip of memory or hasty change of purpose—no man is more justly entitled to the praise of having gone through such an ordeal for fifty years without serious stain of dishonour.

If, however, there are any parts of the King's long career during which a shade of suspicion rests on his character for honesty and fair dealing, the circumstances relating to the ministerial changes of 1763 are among the number, and in especial the singular negotiation with Pitt, so strangely entered on, all but concluded, and then abruptly closed, in August of that year. The substance of the transaction was of course grossly exaggerated in the public mind, and we have no reason to doubt that Lord Chesterfield gave the true solution of it all—'Probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little.' But out of it arose various complications and suspicions of treachery:—

'No sooner,' says Walpole, 'was the rupture known than all tongues were let loose to inquire, guess, invent, or assign causes. The King detailed his conversation with Mr. Pitt to all that came about him; and almost all added to it *as their interest or their malice suggested*. Mr. Pitt saw very few; and to fewer would disclose any circumstances. He soon found that he could not speak without flatly contradicting what his Majesty had said, or *was reported to have said*. No wonder the transaction came forth loaded with uncertainties and inconsistencies!'—*Memoirs of George III.*, i. 290. 'The King,' he adds, 'relating the two conversations, took care to dwell on any circumstances that would most affect the persons to whom he made the confidence. . . . . "You see," said Lord Hertford, when he reported this conversation to me, "that if they did not shut up the King, he would talk enough to any body."'

But the worst feature of the affair was this: Lord Sandwich informed the Duke of Bedford, *as from the King*, that Pitt had insisted, throughout the negotiation, on his, the Duke's, exclusion from power. On hearing this, in Walpole's words, 'the warm little

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little Duke caught fire,' and placed his services at the disposal of the Court in a moment of resentment—thus crowning the intrigue with success. Now if Lord Sandwich really conveyed the King's words, and was authorized to convey them, then, if Pitt's words were untruly reported, the King was guilty of a mischievous calumny—if true (as we are inclined to believe), guilty at least of a breach of confidence towards Pitt. But was Lord Sandwich so authorized? There is nothing but his own word for it: and Walpole evidently believed that his Lordship acted solely on his own account. Mr. Massey has no hesitation in assuming the most unfavourable view of the transaction for the King. Lord Stanhope, with greater forbearance in an obscure case, merely says, 'The Duke *was made* to believe that Pitt had proscribed him,' &c., without adding by whom.

If, however, which yet remains to be proved, the young sovereign did practise some of the state-craft attributed to him, by playing fast and loose with Pitt, Grenville, and Bedford, when countermining each other in order to obtain advantage over him, this conduct on his part is almost wholly predicable of the few first years of his reign; and hence a popular subject of accusation against him, both then and since. If these things were done in the green tree, what should be done in the dry? If during youth, the season of candour, he was thus inclined to deceit, what must he have become after longer intercourse with the world had blunted his perceptions? We apprehend this reasoning to be founded on a total misconception of a character like the King's: confined in intellectual reach, slow of perception, singularly tenacious of principles once formed, and open to strong conscientious impressions. In such minds, honesty, like other good qualities, is often of slow growth. Youth is by no means invariably the season of candour. Any one of us may remember many a lying schoolboy converted by time into a thoroughly honest and dependable man. And why? Because the immeasurable value of truth and honesty only impresses itself on some minds by degrees, and the perceptions of conscience strengthen together with the intellect. To the youthful mind, the success of artifice sometimes wears the appearance of a victory of mental power. But in later years, if the youth's heart is in the right place, and his understanding, like George III.'s, of the tenacious order, he looks back with abhorrence on practices which he had regarded, not only without strong repugnance, but almost with admiration, before his moral sense had attained its fairness of growth.

And no mind of a really deceitful character could have stood the terrible test to which that of George III. was submitted,

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mitted, when his first fit of lunacy brought out from the repository of his heart its most secret thoughts, loves, fears, and hatreds, and poured them forth before observers, some shocked and pitying, some sarcastic, who were compelled by their office and care of his person to listen to the 'arcana imperii,' which it was all but misprision of treason to receive and remember. We quote from the testimony of one of them:—

'Colonel Digby, equerry in waiting, says, to day (22nd Nov. 1788) the King said many acute and reasonable things. His general opinion is, that every intellectual power has its full force, but wanting judgment to make his mind in its perfect state. This is proved by his telling things which ought to be concealed; and the instant an idea rises in his mind he expresses it: and the highest panegyric that could be formed of his character would not equal what in this moment shows itself. With his heart and mind entirely open, not one wrong idea appears: all is benevolence, charity, rectitude, love of his country, and anxiety for its welfare.'

It is a curious circumstance, however, that with all the King's natural communicativeness, enhanced by malady, he had throughout a considerable power of suppressing his thoughts, and there were some secrets which he seems to have ever preserved. Other observers of his illness reported that he often maintained a strange kind of watchfulness over his tongue, and that he would frequently confine his personal anecdotes to the dead, and avoid discussing the character of the living. We have instanced one case of what we suspect to be determined *reticence*, in the matter of Lord Bute. Whether the story of his words to General Desaguliers in 1772, 'We know Junius: he will write no more,' be true or not, there can be little doubt (notwithstanding the Duke of Clarence's assertion to Lord Holland) that the King knew Francis's secret; and he never communicated it. We insert the following very apocryphal anecdote, chiefly as showing the opinion entertained in his family of this part of his character. The narrator was a friend to whom the Princess Augusta related a conversation which she had had with her father, questioning him about a story of which in her youth she had vaguely heard:—

'It was when I was nineteen years old' (the King answered) 'walking in Kew Gardens, or rather in a lane that divided Kew and Richmond Gardens from each other, in company of Lord Bute and no other person. I observed a man keeping pace with us in the wood, on the side of the garden, and passing in an extraordinary way through the hedge from time to time; and this continuing I stopped Lord Bute, telling him of the circumstance; who appeared alarmed: but I advised him to walk on. The man soon after came through the hedge, and turned

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turned upon us, asking in an extraordinary manner whether the Prince of Wales was in the garden? I said, he was. Where was he going? I replied, towards Richmond. How long had he been in the garden? Perhaps half-an-hour. Did I think he had left the garden by this time, or was still in the garden? I said, I should suppose he was. Upon which the man hastened away: but the extraordinary part of the story was, that the next morning this man was found murdered in the same lane: and it could not have been self-murder, on account of the marks of violence upon him. The King said *he* had not told the story; and it had not been generally known, because his opinion always was that such things were bad examples, by putting bad ideas into the heads of those ill disposed.'

One circumstance, no doubt, contributed to the success with which this charge of duplicity was urged by his enemies—namely, his singular courtliness on some occasions, and the address with which he endeavoured to win over affections, wherever he thought it worth his while. Chatham is said to have termed him 'the most accomplished courtier in his court'—a phrase which the bitterness of Horace Walpole translates into 'as great a flatterer as any of his own flatterers.' No doubt his arts, in this line, were the more successful, from their contrast with the general roughness and frankness of his address, and the strong manner in which it was his natural tendency to show his antipathies, where they really existed. The bows and 'congees' of a Lord Shelburne, or a Duke of Newcastle, went for nothing, being dispensed alike to all: those of the King wore from their comparative rarity the appearance of strong meaning, and communicated an irresistible glow to the bosom of a friend or an enemy. The King was perfectly conscious of his own power in this respect: and we know, from his correspondence with Lord North, and other evidence, that he avowedly employed his smiles and frowns as part of his stock in trade, to win and to deter, in that making and unmaking of Cabinets which was the business of his life: that his Grace and my Lord, like the courtiers of an Eastern monarch, were received at the levee with shining or sullen countenance, according to the policy of the hour and their own supposed flexibility to it. Dr. Willis (whom his employment made one of the closest observers of the King's character, and who took not altogether a favourable view of it—influenced a little, perhaps, by the King's notorious dislike for himself) is said to have described his mind as a 'bundle of inconsistencies' (alas! which of us would escape a similar judgment, if our minds were bared to the dissection of a Willis?), and to have instanced the manner in which, after receiving some one with every appearance of affectionate cordiality, he would change his

his tone to that of detraction when the person was gone, without apparent consciousness of the discrepancy. No doubt this was in some degree the inveterate trick of the stage on which he had so long been an actor. The impression which he made on the strongly-prejudiced American envoy John Adams is curious enough. The republican believed the worst of his country's enemy, yet could not resist his fascination.

"'The King, I really think, is the most accomplished courtier in his dominions. With the affability of Charles II. he has all the domestic virtues and regularity of Charles I. He is the greatest talker in the world, and has a tenacious memory, stored with resources of small talk concerning all the little things of life which are inexhaustible. But so much of his time is and has been consumed in this, that he is, in all the great affairs of society and government, as weak, as far as I can judge, as we ever understood him to be in America. He is also as obstinate. The unbounded popularity, acquired by his temperance and facetiousness, added to the splendour of his dignity, gives him such a continual feast of flattery, that he thinks all he does is right; and he pursues his own ideas with a firmness which would become the best system of action. He has a pleasure in his own will and way, without which he would be miserable, which seems to be the true principle upon which he has always chosen and rejected ministers. He has an habitual contempt of patriots and patriotism, *at least for what are called in this country by those names*, and takes a delight in mortifying all who have any reputation for such qualities, and in supporting those who have a contrary character. Upon this principle only can I account for the number of Tories who were forced into the Administration of the Earl of Shelburne, the Duke of Portland, and of Mr. Pitt, and for *the immoderate attachment to American refugees which has appeared in all of them.*'—*Works of Adams*, vol. viii. p. 354.

We are glad to have the testimony of Adams, that there was at least one man in the kingdom who did his best to preserve the national honour towards those unhappy Loyalists.

At the first interview between the King and Adams, after the famous words 'I was the last man to consent to the separation,' and so forth—which have been frequently repeated—the following conversation passed:—

"'The King asked me whether I came last from France: and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, "There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France." I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion and a departure from dignity. I was a little embarrassed . . . *I threw off as much gravity as I could*, and said, "That opinion, Sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty I have no attachment but to my own country." The King replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will have no other."'—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 258.

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There is something so terse and graceful, as well as ready, in many of King George's recorded traits of courtly conversation, as almost to lead one to believe that divine right gives a kind of hereditary regal tact, and that commonplace men are elevated into wits when they enter on the official functions of majesty. It would be very unjust, however, to the King to depreciate his real powers both of thought and conversation. In this respect various causes conspired to do him injustice: his own eager, excited manner, and constant 'flux de bouche,' to use a French expression for a peculiarity more French than English: the folly of flatterers, who found wondrous evidences of sense and dignity in the gossip of Farmer George, and angelic condescension in his honest familiarities: the adroitness of his clever enemies, such as the writers in the Rolliad and Peter Pindar, in making the most of his weak points. Yet he often uttered sensible sayings, and sometimes powerful and even witty ones. Lord Stanhope, who somewhere rejects a speech attributed to George III. as too epigrammatic, makes him the author of one of the best prose epigrams in the language:—

'I never knew' (thus spoke George III. to an eminent statesman now alive), 'I never knew one Scotchman speak ill of another unless he had a reason for it; and I never knew one Irishman speak well of another unless he had a reason for it.'—vol. vii. p. 151.

His education, it is commonly asserted, had been neglected; and he often complained himself of its deficiencies. Yet we doubt the justice of the charge. The evidence would rather seem to show that his mother and his preceptors had bestowed considerable care on its details. The education of princes is constantly said, in their after-life, to have been neglected; the truth being that princes themselves rarely take advantage of their opportunities. George III. was no exception to the general rule. According to the unimpeachable testimony of Lord Waldegrave (as Mr. Massey remarks with justice), he was in his youth idle, and incapable of application. Almost all princes are so; it is the curse which clings to high hereditary honour. Every one of us knows how rare a thing is youthful industry when all competition is impossible, and there is no stimulus to work beyond that of wearisome exhortation. The King's real instruction was that of courts and affairs; but so far as occasion was allowed him, he worked hard in his closet, and accumulated a considerable mass of knowledge, not on such idle details only as Adams allows of, but on state affairs in general. Even his ordinary reading, though no doubt neither profound nor extensive, was probably greater than that of most 'persons of quality' with whom

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whom he was brought into contact. Had it not been for Miss Burney, we might never have known that he had studied both Voltaire and Rousseau, and formed his own independent judgment of their relative qualities.

It is really a singular instance of the ease with which an opponent finds a grave text in every trifle, that Lord John Russell should say of George III. that 'he never understood or appreciated Shakspeare,' the only authority he quotes for the assertion being the 'Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay.' Now, the only passage we know of in those Memoirs bearing on the subject happens to be a note of a semi-jocose conversation of the King with the lady, in which he uttered the following profane sentiments:—'Was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? What? what? is there not sad stuff?—*only one would be stared for saying so!*'* Ben Jonson, and Sam Johnson, we know, were much of his opinion. Seriously, he was unusually familiar with English dramatic literature; how far he 'understood' it æsthetically is another matter. Nor can we at all agree with Lord John that 'few English gentlemen wrote in a style so inelegant and so ungrammatical.' His Lordship must surely have the 'notes to Lord North' alone in his head, which, as we have already shown, are no evidence at all. There are sounder materials for judgment to be found in his more deliberate compositions, and even in his common letters, though he was never a *correct* writer. Here is an ordinary specimen—a letter written in evident haste to his daughter, then Hereditary Princess of Wurtemburg, on her leaving England in 1797:—

'Your looks painted more strongly your affection to me last night than any form of words could have conveyed; therefore your letter of this morning, though it has given me much pleasure, has not surprised me. May Heaven bestow its choicest blessings on you, and, ever believe that my affections will always be of the tenderest kind, as I am certain your conduct will always justify my opinion of you. You have my fullest permission to assure the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemburg that I shall be happy if, in joining any influence I may possess with that of the two Imperial Courts to support the interests of his family at a general peace, the losses they have sustained may be made good.'

Few 'English gentlemen' would have been ashamed of this.

Lord Brougham makes a charge of a more serious order when he says that 'no proofs remain that he had any familiarity with State affairs.' We are forced to differ from this judgment. The subject is one on which there can be no proof except by examples; and we will subjoin one or two, in which we think

* Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay, vol. ii. p. 240.

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scanty justice has been done by most writers to the King's knowledge and sagacity.—

'Had Chatham been called to power' (in 1778), says Mr. Massey, 'he would at once, by a single cut, have dissolved the new and ill-cemented alliance between Versailles and Philadelphia. He would have withdrawn the armies and fleets of England from the soil and waters of America—not, indeed, as the Duke of Richmond wished, into the barracks and harbours of England, but he would have employed their whole menacing strength against the ancient enemy. . . . If Chatham had returned to power, and resumed but for a day the spirit and energy which animated the minister of 1757, he would, with one hand, have pacified America, and with the other would have flung back the insolence of the Bourbons,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 367.

'It is curious that the military portion of this project, thus ideally attributed to Chatham, was the King's own, and urged by him without success on his ministers.' This appears throughout his notes to Lord North in 1778, in which the Sovereign, commonly represented as wholly devoted to the hopeless project of reconquering the revolted Provinces, advocates the very contrary policy, that, namely, of leaving off operations on the continent of America, holding only Canada, Nova Scotia, and Florida on the defensive, and dealing our heaviest blows against France in the West Indies. But then, adds the King with much sagacity, 'the generality of the nation must first see it in that light.' That his scheme never was adopted was probably owing to his ministers' apprehension that the people could not be brought to see it 'in that light.' The spirit of the nation ran high: its resolution not to be fooled by foreigners and rebels was the mainstay of the King and the war-party; and it is easy to conceive how this spirit would have been dashed, had the determination been then taken to withdraw our troops from the Thirteen Provinces.

He was one of the first to foresee, not only the necessity of a legislative union with Ireland, but some of those special reasons which most directly produced it; the unmanageable character, for instance, of Irish patriotism, 'which,' he says in 1772, 'must sooner or later oblige this country to consider whether the uniting to this crown will not be the only means of making both islands flourish.'

In the riots of 1780, when the 'irresolution of the Cabinet amounted to imbecility,' Mr. Massey admits that 'by the firmness and promptitude of George III., to whose character such an emergency was well suited, it must in justice be affirmed that London was saved from the last horrors of a popular insurrection.' 'There shall be at all events,' was his well-known exclamation, 'one

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'one magistrate in the country who shall do his duty.' But equal justice has scarcely been done to the great good sense and temperance with which he restricted his efforts at repression within closely constitutional limits, when even Burke and Lord Rockingham, if we may believe Walpole, and many who had been readiest to yield to the mob at first, urged the assumption of greater powers by the executive. We believe it is true that sundry proposals were made to the King 'to establish arbitrary government.' There was no great merit in rejecting proposals the acceptance of which would no doubt have sent him to the Tower or to Hanover in a week. But there *was* merit in that temperate firmness of judgment, that devoted attachment to the constitution as he understood it, which induced him, when for a moment power was really in his hands, to decline all temptation to swell the strength of prerogative or increase the means at the disposal of the executive, though abundantly tempted by the national terror at a tumult which had grown to a frightful magnitude.

'We are scarcely authorised to add to these instances one which rests on a mere Court report—namely, that the King was the first suggester of Pitt's scheme of the Sinking Fund. It was said that his calculations were placed in the hands of Mr. De Luc, 'made with great exactness, and to a considerable extent,' before his Majesty communicated the scheme to the minister. And it is added that, although Pitt 'suggested a modification, yet he at length came back to the King's original plan, which was finally adopted.'

We have space but to notice one more charge, that of 'bigotry,' which is urged against him by Lord Brougham. According to the common acceptation of the word, the accusation is true in one sense, untrue in another. George III.'s aversion to irreligion and immorality undoubtedly savoured of what some would and do call bigotry. He could not profess towards them courteous indulgence, nor even forbearance. And thus he got involved in many a painful inconsistency, because human motives would prevail over principle, and many a 'King's friend' found favour in his eyes who would have been anathematised for his looseness of belief and practice if he had sat on the benches of opposition. The truth is, that his sturdy character and limited though vigorous understanding were as conspicuous in this as in other particulars of his career. He had no conception of an enemy, except as something to be directly wrestled with to the extremity of victory or defeat. He thought the Americans rebels, and his policy was to fight until we beat them or they beat us. He was disgusted at the increase of crime, and his only

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only remedy was to hang more thieves. He hated the profligacy of the Court circle about him, and his only notion of guarding against it was to submit his household to rules of the most rigorous abstinence and seclusion. Bigoted in all these things, he was equally, and in the same sense, bigoted in his hatred of irreligion. But of bigoted attachment to formal observances, or of sectarian bigotry—which is the sense in which we English, differing from Continental writers, most commonly use the word—he seems to have had none. It was not the fault of his age; nor had it ever made its way into his temper. George III. was a sincere Churchman after his fashion, but would have stood a very indifferent examination from a modern high church chaplain on the power of the keys and the characteristics of the visible church. He did not relish the Athanasian Creed, and avoided repeating it with characteristic steadiness. He lived in perfect religious peace with the Queen, who was a Lutheran in heart to her dying day, and never loved the services of our Church. It is quite true that in the latter part of his life, and when his mind was tinged with disease, his political weaknesses on the Catholic question were fretted by opposition into religious sores, until, as he used to go about repeating in his frenzy, he really 'hated all Roman Catholics.' But it is quite needless to point out that this feeling originated in no religious aversion. So far from it, that in his earlier years, and down to the Lord George Gordon riots inclusive, it was fashionable among the Whigs to describe him as inclined to Popery. Horace Walpole is never weary of retailing the insinuation. Of his freedom from personal prejudice against sectarians in general, his relations with Lady Huntingdon, with Hutton the Moravian,* and others, afford abundant evidence.

With respect to Mr. Buckle's epithet of 'superstitious,' we feel the same difficulty in discussing its application, because we cannot but suspect that Mr. Buckle uses the word in a much more extended application than we, or people in general, would give to it. But of superstition, in the vulgar sense of the word, we observe no trace in his character. Superstition generally grows, in minds of the higher class, out of a predominance of the imaginative faculty: in inferior minds, out of abject timorousness, inborn or implanted. King George III. had no imagination, and he was almost insensible to fear.† We

* See a curious passage respecting the latter in Dr. Doran's notes on Walpole's East Journals, vol. ii. p. 204.

† A good deal has been said in recent discussions on the Sunday amusement controversy, of King George's Sunday bands at Kensington and on the Weymouth esplanade;

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We have thrown together these somewhat unconnected notices of traits which have seemed to us best worth remarking in the personal history of George III. down to the period of his first illness, after which many of his more characteristic features suffered some amount of change. We have done so, not with the view of contributing much that is new to a subject sufficiently simple, for his character had little of the deep or ambiguous about it: still less with the view of making a hero of one whose stature, intellectual or moral, in no respect, unless unfeigned and strong love of religion and morality be so considered, exceeded that of the ordinary race of men. But we felt that some occasion should be taken of exposing posthumous injustice, and the distortion of biographical accuracy from mere party fanaticism.

George III. opposed, with all the force he could muster, American freedom and Catholic emancipation. He was supported in both by the great majority of his nation; he was opposed by an enlightened, intellectual, high-spirited minority; and it was natural he should pay the penalty ordinarily incurred by those who are backed by numbers, opposed by sagacity and wit. Nor can we find much fault with the latter, if they, as contemporaries, indulged in very prejudiced opinions respecting the personal character of the monarch whose politics they detested. Theirs was the blind zeal of advocates. The hostility which subsisted between him and the friends of progress was not political only: it was deeply and bitterly personal. Even the few notices of this subject which we have brought forward, indicate plainly enough how this feeling arose, and what was the cause which led to its excessive exacerbation. It originated in political differences: but it derived its special intensity from the part taken by the Whig leaders in setting up the son against the father. This was the wrong which he never could forget: which few minds, much more placable than his by nature, could ever have forgiven. Throughout the middle and most important period of the reign, from 1780 to 1800, it was not the cause of America, nor the cause of French enlightenment, nor the cause of religious equality, which really pointed and poisoned the weapons directed against him: it was the cause of a worthless

esplanade; and these have generally been cited only as instances of the laxer usage of that time, under so religious a sovereign. But the truth is that the King upheld these practices with all his decision of character, and against a good deal of opposition. It is said that he was countenanced in them by Bishop Douglas, the only clergyman who after the death of Hurd appears to have had much influence with him. The story ran that he consulted Douglas as to the propriety of Sunday amusements, at the time when Bishops Porteous and Barrington were endeavouring to restrain them. Douglas told him not to mind them, 'for the first was a Methodist, and the last only followed the first.' Porteous, who objected to the 'Sunday esplanade' at Weymouth, is said to have made the King so angry that he would not speak to him for some days.

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son, with his court of mistresses and parasites, which—to their eternal shame—some of the ablest and most high-minded men of the age sold themselves to maintain, for no loftier object than a political success which, most deservedly, ever baffled their pursuit. This, we must repeat, is the copious source of that personal antipathy towards George III., which has become almost as much an hereditary portion of the Liberal creed as faith in an unrestricted press and in parliamentary reform. This it is which really inspires the judgment of distinguished writers of the school, such as those whom we have cited in these pages. They doubtless believe themselves to be judging from evidence: they do but start with the preconceived opinion that the King was artful and tyrannical, because his politics were what they deem illiberal; and, catching at support for their own injustice, adopt the hasty assertions of contemporary partisans, instead of remembering that the only client worth defending, after fifty years, is Truth.

Whatever of blame does ultimately belong, in the impartial estimate of history, to those who use the authority of their high functions to resist the spirit of change to the utmost, must undoubtedly attach to the monarch whose life is before us. But nothing can be more unjust than to form our estimate merely on insulated manifestations of a consistent and uniform policy. George III. opposed concessions to America and to the Catholics: had not his obstinacy prevented the one and delayed the other, history might, for aught we can say, have borne a different shape, and the lot of this great empire have been more prosperous still. 'These things' (as Lord John Russell says, in a passage of his 'Memorials of Fox,' to which we gladly refer our readers on account of its temperate thoughtfulness) 'are hidden from our eyes.'* But we should balance justly good as well as evil results. The same spirit which resisted American demands, repressed also by strong perseverance the moral decline of the English court and aristocracy; the same spirit (we think it is now pretty well acknowledged) preserved, singly, our Indian Empire from premature disruption; the same spirit quelled the advance of democracy, and caused these shores to repel, uninjured, the surges from that mighty earthquake which convulsed the opposite continent. Those who lay on the King the personal responsibility for the great disgraces of his reign, cannot but in justice attribute to him no trifling share in its triumphs.

The success of George III., however, in his face to face struggle with Revolution, was obtained much less by his direct exertion than with the influence of his example and character.

* Vol. i. p. 302.

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During the early part of his reign, the peculiar tendency of the revolutionary spirit, throughout Europe, was towards a vehement and united attack on thrones and their occupants. This is a feature of the time not commonly noticed, but which the student of its political literature will find strongly developed, whenever his attention is closely directed to the subject. The storm was in a measure diverted from mere general violence against Church and State institutions, to special assaults on monarchs and their courts. The spirit of Voltaire and Holbach rose, for the moment, less to the surface than that of Beaumarchais, Morande de Thevenot, Brissot, Wilkes, Junius, and many an ignoble name besides, deriving its celebrity from personal slander of this description. Now Europe, from Russia to Portugal, gave only too fair a scope for the attacks of this class of libellers. Royal races seemed dying out in vice or lethargy—monarchy, almost everywhere, was either degraded by crime or rendered ludicrous by imbecility. There were one Court and one Royal household only, which could fairly defy slander, and expose openly to the day their qualities good and bad, their excellences and their very faults, obvious but not disgraceful: these were the English Court, and the Royal household at Windsor.

Suppose that will of iron had given way, and that he had yielded to the spirit of the time, not in this or that particular reform only, but in its general tendency? Could he have carried over, in his surrender to the minority, the tenacious aristocracy and middle class of England? and, if he had, what then? These things, as Lord John Russell says, are hidden from our eyes. We have, no doubt, the instances of contemporary monarchs to compare. Louis XVI. yielded to it: and 'we all know what came of that:' though the end seems as yet distant. Joseph II. yielded to it, or rather passionately seconded it; and his fate affords a different lesson: a martyr to his own rash and premature innovations, his grave closed over a broken heart, the noblest that ever beat beneath an imperial mantle. Frederic the Great would never yield a jot to it: he patronised it, amused himself with it, employed it for his purposes; but he would never surrender to it a single Adelsrecht, or a monopoly, or a corporal's stick, or a pigtail. The result of his obstinacy was, as usual in human affairs, a mixture of good and evil. His firm spirit of repression prevented the inner life of the German nation from developing itself; but it established, and fortified, the Prussian State. But what might have been the result of earlier concessions to Reform in a society as expansive and as self-governed as that of England, is a question which presents many additional elements to conjecture.

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ture. Very different judgments will probably be passed on it in this year 1859, from those which would have passed current when Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell—or even Mr. Massey and Mr. Buckle—went through their political education. We now see the veteran champions of Liberalism taking part in the opposite ranks. A new school seems growing up—that of men who, through deduction from pure democratic principles, have worked themselves round into the mournful creed of fear without faith. In this bewilderment we can scarcely tell with what reputation the memory of George III. may ultimately emerge from the historical purgatory. If we ought to have been democratized long ago, then, undoubtedly, he has much to answer for. But if it is England's great merit that it is

> 'A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent'—

then we may hope that there might be some candid enough to accost his shade in the Elysian fields, as he himself once accosted Dean Tucker, the prophet of American independence, 'Mr. Dean, you were in the right, and we were all in the wrong.'

We have reserved to the last that which is in truth the most important portion of the subject, namely, the invaluable services rendered by the Sovereign whose life we are discussing to the cause of religion and morality in this country, and especially among the upper classes of the community; but there is no need to do more than notice it, for on this head, in truth, all parties are agreed. No one questions the remarkable improvement in the tone of society which took place, after his firm and consistent encouragement of the right and aversion to the wrong, and the quiet influence of his steady example, had leavened the character and habits of those in contact with him: an improvement which began, perhaps, to be sensibly felt about the end of the first twenty years of his protracted reign. And surely it would befit serious thinkers to remember, that had his political errors been far greater than his greatest enemies have deemed them, they would have been redeemed over and over again, in the general balance of good against evil, by services such as these. It is the more singular that writers like Mr. Massey, who take a very dark, and, as we believe, a very exaggerated view of the low state of English morality in the early part of George III.'s reign, should not be the foremost in acknowledging merits which they must needs appreciate so highly. In Mr. Massey's 14th chapter,

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on the 'Morals and Manners of England in 1772,' imitating his great prototype, the eloquent epitomist of England under Charles II., he has, as it seems to us, drawn a picture more resembling that of some distant classical or mediæval period than of the age of our own grandfathers, so substantially similar to our own. In ordinary writers this kind of tone is often assumed for mere effect; but Mr. Massey is too conscientious and temperate a thinker to adopt that idle trick of authorship. He has studied the literature of the period until he has really persuaded himself, that in the quiet days just before the American war—the time usually looked back on as one of somewhat decorous, unexciting dulness in social life—the upper classes were utterly corrupt, the 'middle classes in London vied with their superiors in luxury and profligacy of every description,' and that 'when we descend to the lower orders of society, we find vice exhibited in all its hideous grossness:' insomuch that 'the insolence, licentiousness, and ferocity of the people, especially in the capital and other great towns, was such as a traveller would hardly now encounter in the most rough and savage regions of the globe.' Our own deductions, from such acquaintance as we possess with the memorials of that age, would be far less sweeping and less unfavourable. We cannot even acquiesce in the correctness of the minute and artistic picture which Mr. Thackeray so carefully draws for us in his 'Virginians.' We cannot but think he sees the past through a discoloured glass—discoloured by the influence of that satirical spirit which, wherever he finds it, assimilates most readily with his own. But we have no space to enter into this attractive subject. Suffice it to say, that in order to form any judgment on the general condition of society at a particular epoch, we should use only with much distrust and careful collation all mere literary representations of life and manners, and lay much more stress on what we learn incidentally, than on what novelists and satirists teach us authoritatively. England was never peopled either by the creations of Hogarth, or by those of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Charles Lamb has explained, with a philosophy which loses none of its force from its playful expression, why it is that the stage, and romantic literature in general, never do reflect living manners in the sense in which they are popularly supposed to do so. They represent life modelled to an ideal standard—high or low, refined or 'slang'—according to superficial fashion. If people take their notion of England in the middle of the last century from Walpole's letters, Fielding's novels, and Foote's farces, they certainly can form no very exalted judgment of it. But, if they take it from Richardson's tales and correspondence, and from the school of 'sentimental comedies'—and they might quite

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quite as reasonably do so—they must then believe in an England peopled by the noblest of cavaliers and the most refined of women, with here and there an elegant sinner, redeeming his offences by the delicacy of his repentance. Thus much may be admitted: that the tone of fashionable society, at George III.'s accession and long after, was, generally speaking, both bad and low: worse, in some substantial respects, than that of our own,—coarser in almost all. Gaming was, in that class, the great and master evil of the day; and our grandfathers, no doubt, put to shame their degenerate descendants, by the vast portion of life they devoted to that pursuit, the daring of their risks, the tasteful mixture of the Stoic and Epicurean in their demeanour under either fortune. The decline of this vice is unquestionably attributable in a very great degree to court influence. Drunkenness (in the same classes) is another evil which has enormously diminished: this reform, however, belongs to a later date than that we are now considering. What we may call class decorum —for want of a better phrase—has doubtless greatly increased, and especially clerical decorum. We can hardly understand a Sterne expecting to be made a bishop, or realise the clerical Saturday club of Selwyn's friend Dr. Warner; but it may be doubted how far the sharpness of the social line between clergy and laity is a real advantage—at least if Tertullian's apophthegm be worth anything:—

'Vani erimus si putaverimus id quod clericis non licet laicis licere.'

In other respects we doubt anything having been achieved beyond some external softening of manners. The middle and lower classes we do not at all believe to have been more corrupt than now, and should be sorry, in the interest of our own day, to institute too close a parallel. In many respects the licence which has been banished from fashionable circles, seems to have since penetrated into a substratum of society once comparatively free. Such 'high-jinks' as were played by men and women of fashion at Mrs. Cornely's, Vauxhall, and in the meetings of 'the Coterie,' would certainly not be tolerated now: but on the other hand, the London of 1772 neither had nor would have endured the nightly display of cheap public balls, inviting the incomer by their glare of light and attraction, in order to introduce the city youth by wholesale to profligacy absolutely undisguised. The scandalous literature of that age was, no doubt, a disgrace to society; but it was contained in comparatively high-priced magazines and books, and its influence thus limited to a particular class. It would then have been deemed absolutely incredible that the walls of the metropolis should be placarded, as

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as they used to be ten years ago, with low-priced libel and ribaldry of every description, wholly uncontrolled by decency. And let us not flatter ourselves that this recent epidemic of evil was suppressed by 'public opinion.' It was only put down by the tardy interference of the police, and by the straightforward resolution of one public man, regardless alike of the casuistry and ridicule by which he was encountered; and it is ready to recommence on the slightest relaxation of repression. And—to extend our view to national evils of a far more wide-spreading and destructive character, the nineteenth century—the era of 'commercial frauds'—can hardly sit at ease in judgment on the sound morality of any of its predecessors. All this, however, is beside our present purpose: enough for us to remark that every inquirer who is engaged in the details of the great living struggle between the good and evil principles, has to recognize the personage and example of George III. as ever prominent on the side of virtue; and discovers that the ranks of that monarch's personal enemies, while often comprehending many of the loftiest minded and most conscientious of his subjects, always and in all places comprehended also the profligate and the turbulent, and those who sought to thrive by the disorganization of society.

ART. VII.—1. *Lord Brougham's Acts and Bills from* 1811 *to the Present Time.* Now first collected and arranged, with an Analytical Index showing their result upon the Amendment of the Law. By Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart., Recorder of Warwick and Judge of the Bristol County Court. London, 1857.

2. *On the Reform of the Law of Real Property.* In a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst. By H. Bellenden Ker, Esq. London, 1853.

3. *The Proceedings of the Law Amendment Society.*

4. *Reports* 1, 2, *and* 3 *of the Statute Law Commission.*

THE amendment of the law has now for many years engaged the attention of men of all parties. Great as is the benefit which has accrued to the community, the public are hardly aware of the extent of the changes which have been effected, or of the immense amount of toil and talent which has been devoted to the subject. Sir Eardley Wilmot, in a large octavo volume, amounting, with the index, to nearly 900 pages, has brought together the Acts and Bills of the most energetic of all the labourers in the cause for the purpose 'of showing how largely

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largely the country is indebted to Lord Brougham as a law reformer.' It is with the same view that we call attention to the work, and we shall not add one word respecting his achievements as a statesman, a judge, an orator, an advocate, nor make a single reference to his labours in the fields of science or literature.

Henry Brougham was called to the English Bar more than fifty years since, having previously obtained considerable reputation in the Scotch courts. He entered Parliament early in 1810 as member for Camelford, where he succeeded Lord Henry Petty, who had become Marquis of Lansdowne. This distinguished nobleman has himself continued for nearly half a century an ornament to the House of Lords. An eloquent debater, an upright and enlightened statesman, he is a conspicuous member of that remarkable group of venerable statesmen and lawyers which excites the admiration not only of our own countrymen, but of surrounding nations. M. Forcade speaks, in a recent number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' of the Nestors of our day when commenting on Lord Brougham's speech on Newton:—

'Le discours de Lord Brougham a été un tissu extraordinaire d'érudition, d'appréciations scientifiques pleines de profondeur et de haute éloquence. C'est une merveille qu'un homme qui a atteint sa quatre-vingtième année puisse encore, après une vie si pleine et si agitée, donner un aussi splendide exemple de vigueur et de jeunesse d'esprit. Où est le secret de ce perpétuel rajeunissement intellectuel qui dompte les défaillances de la nature physique, et permet à un vieillard de quatre-vingt-six ans, comme Lord Lyndhurst, de prendre une part active et influente aux débats de la Chambre des Lords, à un septuagénaire tel que Lord Palmerston de gouverner le plus puissant empire du monde à travers les longues et orageuses nuits de la Chambre des Communes, et à Henry Brougham de se jouer avec une puissante sérénité dans les hauteurs les plus abstraites de la science? Il y a je ne sais quoi d'héroïque dans cette vitalité persistante du talent, et cette vitalité, où le talent la nourrit-il chez nos voisins, *si ce n'est dans les virils laboreurs de la liberté politique?*'

With the exception of an interval from 1812 to 1816, Mr. Brougham continued to be a member of the House of Commons from 1810 till he took his seat in the House of Lords, and throughout the whole of his Parliamentary career he has never ceased to give his attention to the amelioration of the law.

'A review of the legislation which has taken place from 1807 till the present time,' observes Sir E. Wilmot, 'scarcely lights on a single topic upon which we do not see impressed the stamp of his vigorous mind. Many of the measures originally proposed by him, meeting at first with no encouragement, but persevered in with a confidence of their utility which no opposition could subdue, met with slow but ultimate

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mate success. The value of others was at once so manifest, that they became the law of the land without a dissenting voice. Not unfrequently the most important improvements in our jurisprudence, initiated by his suggestive genius, passed into the hands and contributed to swell or establish the reputation of men of far less capacious intellect, but whom political partisanship or accidental circumstances had rendered for the time more powerful in the senate.'

Many persons who indulge in theoretical views, and frame an imaginary legal Utopia, forget that *law reform* must be conducted with special reference to the state of our own laws, and the particular means of improving them which are at our command. A want of a due consideration of this point has not seldom led to some errors in the conclusions of many who have undertaken to discuss the question.

Our laws consist in the first place of the common or unwritten law. This is to be found in the books of the great text-writers, and in the decisions of the courts as recorded in the reports from the Year-Books which began in the time of Edward II. up to the latest Saturday's 'Law Times,' or 'Weekly Reporter.' In the second place we have our statutes or written law. These are contained in from forty to fifty quarto volumes, though much of this mass is repealed, expired, or has become obsolete. There is enough, however, left of conflicting provisions to make revision and consolidation essential. What is to be said for that state of the law relating to marriage, which makes it necessary to search through various statutes beginning from Henry VIII. up to the present day? The recent enactments again respecting the building new churches are scattered through a number of contrariant provisions contained in at least as many acts. The statutes on the law of landlord and tenant amount to thirty or forty, besides a large body of common law applicable to the subject. The mere account of the rise and progress of our present law of real property would show that the very way in which it was formed must of necessity have rendered it, in some respects, complex, intricate, and circuitous.

'The first division,' observes Mr. Hayes, in his 'Historical Sketch of the Law of Real Property,' 'embraces the period of feudal rigour, when the system of tenures flourished severe and pure, without any tincture of equitable doctrines. Some knowledge of its leading principles is not merely desirable as a matter of elegant or curious research, *but essential to form the sound practical lawyer.*

'The second division exhibits the rise and progress of equitable interests, under the name of *uses*, which, eluding the strictness of tenure, contravened the law and impoverished the seigniory, but effected on the whole a salutary change, and laid the foundations of greater good.

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'Distinct traces of both these æras are visible in the compound character of our law, and the two-fold constitution of our judicature.

'The third division shows by what legislative and judicial steps the materials supplied by the preceding periods were brought into a state adapted to keep pace with the progressive wants of society,—how the law of tenures was tempered by the infusion of uses in a legal form, and a substituted code of equitable interests, under the appellation of trusts,—Law and Equity advancing together, but each within limits of its peculiar jurisdiction, till we reach the maturity of its present system.'

Few, therefore, could doubt that some simplification both of the common and written law became desirable when the whole subject could be viewed calmly with reference to the existing interests of society, apart from the state of things which attended the origin of the different rules and gave them their particular shape and direction. Accordingly the evils have been admitted by almost every text writer, from Coke and Hale down to Blackstone. Yet till recently little has been done in the way of remedy. The inconvenience of change, and experience of the evil of hasty alteration, deter many. And there is always, as Sir James Mackintosh observes, a class who, early attaining eminence, repose on their first creed, and regard the call for the adaptation of the laws to the varying wants of new generations as a transient madness worthy only of pity or derision. What they mistake for the symptoms of the mountain torrent that will pass away with the storm that gave it birth, is the stream of human opinion in *omne volubilis ævum*, which the accession of every day will swell, and which is destined to sweep into the same oblivion the resistance of learned sophistry and of powerful oppression. When the question came at last to be seriously mooted, Lords Eldon and Ellenborough were at the head of the profession. They resisted the attempts at amendment partly from the prejudices contracted by their legal training and partly because the horrors of the French revolution were fresh in their minds, and all change whatever seemed to them to portend the same misery and anarchy which had desolated France. The wide distinction between constitutional innovations and social improvements had not been sufficiently observed, nor that due attention to the second was the surest means of averting the first.

It is far easier to decide that some alteration is necessary than to settle what is best to be done. The question at the outset lies between a Code, which means an entirely new exposition of the law, and a Digest of the law which at present exists, removing obscurities and supplying obvious defects. The advantages of a Digest are, we think, well set forth in a report of the Criminal Law Commissioners:—

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'Had it been our duty to remodel the law, without any prescribed adherence to its ancient structure, we might have deduced a system of rules more general, consequently more compendious and more uniform, and apparently more scientific and practical. The execution of this duty would have been more simple and easy than it has been to digest systematically the existing body of criminal law; for whilst doing this requires an equal attention to method and arrangement, the performance is rendered more difficult by the further condition annexed, of retaining and embodying in the same system, not only the existing distinctions of the unwritten law, but also of consolidating a very considerable body of positive statute law; and thus, whilst it has been impossible that the completed work should exhibit the same appearance of scientific brevity, and the same scrupulous regard to order and arrangement, which might have resulted from a total re-modelling of this branch of the law, it has required greater exertion than would have been necessary to re-construct the whole. We cannot, however, but express our firm conviction, that the great advantages attending as close an adherence to the existing law as is compatible with removing obvious defects, very far outweigh any which would possibly be expected to result from a more extensive change; whilst the disadvantages necessarily incident to any experimental change in legislation are avoided. A written Exposition of the law, although necessarily involving a careful and laborious selection, correction, and preparation of the general rules in which it is embodied, comprises no further alteration than this—that what was before to be collected by the aid of precedent and analogy, is now to be judged of by reference to the written rule; the same sense is still attached to well-known technical forms of expression, and consequently all the benefit derived from the continued and familiar use of such expressions is retained. To the formation of new laws, which are to supersede an ancient system to any considerable extent, much inconvenience naturally attaches. In framing an entire new law, the temptation occurs to frame it in very concise, general, and abstract terms. It frequently, however, happens that the limits of so general a law are uncertain, and it is a matter of experience that great difficulty arises in their practical application, and that subsidiary supplemental laws become absolutely necessary for the removing of doubts.

'Whatever pains may be taken to render a digest of the law perfect, much must necessarily be left to judicial interpretation. A digest, or code, does not undertake to decide with certainty every supposable case; it establishes directory principles; it defines much that was before indefinite; it supplies imperfections, and removes inconsistencies; it effects, upon system and simultaneously with respect to the whole law, that which a variety of statutes has at different periods attempted to effect with respect to particular parts of the law. But it can never supersede the necessity for judicial construction, which rightly understood, and applied with certain limits, is not only necessary but beneficial.'

Many, however, are in favour of a code. They would have a work

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work which should contain the whole of the written law entirely new cast, without reference to existing rules or decisions. The Code Napoleon is usually cited as the great authority on this point,—an example in nowise applicable to our country, although we are perhaps fast approaching that state at which the Roman historian complained when he said, 'that the infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes which no fortune could purchase, and no capacity digest.' Yet we doubt whether the remedy is a code. The Commissioners of New York, who are now entrusted with the preparation of a new embodiment of their laws, have made an excellent remark which is not enough considered by those who would commence *de novo*.

'Law,' say they, 'is the growth of time and circumstance. An original system of jurisprudence, founded on mere theory, without reference to national characteristics, habits, traditions, and usages, would be a failure. The science of government and law is progressive: new regulations spring from necessity, or are suggested by experience, and the application of the rules of justice to human affairs is constantly modified by the changing circumstances of human society.'

Whatever praise may be due to the Code Napoleon with reference to the circumstances under which it was framed, experience has shown that much is wanting to fit it to the complicated exigencies of such a society as now exists in France. It is often an ambiguous and imperfect enunciation of some incomplete rule which the courts have to adapt as they can to the requirements of the case. Indeed the most cursory reference to the numerous volumes of reports, and to the various treatises attempting to expound and apply the general maxims, will convince the most sceptical that such an example is rather to be shunned than followed.

No one in fact who passed in review our institutions, our commerce, and establishments, would be absurd enough to suppose that the whole of our laws could be compressed into some two or three volumes of abstract rules without leaving the greater part of the law to be determined subsequently by the Judges, instead of being settled beforehand by the Parliament. What has been often called the 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' would be ten times more uncertain than ever. The late Chief Justice Tindal, when Solicitor-General, pointed this out in a speech which he addressed to the House of Commons in 1828:—

'The commerce and establishments of this country are of such a nature that our laws must necessarily be of a complicated nature. A simple code of laws would answer well for a simple state of society, but if you wish to make your laws beforehand—if you wish that they should have a perpetual operation—then I say they must of necessity be

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be of an intricate and complicated nature. Why, Sir, we have at this moment more law in a single turnpike bill than would be sufficient to govern an Indian territory under any of its ancient dynasties. And why is this? It is because we wish to leave as little as possible to the discretion of our Judges. Our laws are declared beforehand; and if society is so complicated that its interests cannot be provided for but by an extreme body of laws, there must be a class of men accustomed to explain them. Such a class is, under these circumstances, actually necessary for the benefit of the people, in order that the great body of them may not be distracted from their labours by considering the nature and operation of those laws which the complicated state of society has produced. The evils complained of are therefore rather the result of circumstances of the times than of the laws themselves.'

It is a remarkable proof of the wisdom of Dr. Johnson, that, in his 'Life of Frederic the Great,' he foresaw the whole difficulty of selecting the right medium in the enunciation of a written law. Speaking of the Frederican Code as being comprised in one small volume, and therefore only containing the rules to be applied in particular cases at the discretion of the judge, he observes that to embarrass justice by a multiplicity of provisions, or to endanger justice by reposing confidence in the administrators of the law, are the opposing rocks between which legislative skill has never yet found an open passage.

The subject of law reform occupied a large portion of the attention of the meeting last autumn at Liverpool for promoting social science. Lord John Russell, the President of the Law Section, was carried away by the delusive notion of a compendious code. No one, he remarked, could doubt that it would be a great public benefit if our laws could be set forth in a clear style and contained in two, three, or four volumes of moderate compass; nor would any one deny that the first step to such a result should be the consolidation of the existing statutes, subject by subject, without material alteration. 'But what,' he continued, 'I maintain is, that the mere enactment of such a consolidation, unless Parliament was determined to go further—to repeal what is obsolete and supply what is defective, to condense what is dispersed and to place in lucid order what is obscure and confused—would be of little advantage.' This process, however expedient, would assuredly not lead to the condensation of all our laws, written and unwritten, in two or three volumes. His Lordship then proceeded to speak of the *Code Napoleon* and the *Revision of the Laws of New York*, and contrasting unfavourably our own proceedings, says that in each year we are at the beginning of the beginning. 'Is it not time,' he asks, 'that we should set about the task in earnest? I will venture to say that if four or five persons of competent qualifications

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tions were appointed, they would in a few months make an actual commencement, and in a few years present to Parliament a complete code worthy of the country, simplifying and improving our laws on principles fit to be adopted by an enlightened age, founded on the solid masonry of our ancient legislation; nor can I doubt that such a work would be sanctioned by Parliament—not, indeed, without debate, but without any serious delay.' Is it possible that Lord John Russell can be serious in his belief that, in 'a reformed House of Commons,' a code entirely remodelled could be passed in ten, nay twenty years, by a House containing above 100 lawyers, numerous county magistrates and chairmen of quarter sessions, and lay members under the direct influence of their attorney constituents? What has been, we may inquire, his own experience with respect to the passing law bills through the House without cavil or delay? Has he not found that, since the Reform Bill, it is most difficult to effect any change in the law without the risk, approaching to a certainty, that the alterations and interpolations will make the remedy pretty nearly as bad as the disease? Has not he found the difficulty increasing session after session? Does he think he could now even carry those criminal law bills which, to his great credit, he introduced at the beginning of this reign, when he abolished the punishment of death for some thirty or more offences?—a merciful change, which forms the earliest and the brightest page in the statute-book of our Queen. Sir Robert Peel foresaw the increasing difficulty in a reformed House of Commons of passing any well advised measure of law reform on any subject which trenched on the prejudices or the interests of a large mass of the community. Will a reformed House of Commons, he asked, when the scheme for amending the representation of the people was under discussion, pass a bill for the general registry of deeds? and when reform came, the Whig Ministry never ventured to introduce the measure, though a fruitless attempt was made by Mr. William Brougham, with the sanction and partial support of the Government. If, therefore, we are to take his speech at Liverpool as the test of his notions on the subject, we think that the views of Lord John Russell are not matured, and betray some discrepancies. If, however, his meaning substantially is, that we should step by step get our statutes consolidated and simplified, our Common Law revised and made consistent with the exigencies of our time, obscurities removed and defects supplied, he has our most cordial concurrence, and as the subject is more discussed, and the evil becomes more apparent, we have little doubt that our progress will be quickened.

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In the account which was given by Lord John Russell at Liverpool of the reforms made by the revisers of New York, he scarcely stated their proceedings accurately; and we are the more particular on this point because we think that this American precedent affords us an example which we may be content to follow, especially as the laws of the state of New York were in the main the same as our own. It would seem that the task was begun as far back as 1801. In that year the statutes were in a rough way revised and 'consolidated.' No legislative sanction was given to the work, nor was it anything more than an edition of the statute law then in force, arranged under suitable heads, and without alteration of language. In 1813 a similar process was gone through. About 1825 the first attempt was made to produce such a digest as now exists. This was formally enacted by the Legislature in the course of two special sessions devoted to that purpose. There have since been three new editions of this code, in which the effect of subsequent legislation has been incorporated; but these new editions have not been *enacted*, and have, we understand, no further authority than is derived from the character of the editors.

A more complete code is now in contemplation; and an Act was passed in April, 1857, appointing Mr. Dudley Field and two other persons to reduce into a systematic code the whole body of the law of the state, or so much and such parts thereof as should seem to them practical and expedient, excepting practice and pleading already reported on. The commissioners are to divide their work into three portions, are to hold their office for five years, and to send in a report from time to time to the Legislature with a general analysis of the codes projected and an account of the progress made. When any portion is completed it is to be distributed amongst the judges and other competent persons for examination, after which the commissioners are to re-examine their work, and consider such suggestions as may have been made to them. The code as finally agreed upon is to be circulated more extensively for consideration six months before being ultimately presented to the Legislature. The commissioners have already made a short introductory Report, containing their views of their task, in which they show that they are fully aware of its magnitude and difficulty, and have submitted their general analysis of the proposed code to the Legislature. The day we think is far distant at which such an attempt at a systematic digest will be commenced in this country. Following the example of New York, we must proceed step by step, and must begin less ambitiously than Lord John Russell proposes. When the attempt is made we shall at least have

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have the advantage of the assistance to be derived from the labours of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

Even the renowned Justinian did not attempt to remodel the entire system which he found existing. If Cæsar, observes Gibbon, had achieved the reformation of the Roman law, his creative genius, enlightened by reflection and study, would have given a pure and original system of jurisprudence. But Justinian was afraid to establish his private judgment as the standard of equity: in the possession of legislative power, he borrowed the aid of time and opinion; and his laborious compilations are guarded by the sages and legislators of past times. Instead of a statue cast in a simple mould by the hand of an artist, his works represent a tesselated pavement of antique and costly, but too often incoherent fragments. All praise to Tribonian, who directed such a reform as would have been achieved by Lord Bacon if he had the good fortune to possess such a master as Justinian.

Having considered the mode in which the law is to be reformed, we proceed to make a short statement of what has already been done, especially as regards the Acts and Bills enumerated by Sir E. Wilmot, who truly states that almost every measure since the great speech of Mr. Brougham in 1828 must be considered either to have had its origin in some suggestion made by him, or to have been directly due to him. His earliest effort as a legislator was in enforcing the abolition of the African slave trade, which had been put an end to by the Act of 1807. But the penalties were insufficient. In 1811 Mr. Brougham's bill passed, which rendered the crime of slave-dealing felony. This Act stands, as Sir E. Wilmot observes, in honourable pre-eminence at the head of the list.

The next great subject which he laboured was the education of the people, and in 1817 Mr. Brougham obtained a committee of inquiry. The report referred to the many defects and abuses in the administration of charities, and led to the first bill, in 1818, for the appointment of commissioners to investigate and control them. This was restricted in the Lords to charities connected with education; but in the following year the inquiries were extended to all charities, save those connected with the universities and public schools. Though one of Lord Brougham's earliest efforts, it must be reckoned amongst the most important in its consequences. The commissioners of inquiry brought to light various malversations; ascertained the existence of charity funds which were misappropriated or had been altogether lost sight of; perpetuated the documents relating to the foundations; and have ultimately led to the appointment of a Board which

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which has a power which ought to be increased over existing charities, and has the means of affording in most cases a simple and inexpensive remedy instead of the terrible resort to the Court of Chancery, which often devoured as much of the funds as had been misapplied by delinquent trustees. So immense has been the recovery for the use of the public of money which was lost to every purpose of general utility, that the measure entitles Lord Brougham to be considered as a far greater charitable benefactor to the world than the most munificent of the donors whose property he rescued from abuse or neglect.

In 1820 a bill was brought in by Mr. Brougham for the better education of the poor in England and Wales. This gave rise to great discussion throughout the country, for it was the first attempt at a system of national education. The power which it placed in the hands of the clergy of the Established Church, as regarded the religious instruction to be given to the pupils, the selection and appointment of the masters, and the general control and management of the schools, caused the most violent opposition to the measure on the part of the Dissenters. He had incurred much unpopularity with them from the candour with which in his speech he had designated the Established Church as the most proper and natural guardians of the education of the poor. The clamour defeated the measure, as it afterwards defeated, on the same grounds, the measure introduced for factory education by Sir James Graham during the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

In 1824-25-26 Mr. Brougham called the attention of Parliament to the defects in the law of real property and in the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery:—

'Even Romilly,' observes Sir E. Wilmot (p. xi.), 'than whom no one knew those defects better, and who had an influence in Parliament greater even than that of Brougham, had shrunk from an attempt to drag to light, so powerful were their champions, the abuses and iniquities of that court. Year after year, on the contrary, did Brougham fearlessly reiterate his attacks, he growing stronger, and his opponents weaker, until the work of reformation became easier in his own hands; and the novel spectacle arose of a Lord Chancellor's first act being to diminish his own emoluments and curtail his own patronage.' *

But before this last event happened much remained to be done, and many a struggle had to be encountered. Mr. M. Angelo Taylor had for some time put himself forward as a reformer of

* This Journal was among the first to urge the reform of the law. It is now many years since we published a paper by the late learned Mr. John Miller, of Lincoln's Inn, which has so often been quoted by the advocates of amendment.

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the Court of Chancery. After many ineffectual efforts on his part, Mr. John Williams came to the rescue, and, in spite of the opposition of Lord Eldon, a commission of inquiry was granted.

As far back as 1824 an attempt was made by Mr. George Lamb to procure prisoners the full benefit of counsel. As the law then stood it was only in cases of treason and misdemeanor that counsel were allowed to speak in defence of the accused. Those who are not aware how long it took to obtain this simple act of justice, which an ordinary person would consider could have been but the work of a day—a measure to be passed by universal acclamation—will be surprised perhaps to learn the difficulties which attended the alteration. Mr. Lamb's bill, which was supported by Mr. Brougham, was rejected by a majority of 30. Mr. Lamb again brought forward his bill in 1826, but was defeated by a majority of 69. Nothing was done till 1834, when Mr. Ewart introduced a bill, which passed without a division, but did not reach the Lords. In 1835 it was again debated in the Commons: several divisions took place, and it was ultimately carried by a small majority. Again on this occasion it did not get to the Lords. In 1836 Mr. Ewart a third time brought in his bill and received the support of Sir John Campbell, then Attorney-General, who had spoken in its favour in 1835. The second reading was carried by a majority of 144. When the bill went to the Upper House, Lord Lyndhurst, who had so frequently opposed it in the Commons, avowed with a candour that did him honour the change which had taken place in his sentiments. We happen to know that one of the circumstances which most contributed to turn him was the perusal of the opening speech of Sir W. Garrow on the trial of Patch for murder—perhaps one of the most masterly statements of facts and conclusions ever made under similar circumstances by any advocate, and which showed how helpless must be a prisoner, who was debarred of legal assistance, to meet such an address. All the fears of the opponents of the measure that the eloquence and ingenuity of advocates would occasion a failure of justice, or indefinitely protract the trial of prisoners, have proved to be groundless. Indeed, in practice the change has not worked much in favour of the guilty; for the absurd anomaly of making the judge play the part of counsel to the culprit being now removed, he takes on every fitting occasion an opportunity of exposing any undue statement or sophistry indulged in by the advocate.

It was not till after 1824, the date of the introduction of Mr. Lamb's Prisoners' Counsel Bill, that changes in the law were received with favour. Lord Eldon, during the twenty-five years

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of his Chancellorship, had opposed, and in general with success, even the simplest and most equitable alterations. One of Sir S. Romilly's proposed reforms was to make landed property of debtors liable to what are termed simple contract debts, viz. bakers' and butchers' bills, &c. A debt secured by bond, or some equally formal deed, was the only debt payable in the event of death out of the land. Thus, if there were no goods and chattels, the creditor lost his money. Nothing could surpass the cases of gross injustice which arose from this state of the law, which had its origin in times when there were no bakers' bills. The change nevertheless was opposed more than once, and was considered by Lord Eldon, and not by him only, as the beginning of a general onslaught on the landed interests. The object, after much struggle, was only partially gained by making the real estates of *traders* liable; Sir S. Romilly observing that the aristocracy were willing that commercial men should be made to pay honestly, so long as the gentry were left alone. But the great measures of the time were the attempts to mitigate the severity of the criminal code, which Lord Eldon combated session after session with the most ingenious artifices. In vain the mildest and most cautious amendments were attempted. Stealing in a shop, to the value of 5*s.*, was continued among the offences punishable with death, because it was just possible a case might arise in which it would be salutary to hang the culprit. Thus a paltry act of pilfering was classed in the same category of crime as the foulest murder. One Archbishop and six Bishops, we learn from the journal of Sir Samuel Romilly, went down specially to vote against his measure. Although a kind-hearted man Lord Eldon was convinced that compassion to the criminal was cruelty to the country, and he was persuaded that property would be no longer safe unless the gallows were kept before the eyes of depredators. Not only did the general fear of innovation, instilled by the French Revolution, contribute to his resistance to law amendment, but the subtlety of his mind made him over-estimate the evil of change, and prevented his duly estimating the advantage to be gained. He was moreover one of those who considered it essential to have at any cost a body of 'well-grounded lawyers' to administer justice; and he thought any inroads upon our ancient jurisprudence would end in depriving us of this learned band. In a letter to Mr. Sugden he deprecates 'any extension or hasty alteration in the law of which we hear so much now-a-days; in a reign or two we shall not have a well-grounded lawyer left.' Nor was it altogether without its effect upon him that though no one could exceed him in the ingenuity with which he detected flaws

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flaws in other people's work, he had no readiness or dexterity in framing any measure himself.

The opposition to law amendment continued long after the more liberal of Lord Eldon's colleagues admitted the expediency of change. The character of a reformer was considered as a bar to all legal promotion, and those who were wise in their generation eschewed the subject. 'If,' observes Sir S. Romilly at the end of one of his speeches, in which he had in vain advocated some mitigation of the severity of our criminal law, 'I had consulted only my own immediate interests, my time might have been more profitably employed in the profession in which I am engaged. If I had listened to the dictates of prudence, if I had been alarmed by such prejudices, I could easily have discovered that the hope to amend the law is not the disposition most favourable for preferment. I am not unacquainted with the best road to Attorney-Generalships and Chancellorships, but in that path which my sense of duty dictates to be right I shall proceed, and from this no misunderstanding, no misrepresentation, shall deter me.'

The time, however, was fast approaching when law reform was to become earnest. The ungenial influence of Lord Eldon began to wane, a commission of inquiry into Chancery proceedings had been wrung from him by Mr. Williams, and in 1828 his power to check the progress of reform had passed away for ever; for it was in this year that Mr. Brougham made his memorable speech on Law Reform, which carried conviction to the House of Commons and secured the triumph of the cause. He omitted all consideration of the jurisdiction in Chancery, already the subject of investigation; the department of the Criminal Law was occupied by the enlightened and philosophic mind of Mackintosh, no unworthy successor of Romilly; and Sir Robert Peel had commenced that improvement of the criminal code which reflects so much credit on his memory. Avoiding, therefore, these topics, the speech of Mr. Brougham embraced in its minutest details the constitution of our courts of law and judicial establishments, and treated of bankruptcy, insolvency, debtor and creditor, evidence, and pleading and procedure generally. Although it appears to have been the original intention not to advert to the law of real property, yet a most comprehensive review is taken of this branch of jurisprudence, shadowing forth most of the reforms that have taken place, and some that remain still to be effected.

It is proverbial that a didactic speech is of little use in advancing the cause which it advocates. Yet this surprising effort of Mr. Brougham was a signal exception. Though it took six hours in delivery, and of necessity was full of detail, the House

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was entranced by the art of the speaker, and all the members, it is said, remained to the end. It is within our own knowledge that Mr. Huskisson, expecting a dull debate on law, had invited a party to dinner, and, unmindful of guests and dinner, could not resist the fascination of this wonderful display. The debate was resumed on a subsequent day, when Mr. Brougham's resolution for an address to the Crown, praying that inquiry should be made into the origin, progress, and termination of actions at law and matters connected therewith, and into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property, was carried unanimously. This address led to the appointment of two commissions—the Common Law and Real Property Commission. Persons of eminence in their different departments were selected for the purpose, and it is to their labours that we owe the most efficient of the reforms which have since been made. Lord Eldon was gone; the sagacious, the enlightened, the impartial Lord Lyndhurst held the Great Seal, and but for his honest concurrence probably little would have been effected. It was the coming of '*the hour and the man*,' and instead of cavils and reproaches of rash and ill-considered changes, the views of Mr. Brougham were met with equal acuteness and candour. The Solicitor-General (Sir N. Tindal) ended the speech which he made upon Mr. Brougham's resolution by holding out with the openness and simplicity which formed the basis of his character the hand of fellowship:—

'Whether my honourable and learned friend will receive me as a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard as himself, or whether he will consider me as too lukewarm to afford him any effectual support in the consummation of his plans, it is not for me to say; but if I am thought worthy to be his fellow-labourer, I declare that though I shall wish to preserve the plant under which my ancestors have slept, and under which we ourselves have flourished so long, I will not be slow to remove the tendrils which have sprung from it, when I am convinced that instead of advancing they retard its growth. If time shall have caused it to send forth superfluous and unnecessary branches, no one will use the pruning knife with more unrelenting severity!'

Well did he keep his word. Nor from that time was there any hesitation in Lord Lyndhurst throughout the whole of the three periods during which he held the Great Seal, either in introducing or forwarding all well considered measures of law reform.

In 1830 Mr. Brougham became himself Lord Chancellor. Sydney Smith, who was heart and soul a law reformer, and when the reform of Parliament cry first arose, was a Parliamentary reformer also, drew in his vigorous though exaggerated style

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style a picture of the energy of the new head of the Courts of Equity. The extract from the speech which the witty divine delivered on the occasion is curious as a sample of the tone of the times:—

'Then, look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at twelve o'clock, and before six p.m. he has a Bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of England for centuries. For twenty-five long years did Lord Eldon sit in that court, surrounded with misery and sorrow, which he never held up a finger to alleviate. The widow and the orphan cried to him as vainly as the town-crier when he offers a small reward for a full purse. The bankrupt of the court became the lunatic of the court. Estates mouldered away and mansions fell down, but the fees came in and all was well; but in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms this House of Fraud and of Delay. And this is the man who will help to govern you—who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you—who knows that to reform abuses is the safest basis of fame and the surest instrument of power—who uses the highest gifts of reason and the most splendid efforts of genius to rectify all those abuses which all the genius and talent of the profession have hitherto been employed to justify and protect. Look you to Brougham, and turn you to that side where he waves his long and lean finger, and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly—which dissolves pensions, turns jobbers into honest men, scares away the plunderer of the public, and is a terror to him who doeth evil to the people!'

Sydney Smith adds, in a note to this passage published in his works, 'that Lord Lyndhurst is an exception to those eminent lawyers whom he thus describes as being willing to perpetuate the abuses of the Court of Chancery.' Although all which was prophesied by Mr. Smith did not come to pass, and we suspect there are still some delays in Chancery, and that the remedy is not even now very cheap, yet Lord Brougham, while in office, pursued his career with unabated zeal, and never for a moment upheld in power the abuses which he had denounced in opposition.

In 1848, just twenty years after his great speech, Lord Brougham took a review of all that had been done during the interval, and showed what still remained to be accomplished. He considered not only the laws which required amendment, but the mode of their construction, pointing out the careless manner in which bills were framed, together with the errors arising from inadvertent or ill-considered alterations, and supporting what nine years afterwards was suggested by the Statute Law Commissioners—the appointment of one or more persons whose duty it should be to draw Acts of Parliament and watch over the changes made during

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during their progress. He discussed at the same time the much vexed question of a *Minister of Justice*. Without entering on the difficult point of the policy of the latter proposal, in favour of which the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland carried an address to the Crown, we agree both with Lord Brougham and the Statute Law Commission, that the question of framing bills by proper officers, so as to improve the present style of our legislation, is a subject of great importance, upon which the decision should not be delayed. The whole subject is under the consideration of a Committee of the House of Commons; and if we might venture to make a suggestion, we would recommend that the principle of any new law should be debated before the actual preparation of the bill, and that resolutions containing the heads of the measure should be first discussed. This probably would prevent many serious alterations during the progress of the bill through Parliament, and would enable the draftsman better to see his way in the construction of the measure.*

During the period that Lord Brougham held the Great Seal he appointed Commissioners to make a digest of the Criminal Law, both unwritten and statute, and to consider the expediency of consolidating the whole remainder of the Statute Law. Amongst the persons employed in this great undertaking, we may name the present Mr. Justice Wightman, the late Mr. Starkie, and Mr. Amos. They completed the digest of the Criminal Law, and made a very elaborate Report, recommending the consolidation of the whole mass of the Statute Law, and pointing out the different plans which might be adopted. Lord Brougham, however, was no longer in office; and although more than once he brought forward the subject in the House of Lords, it was hopeless without the aid of the Ministry to pass such a measure. Lord Derby's Government, at the suggestion of Lord Brougham, first commenced the task in earnest, and Lord St. Leonards introduced a bill comprising that portion of the digest which related to offences against the person. This, when Lord St. Leonards left office, was taken up by his successor Lord Cranworth. Other bills containing a consolidation of the statute law relating to crime were prepared under the direction of the Statute Law Board, and were to have been introduced by the late Government, when Parliament was dissolved. They have been

* The want of a public officer to revise bills is particularly felt by any member of either House, not a member of the Government, who may wish to bring forward any measure. He must either prepare the bill himself, or at his own cost procure the assistance of a lawyer who has made this particular and very difficult branch of the law his peculiar study.

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again brought in by the present Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and are again doomed to be suspended for a while by the dissolution of Parliament.

Lord Brougham had to wait sixteen years before his scheme for local courts became law. Let us hope that he may live to see not only a clear digest of our Criminal Law, including procedure, but a consolidation into some five or six volumes of the endless mass of conflicting general statutes. Is this too much to hope, or are we for ever to go on floundering through the maze of contradictory and obscure enactments? Some delay has taken place in the execution of the larger project, which, we think, may be fairly put to the account of the difficulties inherent in the subject: the present Commissioners, however, have, for the first time at least, made a beginning:—

'We are well aware,' they say at the close of their Third Report, 'of the great difficulties which surround the task confided to us—difficulties which no one can appreciate who has not had personal experience of them; but we trust that we may at least claim the credit of having actually commenced and even made an important progress in a work which others have only recommended.'

It would be impossible here to trace Lord Brougham's progress step by step through his half century of exertions, or to attempt even a list of the bills he has brought in. Those who wish to take a detailed view of the gigantic task already achieved must consult the book itself. The first head in the volume is (I.), *Slave Trade*, and this section contains the earliest triumph of Lord Brougham as a legislator; the second is (II.) the law of *Libel and Slander*. In 1843 was passed Lord Campbell's Act (afterwards amended), allowing, in cases of private libel, a justification on the ground of the truth of the matters charged, coupled with an allegation that it was for the public good that the publication was made. In 1816, and afterwards in 1830, a similar measure had been introduced into the House of Commons by Lord Brougham, who was assisted by Sir N. Tindal in the preparation of this bill. There was, however, this difference between Lord Brougham's measure and Lord Campbell's, that Lord Brougham took away the power of filing *ex officio informations*, and made no distinction between private and public offences. He introduced many other important provisions in favour of the subject, especially taking away the right to a special jury, except when both parties agreed—provisions which were not adopted by Lord Campbell. (III.) *Education and Charities*, upon which we have touched already.

(IV.) *Chancery, Privy Council, and Patent Law* his head contains

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contains many important Acts relating to the reform of the Court of Chancery, such as the Act abolishing thirteen great sinecures in the gift of the Chancellor, two of which, worth 3000*l.* a year, were vacant when the Act passed; the bill establishing the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and the bill for giving remedies by way of a declaratory suit. The latter is a subject of the deepest importance, and has often been brought forward by Lord Brougham, whose practical knowledge of the law of Scotland enabled him fully to appreciate its value. The main object is to enable a party, by instituting proceedings against adverse claimants, to establish his right, or, at least, to have it tried and determined. As it is, a party may not through his whole life be able to ascertain what his rights are, unless his adversary commences a suit. A step has been made in the right direction in an Act passed during the last session, allowing persons to take proceedings to establish their legitimacy.

(V.) *Real Property.*—This contains all the bills passed on the recommendation of the Real Property Commissioners, including the bill for the abolition of the monstrous and costly absurdity of fines and recoveries; the bill for the improvement of the law of inheritance, removing the absurdity that the father could not inherit of the son in any case; the shortening the time for proceedings at law; the Wills' Act, in which many of the niceties and difficulties of the law relating to land were removed, and wills relating to real and personal estate were put on the same footing, together with many other important measures, which we have not space to particularize. Under this head also must be included amendments in common law procedures, particularly as regards special pleading. Those who may be so fortunate as to have seen a 'Dialogue in the Shades on Special Pleading,' privately printed, the work of one of the most genial wits at the English bar, will be able to form some idea of the mysteries and absurdities relating to this abstruse science. On the proposal for a reform of the system in recent days, it was asked, says this writer, for the first time, whether it was essential to the administration of justice that the simplest statements of the litigant parties of the facts out of which their disputes arose, should be governed by rules of so complicated and artificial a nature as to require the labour of a life to understand them? Was it creditable to the law that suits should be determined upon points of such refined and curious technicality as to render it utterly impossible to explain to a defeated plaintiff or defendant why judgment had been given against him? Lord Lyndhurst afforded

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afforded most important assistance in most of the bills in this class, and especially in bringing in the bill relating to real actions.

(VI.) *Criminal Law.*—This class contains, in addition to the criminal law bills already referred to, some others of importance.

(VII.) *Bankruptcy and Insolvency.*—This class contains several important measures, especially the great Act establishing a Court of Bankruptcy, by which, amongst other things, the entire patronage of the seventy Commissionerships of Bankruptcy (perhaps the very sweetest flower in the whole nosegay of a Chancellor's patronage) was at once swept away.

(VIII.) *Local Courts.*—Of the reform effected by the Acts and bills under this head we shall speak presently.

(IX.) *Law of Evidence and Procedure.*—This head contains reference to several Acts which have embodied many of Lord Brougham's views with respect to arbitration, the jury trial, and evidence. As far back as 1845, Lord Brougham had brought in a measure empowering parties in a civil action to be witnesses; and in 1851 he passed, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Lord Chancellor Truro, what perhaps is one of the most beneficial changes in the law which we owe to him—the enabling and compelling parties themselves to be witnesses in a civil action. This was afterwards extended so as to permit husband and wife to give evidence for or against each other, except in cases of adultery and criminal procedure. Perhaps no measure of Lord Brougham's was regarded with greater distrust by the bench, the bar, and the attorneys; yet it is now, with common assent, allowed to be one of the most admirable measures for the advancement of truth and justice that have ever been passed.

(X.)—This last head contains several bills, some of considerable importance, on miscellaneous subjects. Amongst them is the Bill for the Compilation of Judicial Statistics, which, though it did not pass, has already borne good fruit by producing an important volume, printed under the direction of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and which embodies many important details relative to police and constabulary matters, criminal proceedings, and prisons and prisoners.

Since 1828 four new Courts have been established through the exertions of Lord Brougham.

1. The *Judicial Committee* put an end to the Court of Delegates, and gave a good appellate jurisdiction in all Colonial as well as Admiralty causes. It was founded in 1833, but its jurisdiction was extended by subsequent Acts, and of these the most important is the jurisdiction vested (1835) in it of extending the period of patents for inventions. The right still continues

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continues of applying to Parliament, for nothing can preclude the power of the Legislature, yet no such course has ever been taken, all parties being satisfied with the Judicial Committee, and probably feeling assured that the application for a private Act would no longer be entertained. What endless expense, vexation, and delay would have been saved to the illustrious Watt, if, instead of his long battle in Parliament, he could have resorted to this cheap and expeditious remedy!

2. The whole jurisdiction in *Bankruptcy* has been changed by the establishment in 1831 of the Bankruptcy Court, and the suppression of the seventy commissioners. This measure was found to work so well in the London district, to which it was at first confined, that in 1842 it was extended to the rest of the country. Among other advantages of the new machinery, it was the means of realizing from bankrupt estates near two millions, which had been lying neglected for years through the supineness of creditors and the assignees.

3. The *Central Criminal Court*, established in 1834, has jurisdiction over the metropolis and neighbouring districts, including a population little short of three millions, and by its twelve or thirteen sittings in the year ensures the speedy trial of offenders. The extension of the plan to the rest of the country will probably result from the great success of this Court.

4. The establishment of local judicature by the *County-Courts*, whose jurisdiction now extends to 50*l.*, has produced incalculable benefits; but the addition of equitable jurisdiction in accordance with the original plan of 1833 is still considered by some to be expedient, as well as the power to try by consent of parties causes to any amount and of every kind. The sums sought to be recovered in these Courts are counted by millions, and even where they have a concurrent jurisdiction with the superior Courts they obtain the preference in the majority of instances.

If, as has been said, the Scotts and Ellenboroughs would not know in what country they were if they came back and saw the new judicatures which had been established, so neither would they recognise the system of law administered in the old Courts, so great have been the alteration in procedure, the simplification of the laws relating to real property, and the great changes in the law of evidence. A large part of the success which has attended the alterations must be imputed to the fact that they have been well considered, acutely criticised, and in general only passed after repeated attempts and often renewed scrutiny. Lord Brougham has recently dwelt on the fact that even Newton's discoveries, great and rapid as they were, obeyed the law

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law of gradual progress which governs all human approaches towards perfection; and that this law is not confined to physics. Hume and Adam Smith, he observes, had their predecessors in political economy; and *Fra Bartolommeo* and *Perugino* preceded *Raphael*. Lord Brougham, who may in the present age be considered as the founder of law reform, had also illustrious predecessors, who paved the way, although, as a class, lawyers have not been fond of change;* but we may reckon amongst those who were reformers the illustrious names of Lord Bacon, Sir M. Hale, and Blackstone. Lord Bacon, in his '*Proposal for an Amendment of the Law*,' and in other parts of his works, has laboured to show the necessity and safety of the work, and how it may be done, 'being nothing speculative, but real and feasible; not going to the matter of the laws, but to the manner of their registry, expression, and tradition; giving rather light than new nature.' And he observes 'that the laws, as they now stand, are subject to great uncertainties, whence arises the multiplicity of suits; that the contentious person is armed, and the honest subject wearied and oppressed, and that men's assurances of their lands and estates are subject to be questioned.' Again—'There is such an accumulation of statutes concerning one matter, and they so cross and intricate, as the certainty of the law is lost in the heap.' He describes his proposal for amendment as '*a pruning and grafting of the law*, not a ploughing up and planting again; for such a remove I should hold to be a perilous innovation, but in the way I shall now propound, the entire body and substance of the law shall remain, only discharged of idle and unprofitable matter.' In this cautious and tentative spirit the work has for the most part been carried on, and if some abuses linger long in consequence, the great mistake is avoided of pulling down material portions of the edifice, and substituting a crazy and inadequate structure in their stead. In tracing the progress of Lord Brougham's Law Reforms we have purposely avoided touching upon the labours of others in the same direction—upon the measures of Lord Campbell, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Cranworth, and we may add, from the bills he has already introduced, the present Lord Chancellor. The exertions of these eminent lawyers cannot be adequately described in an episode. But we cannot conclude without paying a tribute to the vast services rendered by Lord Lyndhurst, who was the first person in high

* Even Cicero was infected with the prejudice in favour of existing municipal institutions, estimating the twelve tables of the Decemvirs above all to be found in the libraries of Grecian philosophy.

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office to come to the rescue, and who did so much, both by the introduction of many important measures, and by affording his powerful aid in passing others. His merits as a law reformer are less generally known than his singular abilities as a judge and a statesman. Nor is it more for the bills he has promoted than for those he has prevented that he is entitled to distinction. Without a tincture of that blind, unhesitating, though astute opposition which characterised Lord Eldon, no one has rivalled him in the acute discrimination between plausible fallacies and real improvements. A mind so subtle and yet so practical has rarely or ever been brought to bear upon the question of legal reform; and it is to the sifting that many of the innumerable propositions made during the last five and thirty years have undergone in his fine understanding, that we owe alike the retention of what was excellent in the schemes, and our preservation from what was pernicious. Liberal where change was desirable, his vigilance has been incessant in defending whatever is excellent in our institutions against hostile attack and rash innovation: witness his invaluable efforts on the passing the Municipal Corporations Bill. With all the chaste and perspicuous eloquence and with all the acuteness of reasoning and exactness of learning which distinguished him in the meridian of life, he, only the other day, rescued our jury system from what most must consider as an alteration of very questionable value. It was not the least characteristic part of this remarkable display that a declaration which has been made again and again at various Assizes by the Lord Chief Justice of England of his power to have a jury, who could not agree in a verdict, carried in a cart to the borders of the county and there shot, like rubbish, into a ditch, was shown to be purely apocryphal, and to be founded upon a misunderstanding of an old word, and an ignorance of ancient customs. The precision of knowledge possessed by Lord Lyndhurst has been shown on many similar occasions to be as conspicuous as its extent. But we shall not now attempt to do justice to his rare powers, nor shall we even venture to sum up the character of Lord Brougham as a law reformer. Enough to say that though those who may hereafter take a view of his life and actions will, in estimating his achievements, dwell upon his vast powers as an energetic orator, and upon his qualities as a statesman, a scholar, a philosopher, and a philanthropist; there will yet be no one branch of his exertions which will prove his great services to his country more than his unremitting labours for the amelioration of our laws. He is among the small band of illustrious men who have left the impress of their minds upon the

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the age in which they have flourished, and a people educated, a popular literature diffused, and a cumbrous and expensive law made cheap and plain, will carry with them to the remotest generations the name of Brougham.

ART. VIII.—1. *La Quistione Italiana. Il Conte Buol ed il Piemonte. Lettere di L. C. Farini a Lord J. Russell.* Turin. 1859.

2. *Della Indipendenza d'Italia. Discorso di V. Salvagnoli.* Florence. 1859.

3. *Toscana e Austria.* Florence. 1859.

4. *La Proprietà Fondiaria in Lombardia. Studj di S. Jacini.* Milan and Verona. 1857.

5. *Condizioni Economiche della Provincia di Sondrio. Memoria di S. Jacini.* Milan and Verona. 1858.

6. *Sulla Necessità di accordare al Regno Lombardo-Veneto la Perequazione della sua Imposta Prediale con quella delle Provincie Tedesche del Impero. Di V. Pasini.* Venice. 1858.

7. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie.* Paris. 1859.

'WE close,' says Mr. Hallam, 'the history of the Middle Ages, while Italy is still untouched, and before as yet the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps.' There is still a moment, if only a moment, before us, resembling that which the illustrious historian has chosen to mark the conclusion of his first great literary journey. But although blood has not yet begun to flow, and the hum of peaceful industry is still unbroken by the roar of cannon, the cloud of military preparation has grown so dense that it appears as though it could not choose but burst, and abashed diplomacy seems almost on the point of ceding her place and office to the sword. Three months or even one month ago, we might have treated the Italian question as one for simple argument in senates, and in those wider circles where public opinion lives and moves. The issue grows narrower now, and may soon be reduced simply to this: with what feelings ought England to regard the combatants in the impending strife, and what will be the nature and scope of her concern in the combat?

We fear that, at the point which we have now reached, it might not improbably be assumed that the interval between the manifestations which have already occurred and the first outbreak of war, is but like the moment after the eye has seen the flash and before the ear hears the report; that though divided in time they are one in causation; that, the first having occurred, we cannot hope eventually

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eventually to escape the latter. But the prospect which such a supposition offers is one of which, as long as hope remains, the eye must shrink from the contemplation. It is assuredly not the less terrible, because the war in which France will be avowedly a principal will be waged on her part in the name of liberty. Liberty is a plant that will not thrive in artificial heat, but is the growth of its own inward energies, matured in free contact with its native atmosphere. In contemplating the threatened strife, a throng of tormenting questions press upon the mind. Will the high organization of the Austrian army and the strategic accomplishments of its commanders enable that highly centralised but ill-balanced and ill-consolidated Empire to encounter with success the greater and more varied resources, the loftier spirit, and the more daring energies of France? On the other hand, will the pacific temper which the French nation has latterly acquired, partly from the experience of suffering and partly in the pursuit of wealth, allow it freely to embark its fortunes in the war on which the Sovereign, not the people, has determined? If it does not cordially embrace the war, can the throne of the second Napoleonic dynasty survive the miscarriage of so gigantic a venture? If it does, and if success crown the operations of the French armies, then can we suppose that the nation will rest contented with having vindicated a liberty for Piedmont or for Italy which they do not enjoy themselves? That they will bear with equanimity a fresh addition of five or it may be ten millions sterling to their annual taxation? That they will not seek large territorial compensation, and thus add to that power which is already so great as to constitute almost a 'standing menace' to the equilibrium of the European Continent? Nay, even if we have boldness or credulity sufficient to meet these demands, can we hope that the well-ordered liberty of Piedmont will survive both the assaults of its despotic antagonist, and the assistance of its despotic ally? Or, if Freedom runs fearful risks on the standing point she has so laboriously and painfully acquired, is it more likely that she, the child and ally of peaceful reason, will make new ground amidst the frightful convulsions of an European war, and will build the stately temple of Order with one hand while she wields the sword with the other? And what in particular will be the fate of that hybrid Sovereignty, ever a marvel and now undoubtedly a monster, which at once oppresses and enervates Central Italy, and in the sacred names of the Gospel and the Saviour overrides every social right, and raises again the question whether government and law are indeed intended for a blessing or for a curse to mankind? It would be far easier to multiply these inquiries than to answer them. The boldest speculator

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lator is reduced to silence and to awe, and nothing is left him but the sad words of the prophet—'Lo, a roll of a book; and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe.' *

Even the outbreaking of such a war, however, and far less the prospect of it, cannot dispense us from the duty of considering the rights and wrongs involved in it. It is easy to give sufficient reasons why England should not enter into the arbitrement of blood; but it is easier still to show cause why she cannot sever herself from the moral and social interests of the contest which is to shake the European system from top to base and from centre to edge. Nay, more, why she should reserve to herself a perfectly unfettered discretion as to the future, and should even stand free to entertain at any time the question of a positive and perhaps decisive intervention. Either the aggrandisement of Austria at the cost of Italy, or the aggrandisement of France at the cost of Austria, would be an event which might impose determinate and weighty duties upon England. In what character these duties might have to be performed is a question at which we shall presently have to glance; and we shall strive to show that it is one of no less dignity than importance. The simple admission, however, that we must be interested spectators, and may at some period perforce be parties, requires us to consider whether the public opinion of England on the questions at issue is enlightened and matured in the degree which the magnitude and the urgency of the case require.

The love of the Englishman for what he calls broad views is a motive power better suited to domestic than to foreign affairs. In his own sphere, he is fed with knowledge by his daily experience; and his abhorrence of subtlety and chicane, though it may sometimes make him judge with precipitation, is sufficiently guarded by sound information to prevent its hurrying him into any gross injustice. Although he can only well comprehend one idea at a time, yet, upon the whole, he knows when he ought to drop his favourite conception and bethink him of another in its place. Foreign affairs, in his normal state, he regards with indifference. But in the crises when they absolutely force themselves upon his attention, he takes them in hand with the earnestness and force that belong to him. Yet this uprightness of purpose, when it is not guided by carefulness and knowledge, may itself become the minister of injustice. For we often fail to discriminate between objects, which we hastily assume to be identical for no better reason than because they are presented to us in company. In the heroic struggle for national independence or

* Ezekiel, ii. 9, 10.

existence,

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existence, the power of concentrating on one idea the whole energies of the soul is a power of inestimable value. But where, as is likely to be more and more the case in European struggles, England is rather an arbiter than originally a party, what she requires beyond all things is the judicial temper; and, to play her part aright, she must neither grudge the labour necessary for exact discernment, nor be hasty to permit the entrance of passion as an auxiliary even in the cause of right. The ruder processes, the Lynch law, so to speak, which we commonly call in aid of imperfect comprehension, is ill adapted for the great, and at the same time nice issues, with which we are constantly presented in the vicissitudes of Continental affairs.

Austria, even at her best, can never attract much of enthusiasm in England. Her best chances of popularity here have been much damaged of late years. In the eighteenth century, she was more than once the champion of national independence both in the temporal and in the spiritual sphere; and her internal government was found compatible with much of local liberty, and with the free development of local character. In all these respects she has of late been seriously changed. At the epoch when the policy of the Popedom was mild, she, notwithstanding, regarded that power with wakeful jealousy, and fortified herself by the Josephine code against its essentially aggressive action. In our own time, when Rome has become ten times more Romish, she has thought fit to purchase the most odious support in the most odious manner, and has offered up the dear-bought acquisitions of former and manlier generations by the recent Concordat, as a sacrifice to the genius of clerical ascendancy. In an age of sharpened appetite for freedom, she has waged war against local immunities, and strained every nerve of her system by centralizing its motive powers in Vienna. As to national independence, even if for the moment we set wholly aside the case of Italy, still she has but a beggarly account to render. The Russian war was a war for national independence in general, and for her own independence, after that of Turkey, in particular. Yet she hobbled through its several stages with the continual acknowledgment of obligations the same with those of England and France, and with a continual postponement of performance. She chose the part of diplomacy, and left others to fight battles which were pre-eminently hers.

> 'Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi
> Tum, cum bella manus poscunt.'*

Apart from the rankling of the old wound struck by Hun-

* Æn. xi. 378.

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garian recollections into the heart of Russia, Austria found herself at the close of the struggle neither loved as a comrade and friend, nor respected as an honourable foe, but in the condition of the neutral angels of Dante:—

'Che non furon ribelli,
Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se furo.' *

Her policy with respect to the Danubian Principalities, to Servia, and to the navigation of the Danube, has won her no favour in this country, but has borne in English eyes the stamp of narrow and selfish views, together with the disposition at once to push the doctrines of legality to the uttermost point in her own interest, and to deal lightly with them in cases where they threaten to bring her within the reach of that capital evil—contagion from any institutions more liberal than her own.

At the same time, a sentiment not unlike that which excited this country during the Russian war was enlisted on behalf of Austria, when we were told about the beginning of this year that the Emperor of the French had used menacing expressions to the Austrian Minister at his Court. We know not what may have been the views of our Government; but, so far as the people were concerned, the course which opinion manifestly took after this announcement was not due to any love for the Austrian Government or system, but to mistrust of Louis Napoleon, and to an impression that his words to M. Hübner savoured of that very spirit of *brigandage* which Russia had shown six years ago in the Menschikoff mission and in the invasion of the Danubian Principalities.

The Emperor of the French has more than once boxed the compass upon the wheel of popularity in England. The *coup d'état* of December, 1851, was abhorred by the British nation as the most glaring and gigantic, and the most fatal because the most successful, violation of legality upon record. But time flowed on; and the total absence of all British causes of complaint against the hero of that unrivalled conspiracy, together with the palpable acquiescence, and more than acquiescence, of the French nation in their lot, wrought a gradual change. While we did not retract our objections, there was no place found for them in current feeling or action, and our humour gradually mended under the influence of good fellowship. At a later period, co-operation in diplomacy and war, brotherhood in the triumphs of the battlefield and in the afflictions of the camp, generated a feeling of close amity between the nations, such as absolutely required a symbol upon which to spend itself, and

* Inferno, iii. 32.

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naturally found that symbol in the person of the Emperor. This is the best apology for the favour, largely sprinkled with adulation, that marked his reception here during the visit of 1856. But a turn of the wheel was to follow. As it was more and more perceived that the Eastern policy of the French Government and of the Palmerston Ministry did not move in parallel lines, a cooler sentiment crept in. Then came the famous epoch of the Orsini plot, the Walewski despatch, and the pitiable charges against England in the 'Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre.' On this occasion our faithful ally (and such he had, truly and strictly, been) dropped to a heavier discount than even at the time when he had seized his crown. Our vanity was, however, gratified when we found that he put up in silence with the nearly unanimous determination of every man, woman, and child in England, that, even under the strain of the great Indian convulsion, the laws of England should not be altered at his bidding. But, on the other hand, we were more or less disturbed from time to time with ugly rumours. His naval preparations were larger than we liked, and led us to extend our own. An impression went abroad that he meant to have a passage of arms with somebody; that he felt he had lost ground in France, meant to recover it, and thought this was the way; that the great question in the Imperial mind was at whose head his red right hand should discharge the thunderbolt; that England and Austria were the involuntary and unconscious competitors for the honour of his choice; and that with a laudable, perhaps a cold-blooded, impartiality, he was rather inclined to select England of the two, provided he could succeed in effecting the necessary Continental combination against her. The choice would have been natural in so far at least that our rival could present the plea of kindred institutions. In spite, then, of reiterated and somewhat inflated panegyrics from rather high quarters, the Emperor of the French was already the object of suspicion, or at least mistrust, in England, at the time when it was announced that he had used language indicative of a desire to pick a quarrel with Austria. It was almost a necessary consequence that the immediate occasion of the fray, when made known, should be interpreted by the light, and valued according to the estimate, of this anterior declaration. In due time we learned that the state of Italy was to afford the plea. From that moment Italian interests were viewed in England, not as they are in themselves, but as the ministerial instruments of French or rather of Napoleonic ambition.

The purely disinterested or chivalrous adoption by one nation of the quarrel of another is a case so rare in history, that it never enters into the calculations of the Englishman as an hypothesis available

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available for the solution of any problem in practical politics. There are but three modes in which such cases appear to be commonly susceptible of explanation. One has received perhaps its very first vivid illustration on a large scale from the late war against Russia, which was waged by England and France in the interest of European order, and with no separate interest other than that of other members of the European family in the repression of the ambition of the Czar. Another may be found in the case of the combinations against Napoleon I. Russia fought at Austerlitz without an immediate cause of quarrel against the French, because she considered that her case was virtually the same as that of Austria, and her existence substantially though indirectly involved. The third is the more common form, where the interests contemplated are positively selfish, and where the champion expects to be paid, and well paid, for his labour, either in meal or in malt. In which of these classes are we to place the French championship of the Italian quarrel? It cannot be accounted for by identity of cause, for no man supposes that Austria is or can be in a condition menacing to the independence or the institutions of France, independently of the fact that, as they are centralised and absolute, she, in all likelihood, cordially approves them. Are we then to suppose that France is to interfere between the Italian peninsula and the stranger, as the vindicatress of European order, or of the general interests of reason and justice? The question would immediately be asked, in what way she had come to be invested with this world-wide and supreme authority; what precedent there is for the exercise of such an ecumenical function by a single and self-chosen Power; what is to prevent some other Power at the present time, or France herself at some other time, from interfering again, as she interfered at Rome in 1849 to put down popular government and re-establish impotence in the robes of despotism? or why some other Power may not now interfere in a sense hostile to France, and with a title just as well or as ill grounded in the public law and right of nations? Indeed, the pretensions of any particular Power, however eminent, to become the judge and avenger of Europe are so obviously hollow, that they not only fail to find support in argument, but they are incompatible with *bona fides* in the Sovereign who urges them, and tend with resistless force to impress the belief that the paraphernalia of public justice are assumed either to hide the weapons of the brigand, or in some other mode to screen from view purposes which must not be avowed because they are incapable of defence.

The delicacy of the question in virtue of what right France is to interfere by force in the Italian quarrel is evidently felt by the

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able writer of *Napoléon III. et l'Italie*. It is contended by him * that the *status quo* in Italy is dangerous, the revolution impotent, and reform impossible; that the problem must be solved, and that Italy cannot solve it against Austria for herself. But the title of France to assume this august and even awful function—and where she has heretofore been a party only to become also a judge—is no more than darkly hinted under references to the policy of Henry IV., and to a supposed immutability of the cardinal ideas of political tradition;† together with the one-sided enigma that the Alps are a rampart for France, but not a fortress against her—a distinction of which Nature, we presume, was ignorant when she supplied that portion of mother earth with such formidable girders.

It is true that there is a specialty in the case of France; but the inspirers of the pamphlet probably have felt that it is one so sore as not to bear handling. It is the Roman occupation. Without doubt, France feels the shame, scandal, and embarrassment in which the outrage of 1849 has involved her. She has peculiar reasons for desiring the Italian question to be accommodated. It cannot be without the stings of remorse and a burning indignation that she finds herself punished for her offence in being doomed to sustain by her own arm a Government which is strong for no earthly purpose except to reject her advice and repudiate such alleviations or improvements as for decency's sake she cannot do otherwise than suggest. Of all European Governments, the Papal one is at once perhaps the worst, and certainly the most ridiculous; and though the Emperor of the French might have philosophy enough to endure the former quality, he can have no patience with the latter, which freely imparts itself to him in the face of his people, so vulnerable in that particular. This embarrassment is a real one; but yet it is not available as a grievance against Austria, because it arises out of the hyper-Austrian policy of France herself on a particular occasion. When the French overthrew, in February, 1848, a Government of their own at least tolerably good, the Romans thought fit, in humble imitation, to overthrow one which, in spite of its shadowy pretensions of reform, was incurably bad. This is the true history of the case, as respects the people of the Roman States. Their cause was indeed disgraced by the dagger which took the valuable life of Rossi. But that great crime cannot be charged upon the people; and even if it were so chargeable, France at least should have been lenient with her own first Revolution on record. Instead, however, of receiving countenance

* P. 45. † P. 54.

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or even toleration from those who had set the example, they found the French Republic in arms against them, and they succumbed, after a bloody struggle, to her superior force. The people of the Roman States submitted to sheer coercion, but they at least lost none of their rights and claims; while France, which had trampled them under foot, found herself in effect, while wearing outwardly the robes of conquest, chained to the triumphal car of the Pope whom she had re-established. Under the plea of maintaining her influence and authority, she had committed a gross wrong. But the same sectional interests, the same necessity of courting the ultramontane party in the internal politics of the country, which had caused the expedition to be sent to Rome, forbade it to be withdrawn. The *Curia* was well aware that the very act by which France had flattered her vainglory was fatal to her independence in the face of the Papal Power; that the intrigue which had rendered the original service to the Popedom would still stand it in good stead; and that the Pontiff had nothing to do but to turn a deaf ear to his check-mated advisers, and to govern as he pleased.

The Emperor was President at the time of the siege of Rome. It appeared from his well-known letter to Edgar Ney that it was repugnant to his feelings, but we have yet to see the day when he will shrink from any sacrifice that his personal interests may require. He judged of the Roman expedition, as of all other things, neither by passion nor by principle: but he read it in the cold, frosty light of his ambition. As President he lent himself to the scheme: and he reaped his political reward in the services of M. de Falloux as a Minister, and in the influence they insured to him over the party of the Church. Again, at the critical moment of the *coup d'état*, he received his crowning recompence in the decided support of M. de Montalembert; which carried, in his so-called election to the Empire, every vote that the party could command. Had that election required annual repetition, and had he thus periodically pocketed the equivalent of his condescension, we may doubt whether his conscience would have been so much disturbed, as it now appears to be, by the woes of Italy, and by the dangers to the peace of Europe which they engender. But as M. de Montalembert and his friends are of no further use, nothing remains either to soothe or to compensate the mortification with which France and her Emperor must find themselves at once morally responsible for all the offences of the Papal Government, and utterly powerless to correct its conduct.

It is vain to say, in apology for the act which has drawn down on France this pungent retribution, that Austria would have occupied

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occupied the Roman States if she had not done it. Austria would never have ventured on such a proceeding, in the face of a protest from England and from France: nor can we doubt, from the known sentiments of Lord Palmerston, that he would have been forward to concur with France in such a protest. It would seem that he felt that his inaction required apology, when he devised the ingenious excuse that England, as a Protestant Power, ought not to interfere in any matter with respect to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. This plea was indeed in flagrant contradiction with the course which he had himself pursued in 1831 as Foreign Minister of the Cabinet of Earl Grey: for he both joined at that epoch on the part of England with the other great Powers in urging upon Gregory XVI. the necessity of organic improvements; and, when they tamely acquiesced in the Pope's refusal, he, with equal manliness and sagacity, repeated, through Sir Hamilton Seymour, his warning admonitions. Nothing then, as we are justified in inferring, but prudence, prevented a more emphatic disapproval of the French invasion of Rome in 1849 than was conveyed by his silence. Thus it was France who not only herself placed Rome under the yoke, but who neutralised the friendly strength of England, and set the fatal example which Austria on her side of the Appennines had no more to do than silently but exultingly to follow.

Thus, then, it appears that France has not a rag of title to make war upon Austria in the name of Italy. She is nowhere damaged except in Rome, and there it is by her own criminal act. She is not menaced in her independence, her institutions, or even her influence. Her differences with Austria, in several chapters of the Eastern question, may account for soreness, and may, for aught we know, warrant remonstrance; but are infinitely remote, on the most unfavourable supposition, from any justifying cause of war. She has no peculiar relations with Piedmont, established by ancient or even by modern treaties: the fortresses that crown the defiles of the Cottian Alps tell another tale, and inform us, to her prejudice, in which direction have chiefly lain the apprehensions of Sardinia. We know not whether all this has been implicitly or explicitly recognised by the English people, or whether its recent leaning to the Austrian side as against France has been rather due to more sweeping or more general views; to a deep solicitude for the continuance of peace, and to a persuasion that the Emperor of the French is guiltily determined upon war with or without cause, while the attitude of Austria is, as they have understood, strictly a defensive attitude. But be that as it may, whether we regard the case upon general grounds, or whether

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whether we pursue it into minute particulars and special pleading, we seek in vain for any considerations of public right which render it in any manner just or tolerable for France to interfere with the strong hand in the settlement of Italian affairs.

But we have now to open a very different chapter. The recent controversies have done much to increase our knowledge on the true state of the question, not as between Austria and France, but as between Austria and Italy; or if not to increase our knowledge, to render our ignorance voluntary and inexcusable. The one idea at a time which, as we have stated, the Englishman admits into his mind, was, a few months or even weeks ago, simply this; that France was about to become, in the words which Lord John Russell applied to the late Emperor of Russia, 'the wanton disturber of the peace of Europe.' This idea effectually shut out all consideration of the question whether the hands of Austria were clean and her conscience pure in respect to her Italian policy, and whether and in what degree the dangers and sufferings of that country lie at her door. For us, a few weeks ago, there was no Italian question; it was a phrase blazoned on a French banner, and it was nothing more. Sardinia was mentioned only to be condemned. We saw her in an attitude of apparent, perhaps of evident, subserviency to France; and that was enough to bar all inquiry as to the causes which had brought about a result so unfortunate. No more discriminating construction was put upon the facts, than that she could only be prompted by the spirit of territorial piracy. The remembrance of her unwise and unwarrantable invasion of Lombardy in 1848 rose up in British recollection; and it was presumed that she thought the time had come for playing the same game again, with new support at her back, and with greater chances of success. It was so palpable, on the one hand, that the true interests of Austria required her to act most rigidly in the defensive sense, as almost to compel our summary belief of her assurances that she had never entertained the idea of acting in any other. It was at least conceivable, on the other hand, that the error which Sardinia had once committed might be committed by her again. Jealous of the doctrine of mere nationality, as it stands apart from considerations of practical hardship, we knew that this doctrine was the favourite symbol of Italian desires, and the impression widely prevailed that from this source only were drawn the chief materials of the case of Italy against Austria.

Within the last few weeks, however, there has certainly been a change in the tone of English opinion and in the language of some among its prominent though more ephemeral organs. Probably it may have dated from the appearance of that dispatch, which Count

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Count Buol on the 25th of February addressed to the Austrian Minister in London. It was published early in March, we presume by the agency and in the interest of Austria. Containing a statement from her own mouth of her own policy, and this too uttered when the sword's point was presented to her breast, we could not but presume that it propounded Austrian doctrine in the most diluted and conciliatory form. Yet it was calculated to produce far worse impressions than any attack from a hostile quarter, and painfully to illustrate the melancholy truths that a blind Conservatism may come to be the most dangerous Radicalism, and that the closets and cabinets of despotic sovereigns are too often the main factories of Revolution.

The dispatch was followed by the appearance of the second of the letters from Signor Farini to Lord John Russell that are mentioned at the head of this paper, by a masterly reply from Count Cavour, and by the more recent publication of the note of that statesman dated the 1st of March, in which, at the request of the British Minister, he sets forth what he thinks the essential and immediate requisites for the peace of Italy. With these papers before us, we shall attempt a short review of the case of Austria as it is stated by herself, and as it is affected by the evidence which her antagonists have produced both as to her present attitude and as to the general train of her policy since the epoch of 1815.

It is not difficult to sum up the doctrines propounded by Count Buol. Great political bodies must always have an influence on neighbouring States, but yet ought not to impair their independence. Austria takes credit for having, 'more than once,' as it is stated with a bewitching modesty, re-established by force 'the Italian governments overthrown by revolution.' Among the recipients of these benefits has been the government of Savoy: but then it was before the date of 'the modern theories of public right which Count Cavour has introduced.' The treaties between Austria and the 'independent States' of Italy are exclusively in the interests of 'legitimate defence;' and no one has a right to say a word about them. That use which was fairly to be expected is made by the Austrian diplomatists of the war of 1848, to damage the present case of Sardinia in connection with 'the pretended sorrows' of Italy. It is then admitted, or rather boasted, by Count Buol, that on account of the articles of Piedmontese newspapers (which are not under the control of the Government), Austria took the measure which is but one step short of hostilities, and broke off but a short time ago her diplomatic relations with Sardinia. It is also true, we believe, that Sardinia did not send an envoy to congratulate the Emperor Francis

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Francis Joseph when he visited Milan: but this is not mentioned by Count Buol, and we presume therefore is not thought to afford a tenable ground of complaint. We stop at this moment to express our devout thankfulness that England is both more powerful and more remote than Piedmont: for if the same measure which has been measured to Piedmont were meted out to us, if the free, or even the licentious articles of newspapers afford a just ground for the rupture of diplomatic relations, undoubtedly at few periods since the peace of 1815 would an Austrian Minister have graced the society of London.

But Count Buol does not shrink from discussing the 'pretended sorrows' of Italy. He generously admits that not every thing is perfect in the institutions and administration of the Italian Governments, while he denies 'the thousand calumnies' against them. This is somewhat vague; but, if there be a doubt as to the *animus* of the passage, the doubt disappears when he comes to particulars. For he points out but one source of imperfection, which is, that free institutions, being, as he says, unfit for Italy, have caused deplorable scenes of anarchy and disorder. This is the manner in which Austria, which rules in Italy by the bayonet alone, shows her respect for the independence of Sardinia, and for her institutions, which of themselves have harmonised loyalty, liberty, and order, in that very Peninsula which Count Buol so grievously calumniates. But Count Buol does not condemn free institutions universally. He says they will do very well indeed (he could not prudently say less in writing for the eye of a British Minister) where 'they have been developed and matured for centuries.' Whatever else may happen, Austria will never be pressed in argument with any inconvenient consequences drawn from this admission; since she lays it down as a condition *sine quâ non* of free government, that it must have existed for centuries before it can produce any beneficial fruits, and, ceasing to be a public nuisance, can have any title to exist at all.

While, however, the views of Austria are thus sagaciously guarded in matters theoretical, she has always, adds Count Buol, 'frankly applauded every marked improvement in a practical point of view;' and, 'when consulted, has given her opinion conscientiously, after a mature examination of the circumstances.'

Is this the fact? No proof, no instance is given for the affirmative; and a negative is proverbially hard to demonstrate. We should be curious to know what have been the measures on behalf of freedom or good government in Italy, which were due to the advice, or had received the approval of Austria. Sardinian institutions, as we have seen, she roundly denounces. One other instance happens

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happens to be already before the world, which may serve as a measure of the zeal of Austria for practical improvement in the administration of the Italian Governments. Some seven or eight years ago the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government formed the subject of two Letters, addressed by Mr. Gladstone to the Earl of Aberdeen. These Letters were transmitted by Lord Aberdeen to Vienna, and it is well known that he made use of his influence at that Court, higher than that of any other British subject, in order to induce Prince Schwartzenberg to mitigate, by friendly advice to the Court of Naples, the horrible state of things which had been disclosed. Prince Schwartzenberg did not stir; and the author of the Letters, after some months' delay, made his appeal through the press to public opinion. It is, we believe, the fact, that the Austrian Government did not so much as inform the King of Naples that the charges had been made; nor give him an option of turning to account information, much of which, though referring to his own servants, was probably new to him.

After observing the manner in which Count Buol treats the past, we shall feel little surprise at his views of the present. He proceeds to avow that the Papal Government positively stands in need of improvement. He names, however, no other amendment than the regeneration of its army. But the great foe of reform in Italy, according to Count Buol, is Piedmont, whose aggressive designs and revolutionary tendencies make life almost intolerable. So that he distinctly states that only when Piedmont shall have altered her system can any Italian State be expected to set seriously about any reform whatever.

Count Buol concludes with a promise for Austria, that she will abstain from hostilities as long as Piedmont continues within her own borders. We have read with satisfaction this assurance: a satisfaction only qualified by the insinuation which accompanies it, that Austria has grievances which she might advance in justification of a resort to arms. Under cover of these words she might assume, as we fear, upon the occurrence of the most trivial incident, a release from her pledge, and become, in despite of it, the first to draw the sword.

The maxims plainly and almost ostentatiously exhibited in this dispatch are sufficiently formidable. We are plainly taught that the legitimate use of a standing army is, as in the Papal States, to defend the Government, not against foreign foes, but against the people—that free institutions are unfit for Italy, and have been the true source of its calamities—that the licence of a free newspaper press authorises the rupture of diplomatic relations with the State that permits its existence—and that Austria deserves

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deserves praise for being ever ready to uphold by force in the hour of need any Government which is menaced with resistance from its subjects. This is much; but there is more to tell: Count Buol has not stated the full extent of his claims on the gratitude of Europe, though he has stated enough to make us rejoice that the existence of British liberty does not, to the extent of a single feather's weight, depend upon his official discretion or upon the huge armies of his master.

Signor Farini, who is well known to be in the confidence of Count Cavour, and to have access to the archives of Sardinia, speedily followed up the appearance of Count Buol's dispatch with the production of a tract, which illustrates the statements and supplies the omissions of Count Buol. But, before referring to his citations, we will exhibit from the pamphlet of Salvagnoli * a reckoning of the achievements of Austria in the way of the military occupation of what she satirically calls 'independent States.' There is not a yard of Italian soil, on which she has not trodden with her mailed heel. Since 1815 she has been for two years in arms in Piedmont: for five years in Naples: for six years in Tuscany, six in Modena, and six in Parma: for twenty-five years in the Papal States. For more than half of the forty-five years since Pius VII. was restored to his throne by European arms, has Austria had an army actually within the Territories of the Church, nor has there been a moment, unless, perhaps, the fevered and ruinous epoch of 1848, when they have not been overshadowed and overawed by her military ascendancy.

It is perfectly obvious to the commonest understanding that there can be no guarantee, and as a general rule no hope, of good government in a country where there is no penalty upon bad. In the strange case before us, a cluster of petty and secondary states have had at hand a powerful neighbour, who has set up, by her own avowal, a standing advertisement that whenever, no matter from what cause, the authority of their Governments may be menaced with popular resistance, she will come in with an armed force to put it down. This proclamation establishes an immunity alike formal, patent, and entire, for corruption and for tyranny: and it at once compels us to hold Austria responsible for all the defects and all the excesses that have so long subsisted in the Italian States, with so much of suffering to the people, and so much of danger and of scandal to the world.

Something, however, remains to complete the exhibition of the system; and that something Farini has supplied. The reforms,

* Della Indipendenza d' Italia, p. 47.

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of supposed reforms, of Pius IX. in 1847, immediately elicited mutterings and threats from Austria. Still we did not then know how completely it entered into the spirit of her Italian maxims, not only to sustain the Italian governments in their excesses, but even to intimidate and to punish them if they should exhibit symptoms of remorse, and a tendency to favour freedom or to recognise its constitutional guarantees.

Scarcely had the ink of the Treaty of Vienna had time to dry, when Austria, re-established in her old territory, and much more largely gifted with new at the North of the Peninsula, boldly laid her hand on the extreme South, and bound the King of Naples, by a private article in a Treaty, to administer his internal government upon her principles. Pretty well, indeed, for respect to the independence of States! Her after steps were conformable to the bright promise afforded by this beginning. In 1816 Prince Metternich contended that, to make Austria secure in Lombardy, the Upper Novarese, or at the least the province of Domo d'Ossola, ought to be ceded to her by Sardinia.* And Lord Castlereagh told the Sardinian Minister at Vienna, that Sardinia might do well to enter into the Austrian Confederation, as the Emperor might thus be induced to waive his pretensions to the Upper Novarese and to the citadel of Alessandria.† In January, 1821, Prince Metternich writes to the Duke of Modena, that if Austria had had 20,000 men disposable on the Po in the preceding summer, they would have marched on Naples to put down the popular rising, and the world would have applauded the feat, as it applauds all feats. At Laybach the same Minister declared that means must be taken to avoid the danger that the Neapolitan Parliament might retrace its steps, and be satisfied with a constitution like that of France under the Restoration, which France herself had recommended. And now we come near the climax. Being asked by Count Capo d'Istria on this occasion whether Austria would give her sanction to a system in Naples that should partake of the representative character, he replied that she would prefer to go to war. 'But,' rejoined Capo d'Istria, 'what if the King of Naples himself should desire to establish such a system?' 'In that case,' the Chancellor of Austria answered, 'the Emperor would make war upon the King of Naples.'‡ In conformity with this outrageous declaration, on the 6th of March, 1822, Prince Metternich wrote to the Austrian Minister at Paris, that 'the representative system, with the institutions necessarily following upon it, could not and should not (*non può, non deve stabilirsi*

* Farini, p. 7. † P. 8. ‡ P. 11.

stabilirsi) be established in any single State of the Peninsula. The Count of Pralormo, Sardinian Minister at Vienna, wrote as follows to his Court: *—

'The Austrian Government is convinced that every idea of compromise is absurd, and that whatever Government divests itself of any part of its power, supplies the weapons that are to wrest from it the remainder. It is, therefore, as far from its ideas as from its plans that institutions should be founded in its neighbour States which may weaken the kingly authority, which on the contrary it desires to see reinforced and consolidated on an immovable basis.'

Nor was this all. The Emperor of Austria had himself † asked the Count, what were the intentions of the King Charles Felix with respect to the Prince of Carignano (afterwards Charles Albert)? The Minister of Sardinia replied that his master still intended, according to the promise he had made at Verona, to make him subscribe a deed which should bind him to maintain the monarchy absolute as it then was, without any organic change. Prince Metternich said, on the same subject, that this was the only proper and effectual method of proceeding.

When the Austrians withdrew from the military occupation of the Neapolitan States, the Emperor informed the King of his intention to hold him bound to the secret article of the Treaty of 1815: and on leaving the Papal States, where the occupation was unasked, in 1822, he announced his intention to return thither in case of need, quite irrespectively even of the wishes of the Government.‡

It is plain that, though these theories are limited in their action by the adamantine laws of circumstance, they are in themselves not of local, but of universal application. And on August 12, 1830, Prince Metternich frankly stated to the Count Pralormo, with reference to the then recent French Revolution, that if only Europe had at that time, as she had in 1815, 700,000 men on the frontier of France, he for one would be for making a descent upon that country, and putting an end to the Revolution once for all. In 1831 the new French Government gently remonstrated against a renewed occupation of the Papal States; but Prince Metternich § replied that the Emperor meant to interfere even at the cost of a general war. When France occupied Ancona with an opposite purpose to that of Austria, the Emperor said 'there must be a march on Paris to put an end to the evils with which the world was menaced.' No march on Paris ensued; but then the French Government had to content themselves with the empty name of an occupation, and their expe-

* P. 13. † Ibid. ‡ P. 16. § P. 17.

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dition remained wholly without result. In 1847 and 1848 Austria menaced any Italian Government inclined to reform, and impeded the grant and encouraged or compelled the violation and withdrawal of constitutions. Finally, it was in 1849 that France by the Roman expedition identified herself with the excesses of Austrian policy, and with a view nominally to the extension of French influence in Italy, but really to the conciliation of a domestic party, incurred the scandal and embarrassment from which she is now making violent efforts to escape.

The letter of Farini proceeds in all the cases we have noticed upon textual citations; and it is well that this is so, for surely without evidence so stringent the statements would have appeared incredible. The pamphlet appeared several weeks ago, and we do not hear that its allegations have been rebutted in any one particular. After such a course of conduct, then, steadily pursued for nearly half a century, it is a sheer mockery for the Austrian Minister to assume the comparative meekness of a defensive attitude, to complain that Sardinia fails in due respect to the independence of the Italian States, to appeal to the faith of treaties, to pretend an anxiety for practical improvements, or to throw upon free institutions the guilt and shame of Italian disturbances. Before even an attempt had been made to introduce liberty into any part of the Peninsula, she had by her treaty of 1815 with Naples consummated a grand conspiracy against it; nor can she be entitled to complain that freedom and war are associated in Italy, when she herself has proclaimed by word and deed that in no other way than by the sword shall any Italian be free.

We have said enough to show that the conduct of Austria towards Italy at large has involved a glaring and systematic contempt of liberty and of public right. Let us now examine, however briefly, the particular case of Lombardy and Venice, in that light especially which will most contribute to make it intelligible to Englishmen, the light cast by the financial system now actually in force.

An impression prevails in this country that the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom (which we call by this ungainly name rather than take refuge in the absurd and delusive phrase, Venetian Lombardy) is remarkably well governed in comparison with other parts of Italy; that the people are prosperous and contented; that the nobles only and in some degree the town population are dissatisfied; and that it is simply the abstract idea or sentiment of hostility to foreign rule as such that begets a disposition to rise against the Austrian Government. This impression has been strengthened by the knowledge that a prince both intelligent and

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and benevolent has been appointed to the Vicesroyalty of the kingdom. The excellent dispositions of the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, who is married to a consort altogether worthy of him, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, are known; and it is not known that these dispositions are neutralised by the very different spirit prevailing at Vienna, and that the Government of Austrian Italy is not only administered by Austrians, but administered from the capital of the Empire, and not in Venice nor in Milan.

A variety of secondary causes have operated of late years to prejudice the position and augment the unpopularity of the Austrian Government. The Concordat which has destroyed the Josephine code throughout the Empire aimed at drawing the clergy nearer in spirit to the State, and in proportion has removed them farther from the people. The law of the conscription has been made more severe in various respects: for instance, the price of a substitute is now paid into the Treasury, and the person to be substituted for the payer must be found by the community; while an exemption formerly allowed to an only son has been withdrawn. The change in the currency which took effect some five months ago, and under which a reduction of five per cent. was made in the value of the florin, has increased the soreness of minds already irritable. The recent plagues of the vine for a long course of seasons, and of the mulberry-tree for several, adding the visitation of God to the heavy pressure of taxation which we shall forthwith describe, have produced an accumulation of burdens which is throughout the country extremely grievous and in many cases intolerable.

The works on the economical condition of Lombardy, which have been named at the head of this article, have been printed and are regularly sold in Austrian Italy under the eye of the Government. It is believed that one or more of them have appeared not without the direct countenance of the Viceroy, which, on the one hand, affords honourable testimony to the liberal and philanthropic dispositions of his Imperial Highness, and on the other hand, guarantees the *bona fides* of the arguments and the accuracy of the statements of fact. But, even apart from any direct encouragement from this elevated quarter, we may rest tolerably assured that the taxation of the country is not exaggerated in books published and sold in the shops of Venice, Milan, and Verona. We can confidently add, that these statements, which are carefully reasoned and detailed, without any infusion of passion or invective, fall greatly short of the allegations which are commonly made by gentlemen of high station and intelligence even within that small section of the upper class of Italians which has not renounced social relations with the

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the Austrian authorities. To this we may subjoin that it is an entire mistake to suppose that the subject of nationality supplies at this moment either the exclusive or the chief burden of complaint among Lombards and Venetians. For Lombards and Venetians are, after all, like other men; and their first care must be to live, and to support their wives and children. What facilities they at present possess for this primary purpose we shall now see.

In the year 1817 measures were taken by the Emperor Francis for an uniform assessment, with a view to taxation over all the provinces of the Austrian empire. Since that time it has been gradually carried into effect, without any traceable difference of rules, as Pasini * informs us, between the Italian and the German territories. The result of this operation, completed throughout the country within the last few years, was that the existing tax on landed property was found to stand in Austrian Italy at 28·78 per cent. of the estimated income. In the German ones it stood at 18·12 per cent.; but by a partial remission in some districts it was there reduced to 16 per cent. over all. In 1822, however, the Venetian contribution was reduced from 15,986,000 Austrian *lire*, being 28·78 per cent., to 12,689,000 or 24 per cent. In 1854 this was again raised to the original amount: little short of double the tax exacted in the German Provinces. For several years (we believe since 1851†), however, an addition of one-third has been made under the name of *addizionale*, or 'impost extraordinary,' to the previously-existing taxes. The charge was thus raised to about 40 per cent. of the estimated income; independently of the further burden which was thus added to the very considerable taxes *ad valorem* upon transfer and upon succession.‡ This is the enormous inequality for the removal of which Pasini strongly but vainly pleads, and which is not in any manner remedied by a minor equalization that has taken place with Lombardy, leaving both taxed at 38·37 per cent. We now speak, it must be remembered, only of taxes payable to the Governments. And Pasini refutes the argument that the relation of estimated to real value is different in the Italian and German provinces respectively, by showing that the prices of the same year were adopted as the basis of assessment in both. He conceives § that the real nett income of the proprietor does not exceed the amount assessed by more than from a quarter to a third. He finds an independent method of proof for his propositions from the statistical tables of the empire, which show a gross produce from the Italian provinces of 171 millions, and from the German of 641

* Sulla Necessità, &c., p. 16. † Jacini, p. 132. ‡ Pasini, pp. 19-24. § P. 30.

millions,

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millions, or in the proportion of 18½ to 70. Instead of that proportion, the Italian tax, even apart from the extraordinary addition, stands as 36 to 70,* which again establishes the fact of nearly a double taxation. This reckoning is for the year 1845; it is fully sustained by that of subsequent years; and the result here even shows that the complaint is too faintly stated when it is left to rest simply upon the assessment.

The 'Proprietà Fondiaria' of Jacini deals with the case of Lombardy only, but in much greater detail. We shall only trouble the reader with a few particulars. According to him,† the regular annual direct taxes, local and other, distinct from the great tax payable to the Treasury, appear to add to it more than one-half. If we make this addition to Pasini's 38·37 per cent., we have the total direct charge at 57½ per cent. on the estimated or assessed income. If, next, we allow for the excess of actual value over the assessment at 33 per cent., we shall have about 43 per cent. as the real amount of direct tax on the nett receipt. For Lombardy, Jacini takes as the minimum amount 36 per cent. Either the one or the other may well astound the English taxpayers in Schedule A.

The Austrian Treasury draws from Lombardy 80 millions of *lire* annually. If the whole empire were taxed per head at the Lombard rate, it would have a revenue of eleven hundred millions of *lire*. Instead of this it had (in the year 1854) seven hundred and thirty-six millions. If we look only to the direct tax on land, then, at the Lombard rate per head, the empire would have yielded 400 millions; whereas, in 1854, it yielded only 203 millions.‡

But it may be thought that the wealth of Lombardy redresses the balance. Well, in 1850 the agricultural products of that country were officially stated at 360 millions of *lire;* those of the whole empire at 3895 millions. But Lombardy pays some thirty millions of land-tax out of 203, or more than a seventh, instead of about a thirteenth. If the real value of the Lombard crops be given, it rises from 360 to 450 millions; but a similar rectification might, we apprehend, be applied to the rest of the empire.

Finally, let it no longer be supposed, as is too common in England, that the soil of Lombardy is in the hands of certain great *signori*, and that the peasantry are untouched by this unequal and grinding taxation. In 1850 the population was 2,723,000. The nobles were less than 3000. The landed properties were 437,000, and the landed proprietors were 350,000.§ There are

* P. 36. † Jacini, p. 132. ‡ Pp. 134-5. § P. 118.

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seven times as many landed proprietors in Lombardy as there are in the British Isles, while the British Isles have a population ten times that of Lombardy. In fact, after deducting the inhabitants of the numerous cities and towns, it would appear that the bulk of the adult males are proprietors.

The deplorable consequences of the union of these frightful imposts with the recent visitations of Providence upon the silk and wine growing districts of Italy are touchingly set forth in the tract of Jacini on the Valtelline, or the Province of Sondrio. It is greatly dependent on the vine, which is commonly grown upon patches of soil carried up to points of rock, and perched and fenced there by human labour lavishly and continually expended for the purpose. A table is given for the *Comune* of Tirano, showing on one side the taxes and the expenses of cultivation of the vinebearing properties; on the other side the receipt from them. From 1840 to 1848 there was an average income of above fifty thousand *lire*: from 1852 to 1857 there has been an annual loss of above 100,000. The chief part of the evil is due to the blight; but the taxes, which averaged about 7000 *lire* in the first period, have been augmented in the latter to nearly 14,000! * Relief, however, was decreed to the Valtelline by the Imperial Government in 1855 to the extent of 70,000 *lire*, when its losses had been twelve millions; or, as we reckon it, not quite one penny halfpenny for each pound sterling, and less than a tenth part of the taxes paid to the Austrian Government for that very year.

Before 1847, the Province of Sondrio paid as land-tax to the treasury 297,000 *lire*: in 1848 this sum was increased to 397,000. In 1854, amidst the frightful ravages of the vine-disease, the *new census* was introduced, and the charge raised at once to 668,000! † Under the new valuation thus established, the realty of the province was taken at 1,575,000 *lire*, while the real ordinary receipt may, according to Jacini, be computed at double that amount. Against this income of 3,150,000, the direct taxes, imperial and local, of all kinds, are taken at 1,309,000. The mortgage debt of the province, almost wholly in sums under 25*l*., reaches fourteen millions of *lire*, and the interest 700,000 *lire*. These two sums make 2,009,000. Thus, independently of indirect taxes, there remain only 1,140,000 *lire* of income to meet a failure of crops equal to a million and a half for the vine alone. ‡

The consequence of this unparalleled state of things has been, that the inhabitants live on their little capital, while it lasts, of beasts or other stock, or disappear to wander abroad, or starve; that the diseases attendant upon famine are raging; that man is

* Jacini on Sondrio, Table at p. 47. † Jacini, p. 50. ‡ Pp. 52-3.

consuming

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consuming the food of beasts; and that in one single Province nearly six hundred properties of persons deceased remain unclaimed, because the heirs are unable to pay the tax upon their succession.

What has been said in these pages may suffice to make it understood how the mind of the rural population in the Italian provinces has undergone as towards Austria a most unfavourable change. But from the very homely question between living and dying we shall now pass to the more transcendental one between a domestic and a foreign dominion. We are among the first to lament that the ardent temperament of Italians has so commonly induced them, not only to place nationality in the front of the battle, but to argue the question of nationality itself rather upon grounds of sentiment and feeling, in a region where no State and no people can safely keep pace with them, than to exhibit the close connection that clearly subsists in their particular case between this comparatively abstract question and all those highly palpable and tangible matters which determine political, personal, and social well-being. But if they do not do themselves full justice at our bar, it is our duty to supply the lack as far as we may, and not to let slip the truth and equity of the case because in stating it they may not march according to our order of ideas.

In the brief review which we have taken of the policy and conduct of Austria in Italy since 1815, and in the picture we have sketched of the taxation of Lombardy and of Venetia, we have laid irrefragable grounds to show that the thirst for national independence in Italy is inseparably associated with the hope of relief from political servitude and from heavy practical grievance. When a man who pays two pounds out of every five in direct taxation is noisy about the independence of Italy, we need no wizard to explain to us that the human being, smarting under insult or hardship, and without hope of remedy at the hands of his rulers, does not minutely analyse the elements of his uneasiness, and is little studious to express his feelings with precision, so that he can but express them with force. Nature herself teaches him to choose for the exponents of his grief, not the phrases which most accurately correspond with its cause, but those which come straightest from and go straightest to the understanding and the heart, and which most readily propel the electric shock of sympathy along the ranks of the community.

It is quite true that in a hundred instances the members of one race are dominant over those of another. But we doubt whether anywhere in Christendom there be an instance corresponding with the Austrian power in Italy; an instance where a

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people glaringly inferior in refinement rule, and that by the medium of arbitrary will, without the check of free institutions, over a race much more advanced. Of the people of Lombardy and Venetia, the Archduke their Viceroy gracefully and ingenuously says, '*in questi paesi, in cui la rapida intelligenza, e la squisitezza del tatto morale, non sono un privilegio di pochi, ma si una dote quasi comune.*' No such inversion of the normal state can be found in the cases of the Flemings of northern, or the Alsatians of eastern France, the Finns or even the Poles of Russia, the Sclavonians or the Roumans of Austria herself. Some approach to such a case there possibly may have been in the relations of Belgium and Holland before 1830; and we have seen the result. The rule of Austria in Italy is essentially a rule of mere strength, and not of superior intelligence; and though we by no means say that on this account alone it ought peremptorily to cease, yet certainly here is a reason why it should be exercised with mildness and forbearance, and, above all, with the strictest care to keep within the limits of legal rights. But the difficulties of this relation, which, from its own natural elements, has been one difficult to maintain, instead of being mitigated by gentleness and wisdom, have, as we have seen, been cruelly, perhaps hopelessly, aggravated by excess. The power which in 1856, at the Conferences of Paris, scrupulously refused to discuss the wrongs of the Neapolitan people, from its respect for the independence of a Sovereign State, was the same Power that bound down that very same State by treaty to its own type of absolutism, and that was ready, as we have seen, to make war upon its King if he should betray a disposition to dissent from the Austrian creed. The Power that now so loudly invokes the faith of treaties, did not hesitate, when the times permitted her to dare so much, at pressing upon Sardinia with demands for the province of Domo d'Ossola and the fortress of Alessandria. Nor has she hesitated even in our own day to advance from the citadel into the town of Piacenza, and from the town to select and fortify points beyond it, in flat contradiction of that great European settlement, under which she at the same time seeks for shelter and for strength. The States that were parties to the Treaty of Vienna dreamed of nothing more than of placing Lombardy and Venetia in hands that would be strong enough to hold them against France, and neither directly nor indirectly recognised any titles of Austria, either military or political, beyond the line of the Po. They contemplated a composite arrangement of the Italian territory, in which there were to be securities against French ambition, but which was to have an equilibrium of its own. For this equilibrium, from that

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day to the present, Austria has assiduously laboured to substitute her own undisguised predominance — a predominance backed by, and resting upon, an ultimate resort to force; and in this operation (witness Piacenza) she has cast treaties behind her back, nor ever dreamt of the sacredness of the independence of States, until the time came when of these principles the first was to be invoked on her own behalf, and the second on behalf of the corruption and oppression throughout Italy, of which we fear it must be said she has been the mainstay.

If then the complaint of the Italian, when literally understood, sets forth what we think little more than an imaginary hardship, we must remember that it also signifies and points to other hardships which no Englishman will hold to be imaginary. How can we doubt that the attitude of Austria in Italy requires to be reconsidered, when we find that through a long series of her own acts it has been shown to mean nothing less than an irresponsible supremacy over every State except (and that of late years) Piedmont only, a permanent immunity for every degree and description of misgovernment, and in her own provinces not only the crushing of all the elements, so ancient and historical in that country, of national life, but the use of them as the mere beast of burden upon which is to be laid a weight that ought to be distributed over the whole of her unwieldy empire?

We have a profound sense of the sacredness of treaty engagements and of the importance of maintaining the settlement at which Europe, after such terrible and prolonged convulsions, arrived in 1815. But we must observe that a territorial title, founded upon a General Treaty, while it is a good title, is not one absolute nor indefeasible. It lies in the very nature of such a title that the Powers who concur to make it are trustees to insure the fulfilment of any terms on which it may have been established. If Austria uses her position in Lombardy and Venetia (as she has used it) to establish a supremacy over the other Italian States, her own title to Lombardy and Venetia is thereby reciprocally and greatly impaired. If, upon adding those provinces to her empire, she has not treated them as the rest of the empire is treated, but has placed them under exceptional burdens, and has fed the rest at their expense, she has not fulfilled the terms on which she took the territories; for they were given to be parts of the Austrian empire, and not to be placed in that relation to the Transalpine Provinces which the Negro in America holds to the rest of the community. The highest considerations of public prudence will indispose every diplomatist and statesman to raise questions of this description unless in the extremest case; but it cannot be denied that proceedings such as those

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those which have been laid at the door of Austria have a tendency to raise them.

We have stated throughout the foregoing pages the case of Italy, and not of Sardinia. That country has acted in the European system for several years with a moral force far beyond the limited scale of its material resources. Under a King rigidly faithful to constitutional ideas, and a Minister of first-rate abilities, she had, before we reached the present complications, attracted the admiration, and established claims on the gratitude, of all the friends of genuine freedom throughout Europe. She had had to confront three formidable enemies; the spirit of absolutism, the spirit of ultramontanism, and the spirit of revolution. For years she has been the main butt of the machinations of them all, and all of them she has faced at once with an unfailing resolution, and baffled with complete success. In a period of furious reaction, and amid constant menace from within and from without, she has planted a vigorous tree of liberty that has been watered neither by blood nor tears.

While, however, her domestic government has been a conspicuous triumph of truth, reason, and justice, her foreign policy is of necessity beset with the most formidable difficulties. Schemes of territorial aggrandizement have been freely imputed to her; and, according to the meek utterances of Austria, she is the most lawless and piratical power in Europe; so that if she be but well gagged and handcuffed, all will go well and merrily in Lombardy, in Rome, and in Naples. As respects a present lust for extension of territory, we know not how it has been proved; while assuredly, if she does indeed entertain that dangerous and seductive passion, it is her friends, and not her enemies, who will have reason to lament a propensity sure to be her ruin. It may be in the designs of Providence that she shall one day be territorially great: but if she is to attain to that kind of greatness, and to join with it any durability of power, it must be by the slow growth of the oak, by the prolonged exercise of self-command and self-denial, by the careful development of her industry and her internal resources, by disinterested service to her sister States in Italy, and above all by the strictest respect for every political and legal right. But we have no just reason to presume that either the knowledge or the practice of these very obvious truths is otherwise than familiar to the Sardinian Government.

We must not, however, overlook the real difficulties of her present position, which are due principally to a necessity called into existence by Austria. The marked and prominent policy of that

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that Empire has of itself the strongest and most resistless tendency to call, nay to force, into being its direct opposite. System generates and must be met by system: and since Austria carries her own name throughout Italy as a centre and symbol for absolutism, so everything that reacts against her, in whatever sphere, everything that would temper the religious extremes of modern Romanism, everything that cherishes Italian traditions or Italian hopes, everything that yearns for the most rudimentary forms or guarantees of freedom, must perforce be impelled to seek a counteracting centre in Sardinia. Thus Sardinia cannot wholly disclaim the function of speaking for Italy, while neither can she fully claim it. The function that is thrown upon her hands can neither be formally recognised nor absolutely disowned. It was in no small degree admitted in the Conferences of Paris: those who then admitted it seem now to shrink from the consequences of their admission. We can scarcely wonder at it: but if Sardinia be troublesome and even formidable in this respect, with the whole national sentiment of Italy watching and following her movements, it is the short-sighted violence of Austria that has made her so by taking care that the Italians shall have no other organ.

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Other circumstances have contributed to enhance the critical character of her position. With a readiness which some thought over bold, but at which England at least cannot cavil, Sardinia took her share in the war against Russia. It was innocent and natural that, when peace returned, she should be desirous to avoid exasperating a Power from which during peace she might receive much injury, while she could inflict little in return. At that time it so happened, and most unfortunately, at least with reference to the Italian question, that the views of England in regard to Eastern policy took a direction corresponding with the ideas of the Austrian Government, and adverse to those of France. This difference and this ominous accordance were developed chiefly in the discussions on the important question of the Danubian Principalities. France and Russia were favourable to their union. Austria was supported by England in resisting it. Sardinia thus found Austria pursuing on the Danube her Italian system, and steadily resisting whatever promised the development of national life, or of political freedom. Every motive drawn from her own position, and her ties with Italy, drew her accordingly towards the side of France. But candour compels us to admit that she had other, and yet more legitimate reasons for her course. It was generally held in the Conferences at Paris, that the Principalities ought to be united, if union were found to be agreeable to the sense of the people; and, in order to recognise this criterion,

criterion, an Article of the Treaty of 1856 provided for a formal and solemn appeal to them on the subject. The appeal was made, and the response of Moldavia and Wallachia, when at length permitted to be heard, was nearly unanimous in the sense of Union. England claimed her right to act upon her second thoughts, and opposed the measure which at Paris she had strongly favoured; but Sardinia, in taking part with the French Government and with Russia for the Union, committed no other crime than consistently adhering to the lessons we had taught her. The course was blameless, nay praiseworthy, but the consequence was unfortunate. It threw her, for the purposes of European combinations, into the arms of France; and there she still remains.

The charges of Austria against Sardinia appear to consist mainly in the vague and impalpable imputation, that she propagates revolutionary opinions and aims at territorial aggrandisement. They are entirely indeterminate and unsustained by particular evidence. The propagation of revolutionary ideas seems to resolve itself into this: that the institutions of Sardinia, and the tone of her public men, as it conforms to them, of themselves form an active and standing protest against Austria. Just, however, in the same manner, in his dispatch of February 25, Count Buol, while defending the policy of his Court, declares that Italy is unfit for free institutions, and thus on his side directly impugns the institutions and therefore the independence of Sardinia. It is no more than fair to both parties to admit that the antagonism between them does not depend upon the mere will of the moment: it is deeply grounded in the modes of government which they have respectively thought proper to pursue.

But where is the evidence to sustain the charge against Sardinia of aggressive designs on the territory of Austria? It cannot suffice to refer to the war of 1848-9. Austria herself inflicted, and was justified in inflicting, the punishment for that war which she thought sufficient. Sardinia smarted for her offence: why should we suppose that she means to repeat it? It is positively disclaimed by Count Cavour, who promises not to be the aggressor. In truth, the question where the immediate responsibility must lie for the present state of tension, ever threatening an outburst, turns very much upon facts and dates which would appear to acquit Sardinia. The speech of the King, which, if unprovoked, might certainly have been resented, was, we believe, delivered on the 10th of January; but the reply, we perhaps ought to add the unanswered reply, of Count Cavour, is this: that Austria had despatched a new *corps d'armée* into Lombardy before this speech was delivered. It is true that before this movement the Emperor of the French had previously used ominous words at Paris

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Paris to M. Hübner on the occasion of the new year; but these words had no reference to Italy, and Piedmont cannot without evidence be held responsible for the acts of Louis Napoleon. At the same time she admits that, upon being made aware of the military movements of the Austrians, she appealed to France for protection, and received the promise of it.

Let us now endeavour to obtain a summary view of this tangled group of hostile or irregular relations between States and countries. If we are to consider the case as between Italy at large and Austria, it presents a long and dismal score of misdeeds which call loudly, if not for retribution, yet for remedy. If we take it as between Austria and France, then the first menace undoubtedly proceeded from the latter. If we regard it as between Austria and Sardinia, it appears that, as far as overt acts of recent date are concerned, it is Austria and not Sardinia which has first given ground for remonstrance and for alarm. As respects the past, to say nothing of the sequestrations, the chain of treaties between Austria and the States conterminous with Sardinia, and the illegal extension of the fortifications of Piacenza, seem to throw upon that Empire a responsibility not the less heavy because it has been unacknowledged. But finally, if we view the question as between Sardinia and France, it must be plain to every impartial mind that the consequence of a prayer for military protection is an immediate and heavy loss in point of independence; and that, though time has in some degree weakened the remembrance of French occupation in northern Italy, it cannot be viewed otherwise than with feelings of aversion and alarm by any friend either to freedom or to the Italian Peninsula. Our fears suggest that only when the Parthian shall drink of the Arar, and Germany of the Tigris, when the thorn shall bring forth its grapes, and the thistle its figs, will the hero of the 2nd of December on one side of the Alps become the champion of constitutional freedom on the other. And we perceive with regret, but without surprise, that the bastard relation to France, and the mutual courtship that has been going on, have found their way into that region of thought in which at least Italy was her own mistress, and are sapping the integrity which Austria could not ravish from her pen. There is a tendency to look back with favour on the greatest of European Anarchs and Aggressors, the First Napoleon. And in the first of his letters to Lord John Russell, the historian Farini, rendering a *debtor* and *creditor* account of what has been done for and against liberty of late years in Europe, reckons on the bright side the erection of the Belgian and Greek kingdoms, the union, or approach to union, of the Danubian Principalities, the new Swiss Constitution, with the

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the emancipation of Neufchatel; and then winds up the catalogue with the re-establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty and Empire?

We are by no means willing to admit that the root of all these mischiefs and dangers lies in the Treaty of 1815, but it certainly springs in great part out of the manner in which Austria has used the position that the Treaty had conferred upon her. It is vain to say that contingent rights of succession entitle her to make compacts with Italian Governments which bind her to support them against their subjects, and thus act upon the mode in which they are at present governed. It is scarcely less vain to say that concessions by Austria in Lombardy and Venetia would only put arms into the hands of her subjects, whereby to extort their absolute independence. The very persons who would hold this language are the same who told with glee in 1848 of the neutrality of the rural populations, or even their positive favour towards Austria. But these *contadini* are now in scores and hundreds passing over into Piedmont, and ready to take up arms. Can we then doubt that what harshness and oppression have done, lenity and liberality would have avoided, and might possibly still mitigate or undo? But in truth this is an argument which is invariably employed against every measure which enlarges either national or popular privilege: an argument which involves the total suppression of public right, and simply consecrates in disguise the law of the strongest: an argument to which no political party in England can give its sanction, and which is in flat contradiction with every page of our history and every item of our traditions. If matters had, indeed, reached that point of desperation which this mode of reasoning always presupposes, it would only prove the intensity and inveteracy of the evils which Austrian policy had begotten, and then the only just inference would be that she must surrender the power she had hopelessly abused.

But it has not even now been proved that we have arrived at this extremity. There is much in the state of Italy which renders it hard for Austria to retract or bend: but if to recede from her highhanded policy be danger, to persist is ruin; and, even without the over-bold assumption that conscience can enter into policy, she had better withdraw a stake than continually double it in a losing game. Her difficulties are those which always attend upon repentance. That operation is harder for States than it is for individuals: but it is also more inevitable; the question is only one of time, and the draught becomes more and more bitter as the moment for draining it is longer postponed. Let us now consider what is wanted. To begin from the south of the Peninsula: the Government of Naples, bad as it may be,

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be, has nothing in its nature to render it incurable. Every disease may be rendered desperate by obstinate maltreatment; but the prescriptions which brought round Sardinia may yet avail for Naples. The case of the Papal States is far more serious. A fundamental change has taken place since 1814, when Pius VII. was restored, if not with the enthusiasm yet with the good will of the people. But now, for ten long years, it has required the agency of two great military monarchies to keep them down. The miserable figment called a Papal army is not yet reconstructed. Nor is there the smallest hope that the temporal authority can ever be maintained except by the detestable means which are now employed for the purpose by one Emperor with reluctance, and by another as it appears with glee; since, says Count Buol, the sorrows of Italy are pretended sorrows, and the only needful business of the Congress if it meets will be to correct the haughtiness of Sardinia. We trust, and we venture to believe that Lord Malmesbury is alive to the gravity of the Roman case, and to the utter impossibility of reconciling clerical dominion over three millions of men with peace, law, or order. It may be that the obstinacy and power of the Latin priesthood, diffused through so many countries, may avail to darken the views or to prevent the efficient action of the European Powers in this vital subject. But let there be no mistake; if an influence so hateful shall be exerted and shall succeed, the effect of the success will only be to drive into the sphere of religion itself that discontent which is still in a great degree confined to civil matters. The Gospel itself is no Gospel, it is no message of peace, but a message of strife, stagnation, imbecility, and anarchy, in the eyes of men who see it blazoned as a plea for the maintenance of a Government wholly and hopelessly impotent for its proper ends, and involving in its fundamental idea an inversion of the natural order which is justly felt to be intolerable. We cannot establish a Parliament in Rome or in Bologna, and exempt the huge property in mortmain, or the privileges of the ecclesiastical forum, from its regulating touch. We cannot put such a body in charge of the civil interests of the country, and at the same time invade its province on every side by the demands of the Canon Law. Let the Pope have dignity, let him have security, let him have wealth; do not stint these in measure, surround them with the firmest guarantees that public law can devise, or the most scrupulous timidity desire; but let us not dream of free institutions under a Papal monarchy; let us not expect of three millions of Italians that they shall solve single-handed an European problem; let us extricate ourselves from the mischievous sophism which would exclude from this great civil and political business

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business more than half of the Great Powers of Europe, because they are not in spiritual submission to the Pope. The only possible remedy for the existing evils is the absolute and permanent separation of the temporal from the spiritual power. The only agency capable of effecting it is the agency of United Europe; and the language to be respectfully but firmly held to the Sovereign Pontiff may be borrowed from an ancient poet:—

"Miserere tuorum;
Pone animos, et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi
Vidimus, ingentes et desolavimus agros."*

The case of Tuscany, which has been set forth in one of the works we have named, would well deserve a distinct examination, but we must be content to take it along with those of the minor duchies, and to dismiss them in a sentence. We cannot believe that any Congress can meet to discuss Italian affairs which will deem its work either concluded, or even well begun, until it shall have procured the cancelling of the Treaties which establish the Austrian predominance in these little States.

But what is to be done with Venetia and Lombardy? Can it be shown by or on behalf of Austria that she gives those countries fair play, in the sense of equality with the rest of the Empire? If it cannot, in vain will she urge that the proceedings of 1815 entitle her to exclude from the view of a Congress the condition of her Italian Provinces. It is not enough to say that Lombardy has been in various respects better governed than some of the other States of Italy. As Austria took upon her to absolve those governments from the ordinary motives to govern well, their bad government is really hers. She knew, when she established her system, that they were small States, their machinery less effective and less highly organised, their abuses less open to such corrective influence as is supplied by the action of European opinion. She knew that their government, if conducted on the same principles with hers, must needs in general be conducted worse. Her enemies do not scruple to charge her with an intention to profit by the comparisons which were to be drawn to her advantage between the States which she ruled directly and those whose condition she determined through the medium of their own dependent governments. Whether this be so or not, she is certainly not entitled to measure her merits upward from a standard, which she herself has mainly contributed to depress.

While we think that Austria is not in a condition to withdraw the case of Lombardy from the scrutiny of the Powers of Europe, we must not omit to ask what it is that the interests of that

* Æn. xi. 368.

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Empire, when well understood, really requires. It seems impossible to believe that she derives a balance of advantage from the present state of things. She requires to maintain, in respect of her Italian dominions, an army entirely out of proportion to the numbers of her subjects there. She must be prepared with the means of defence first against foreign foes and next against a hostile population; and besides all this she must have forces available at any and every moment for those foreign occupations in the other Italian States, which are, as we have seen, so frequent and extended, that they can scarcely be termed exceptional. If, as now in the Legations, the subjects of those States are burdened for the support of her troops, this exaction, odious in the highest degree, must still be much below the real expense of the corresponding establishments. If, as in Lombardy and Venetia, she throws back a part of her extra charge in the shape of exceptional taxation on those provinces, this excess of fiscal burdens constitutes a new and heavy grievance, and itself deepens the fountain of bitter waters out of which it springs. All this time the name of Austria stands for a byeword of hatred and disgust among twenty-four millions of civilized men, suffers disparagement beyond the Alps with the whole of Europe, and affords an opening to her enemies to menace her security on the score of her Italian offences and the dangers they have engendered.

The relation which has been long established between the three Principalities and the Ottoman Porte would, it may perhaps be found, afford in principle the basis of a new arrangement which should be favourable to the interests at once of Austria and of her Italian provinces. The main conditions on which it rests are these: First, the modified and partial sovereignty called suzerainty is acknowledged to belong to the central power. Secondly, the provinces thus placed in subordination are liable to a fixed pecuniary contribution. Thirdly, the suzerain has no rights or liabilities whatever in regard to them, except such as are strictly defined. Fourthly, they enjoy an internal autonomy practically complete, with their own native legislature, administration, and army. A plan like this is more or less involved in the suggestions of Count Cavour. But that which, as might be expected, he propounds in a sense wholly anti-Austrian, as also probably not without Gallican inspiration, and which would for him be little more than a provisional arrangement, English opinion could only approve as an enduring settlement, established in the interest of all. It may be that Sardinia would desire only to accept a settlement of this nature, as Mr. Bright would accept any moderate Reform Bill. But even if she cherished the will, she would soon have lost the power of annoyance. The Lombards

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and Venetians, with an Italian Government of their own, and under a head independent of Vienna for all ordinary purposes, would have no desire to merge themselves in a territory which inherits less than they do in the glory of Italian traditions. Austria would get rid of her exceptional military burdens, of the odium which cleaves to her position, and of the political weakness that such odium must always bring. She might, perhaps, be justified in asking more. She might possibly require, as the price of so considerable a boon, that the pecuniary liabilities, which Lombardy and Venetia would have to assume in fair proportion to the debt of the empire, should not only be established in the forms least likely to give rise to future complications, but should be recognized and guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe.

A plan of this kind would be at once easier and more effective than the attempt to establish a mere Constitution for the Italian Provinces. On the one hand, such a Constitution could not be granted without reviving highly critical questions, with which Europe has no title or occasion to interfere, for other portions of the Austrian Empire. On the other hand, if it were in existence, it would still leave in full force the difficulties arising from the attempt to mix in administration and in military defence the German and Italian elements; while the means are not easily to be conceived which would keep a free local Legislature in harmony with a central executive and administrative power at Vienna.

Upon the whole it would appear that the difficulties of the Italian question, viewed in cool blood and with an impartial desire for justice, are in themselves most serious, yet not absolutely insurmountable. But there are at least Four Powers in immediate contact with the case, any one of which may by misconduct go far to render it entirely hopeless. If Austria has learned nothing, and if her future proceedings are to be inferred simply from the sad picture of the past; if France is concealing dynastic ambition under the cloak of Italian wrongs; if Sardinia shall substitute for self-command, for development from within, and for content with moral influence, the vulgar and unwholesome appetite for territorial extension; in any of these cases the existing difficulties will be so much aggravated as almost to defy the boldest and most skilful hands. If, again, the bigotry and craft of the Roman Court, working upon the susceptibilities of a religious party, shall induce the Powers of Europe to adopt in the States of the Church a superficial instead of a drastic mode of treatment, then even the best arrangements for the rest of Italy must fail.

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Of all these Powers, however, France is the one which will be charged with the heaviest responsibility. Sardinia is not likely to set up her claims against the will of Europe. The Pope, who, as a temporal sovereign, lives on alms, cannot, except by the connivance of others, assume the airs of independence. Austria herself may be constrained into reason by the union of three Powers greater still than she is; of France, England, and Russia. But if France be resolved to go wrong, none can bring her right, nor counteract effectually the consequences of her error. She cannot, indeed, bend Europe to her will; but yet she is strong enough to paralyse that commanding union of force and authority, by which alone, placed on the side of right, the Italian question can be peacefully adjusted.

It is a point of fearful interest to ascertain who it is that at this moment stays the progress of peaceful negotiation. We know indeed too well who it was that was arresting it some three weeks ago. Our readers have seen in the public journals the letter of Count Buol, dated March 23, to M. Balabine, the Russian minister at Vienna: together with his note of the 31st to Lord A. Loftus, inclosing the four English propositions, and the version of them, altered even to caricature, which was proposed by the Austrian Government. These documents can hardly have been read without astonishment by any one who has taken the pains to examine them as he went along. The British Government, in terms necessarily somewhat general, had proposed that the business of the expected Congress should be to consider: 1. Means of assuring peace between Austria and Sardinia; 2. The evacuation of the Roman States, and generally Italian Reforms; 3. A new combination among the Italian States at large to replace the special treaties of Austria; but 4. Subject to the conditions of the existing territorial arrangements, and of the Treaty of Vienna.* Under the modest title of 'Observations,' the Cabinet of Vienna essentially alters every one of these proposals. For the first, she reads, that the Congress shall 'examine the means of bringing Sardinia back to the fulfilment of her international duties.' For the second, she supplies this addition, that any decision must depend upon the States directly interested. For the third, that the special treaties are not to be questioned, but may be produced if other Powers do the like, and it may then be examined how far any of either hers or theirs

* The expression used is the Treaties of 1815. (We quote from the 'Times' of April 14.) But this is probably an error, as two of the special treaties, and one of the very worst among them, were concluded in that year. Another text of these proposals is given in the 'Morning Post' of April 18th.

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can usefully be modified. For the fourth, Austria, while professing 'perfectly to agree,' interpolates, with something almost like fraud, a reservation of what she calls 'the arrangements concluded in execution of those acts.' She then benevolently adds, that the Congress may consider of an understanding for the simultaneous disarming of the Great Powers: which it is plain principally means, that she is not herself to disarm before the Congress meets; and Count Buol hereupon claims from the British Government, in consideration of the proofs given in this paper of moderation and love for peace, that it shall urge France to join it in insisting that Sardinia shall immediately disarm, under the plea that pacific deliberations are impossible amid 'the clang of arms.' Austrian metal, we presume, does not ring.

We are at a loss to know how, without breach of the decorum due to these grave subjects, to characterise these extraordinary documents as they deserve. They seem to take for granted, either the deplorable stupidity or the hopeless corruption of the Governments to which they are addressed. They exhibit Sardinia simply as a criminal to be chastised by public justice. They require her at once to strip for the administration of the lash. In all cases except that of Sardinia, who is to be superseded by others, they remit every question, through the medium of the parties directly interested, that is to say, the local Italian Sovereigns, to the judgment of Austria herself. It is well, indeed, for that purblind Power, that the patience of European diplomacy was not exhausted, even upon receiving these desperate and daring propositions. Had they been taken as an *ultimatum*, war must have been immediate: and Austria would have entered into a struggle of life and death with a fearful weight of blood-guiltiness on her head.

But never let us despair of overcoming Italian pertinacity, when we find that even such obstinacy as was evinced in these most singular documents is not immoveable. We have seen no more recent information conveyed in official language: but it is clearly understood that the absurd demand that Sardinia alone should disarm has disappeared. It is supposed that, after thus far successfully confronting Austrian unreason, negotiation has since had for a time to encounter that of France; and that the question at present depending is that of a general disarming of the three States. We must however express our doubts whether this is the proper time for proposing to disarm. The very word may bear a thousand senses. The natural place for such a measure would appear to be after the main matters in dispute have been settled by negociation: and the introduction of it at this

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this stage, to whomsoever it may be due, can hardly have any other effect than to delay the meeting of the Congress upon which alone such hopes of peace as may still remain must depend.

We rejoice to see on every side the growing conviction that the first duty of England is to labour for peace, and that in labouring for peace she must keep her eye steadily fixed, not only on the acts and motives of the hour, but upon that heavy mass of grievance, that long course of aggression and misgovernment in the Italian peninsula, which alone have made such acts and motives possible. Peace itself is not a blessing when we purchase it upon conditions which from their very nature accumulate the materials of future indeed but fiercer and more profound convulsion. The great Italian reckoning grows from year to year more entangled, more difficult of settlement. Let Europe have peace by all means upon any terms that will mitigate the sharpness and lessen the mass of human suffering; upon any terms except such as basely sell the birthright of the future for the mess of pottage that is to feed only the hunger of to-day. May Heaven prosper the efforts which we believe that our Foreign Minister is making for peace in the sense we have described, but may Heaven also forbid that if he fail, he should set the seal of the approval or the silence of England on that shameful policy, which has so long inflicted on the Italian people the doom of mingled oppression and dishonour!

As far as it is possible to forecast the attitude of parties at the opening of a conflict now too probable, it seems plain that the neutrality of England will in all likelihood be matter not of prudence only, but of the very highest moral obligation. The relief of Italy is an honourable end, but it must not be sought by unholy means, such as would be countenance given to schemes, in whatever quarter, of selfish and reckless ambition. The power of Austria is vital to the *equilibrium* of Europe: but we must not be parties to defending for the sake of that power the acts and maxims by which she has been the means of inflicting beyond the Alps such woes on mankind. If we cannot assist Louis Napoleon without the fear of promoting piracy, so neither can we help Austria without the certainty of becoming the tools of tyranny. Our task should be to keep our moral and material force entire and unimpaired, to stand wholly clear of any selfish interest, to urge on this side and on that the claims of reason and justice, to concentrate as far as may be independent European opinion in the same sense, and to abide the opportunities which time may place at our command.

We could wish that our internal condition were more entirely favourable to the attainment of these great ends; but we are

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unhappily saddled, in this agony of the fate of Europe, with the discussion of a domestic question of organic change. To guide us through the mazes of this question, we have not the advantages of the landmarks which are supplied either by glaring public evils, or by pronounced popular desire. The early stages as yet attempted towards a settlement have not been happily or safely accomplished. We began with a bill which caused a convulsion in the Cabinet, and deprived Lord Derby of the assistance of two of his most valuable colleagues. We had next a Resolution, which was supported and carried by statesmen irreconcilably at variance among themselves as to its purpose and effect. Defeat on this Resolution is now followed by an appeal from the Parliament to the country. We believe that Lord Malmesbury will continue to address himself to the discharge of his duties with an enlightened impartiality, and in the temper which befits the representative of his country. But the main strength of every English minister lies in the confidence of the Sovereign and of the nation as represented by the Parliament. It is probable that those weeks, during which no Parliament will exist, may be critical and even decisive. This is against us, and is against the peace of Europe. All we can hope is that, by virtue of his own good sense and good feeling, and with the able assistance that he will have at his command, Lord Malmesbury will confine this evil within the narrowest bounds he may, by taking care, whether from his desk in Downing Street, or when he assumes his seat at the still shadowy Congress, to own no allegiance to any cause less worthy than the cause of Peace founded upon Justice, and to speak in those manly and simple tones which are not and cannot be disowned by any party recognised among us, or by any ministry formed out of any combination, because they are the faithful echo of the sentiments cherished by the whole people of England.

Although domestic affairs have been in a great degree cast into the shade by the prospect of a tremendous European conflict, it is not the less certain that the new Parliament will be required to pronounce upon the question of Reform. It is now that the country must decide between democratic change and Conservative moderation. A more momentous, a more vital subject, could not be submitted to the electors of this kingdom, and we trust that no one will forget that upon the result of the contest depends the future Constitution of England.

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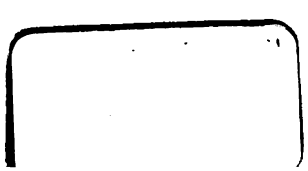

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